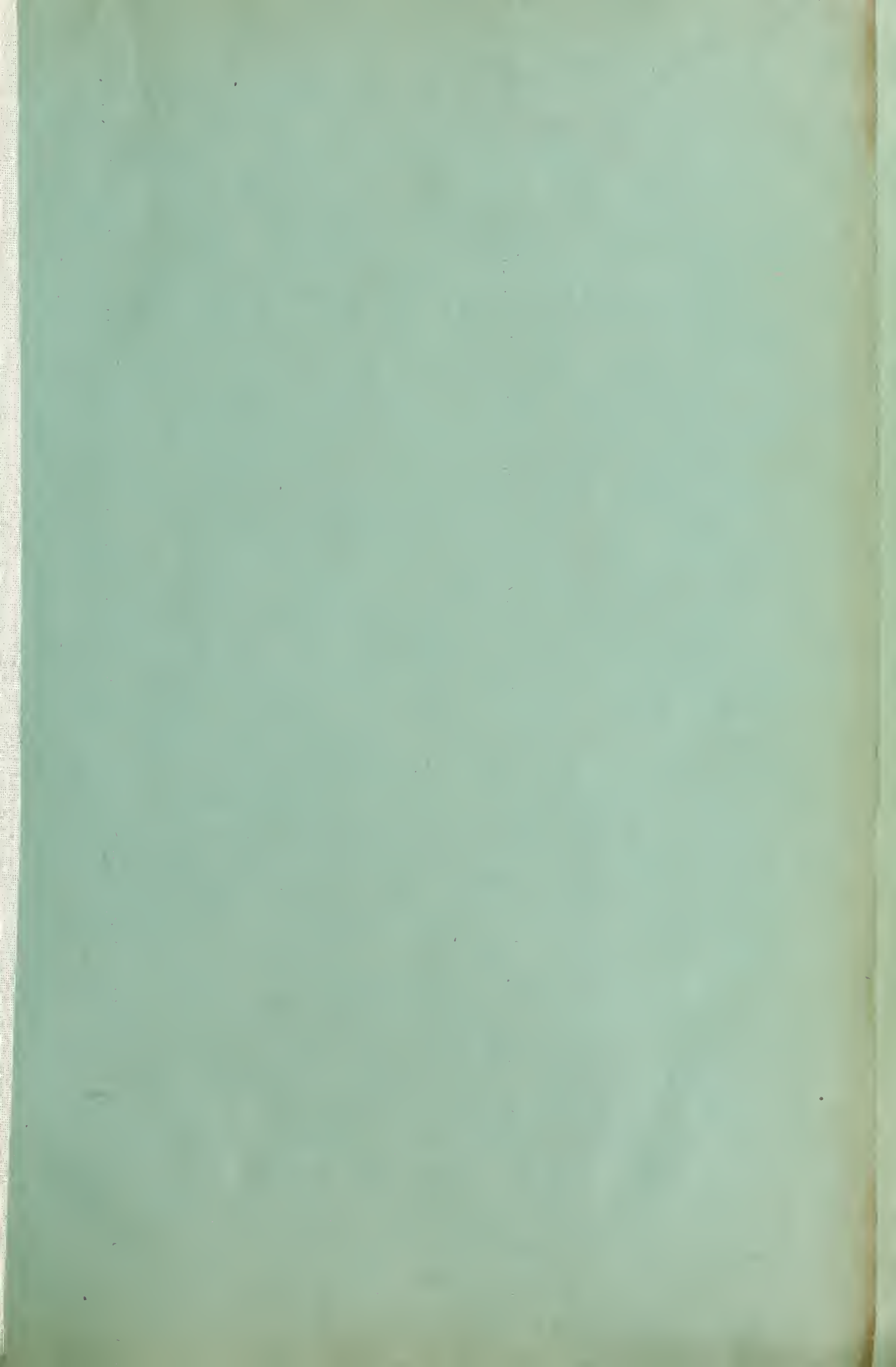


CRAP BOOK

The title 'CRAP BOOK' is rendered in a highly decorative, gold-leaf font. The letters are large and stylized, with the 'C' and 'B' featuring elaborate internal scrollwork. A banner-like element runs through the middle of the letters, containing the words 'CRAP' and 'BOOK'. The entire title is surrounded by intricate, swirling gold-leaf flourishes and small floral motifs. The background is a dark, heavily textured material, possibly leather or cloth, which shows signs of wear and aging, particularly along the edges.



JANUARY 8, 1888.

MUSIC IN ALBANY--I.

The city of Troy is about half the size of Albany.

Now in this town of Troy about two hundred or two hundred and fifty singers propose to give, in the month of February, two or three concerts under the direction of Carl Zerrahn of Boston. For this purpose they are now rehearsing. They wished to raise money to insure the financial success of these concerts. Two or three gentlemen went quietly about the streets and easily and at once obtained \$1,000, with the promise of many music lovers that if more money was needed, it would be cheerfully given. The society doing this is known as the Rensselaer County convention (I believe that is the title). It embraces all singers within the county who are able and feel disposed to sing. The most important compositions they propose to give are Hiller's "Song of Victory" and Rossini's "Moses in Egypt." The rehearsals are fully attended and the singers, united for one purpose, act together harmoniously and enthusiastically. Angry and weak singers do not rush into print attacking the director, the pianist, and their hated rivals. Personality and venality do not enter into the scheme of preparation, nor do they regard talk as such a valuable element of success as work.

Have we any such organization in Albany? Is such an organization possible here in the present state of music?

There is in this same city of Troy a musical society known as the Troy Vocal club, composed of gentlemen who meet together for the purpose of singing music written for male voices. Its purposes and plans are practically the same as those of the Schubert club of Albany. But how differently the two clubs are managed.

In the Troy club the time allotted to rehearsals is spent in singing and not in explanations made by the officers of the club in reply to attacks made upon them by the members of the club. The rehearsals are fully attended, for the Troy singers are modest enough to think that if they sing in public, the public has a right to demand a good and satisfactory concert, and they know that unless they attend rehearsals they can not sing together or carry out the ideas of the director. They are not thrown into convulsions at the time of elections; indeed, I think one of the officers has held his position ever since the founding of the club. They do not find it necessary to have elaborate by-laws and amendments. The musical matters are left in charge of the director, as the members think him capable of managing the music if they choose him director. Their programs are simply printed; nor do they find it necessary to print the names of all the officers and to what respective committee they belong. (I doubt if they have any such formidable array of committees). And finally, the newspapers and the club are on good terms, without flattery or soft soap on the part of either side.

Have we any such club in Albany? Is such a club possible here in the present state of music?

There is in this same city of Troy a society which every year prepares an oratorio or cantata, and engages for its proper production the best of singers in New York or Boston, and a good orchestra from either one of the two cities. One year "The Redemption" is given. Another year "The Walpurgis Night;" another year a new oratorio of some celebrated foreign composer. The rehearsals are attended, and the singers are full of enthusiasm.

Have we any such society in Albany? Is such a society possible here in the present state of music?

We have no three organizations so well managed and so fruitful in good work.

Why not?

This is an easier question to ask than to answer. In the limits of this article I shall only hint at and suggest a few reasons for the deplorable lack of enthusiasm as regards music in this city.

The jealousy of musicians is proverbial. It is an old reproach. Just as one star differs from another in glory, so is there a different jealousy among musicians, depending upon the size of the town and the ignorance of the musicians.

In Albany this jealousy is seen at its height, full and resplendent; though to be sure this passion is generally described as green; but here in Albany it fairly shines.

Now when any one in a rash moment proposes the foundation of a singing society or the reorganization of one that has died a death either natural or unnatural, the cry is at once "Down him. Why should he have anything to do with it. I am a better man for the place." One expresses himself to this effect in print, and all the musical people say Amen. The poor devil who was willing to devote his time to the drudgery of preparation and only thought of the absolute dearth of music in Albany, and who was willing to try to start a society which could at least rehearse a work, even if it were never given, this poor devil is summarily squelched, and all the singers, who are now chiefly interesting from the antiquarian's point of view, all the ignorant teachers of the voice, piano, violin, organ and harmony chuckle and grin. "We men are a little breed."

But musicians worthy the name grieve.

Here in Albany we are all solo singers. We have taken lessons from Professor A. and Madame B., and we breathe in this manner, and on certain vowels we contract or expand, and we labor to get a tone, and the Lord knows what not besides; but we are all solo singers. And we sing for money. We wish large salaries and when we cannot get them we take smaller ones, and we are glad to get what we can; but we are all professionals, at any rate. We do not care to sing in a chorus. One meets there so many disagreeable people, so many who know nothing about singing; it is true they have good voices and sing in tune, but they have no method. We cannot afford to sing in such a mixed chorus. Let the people in Troy do it if they wish to; they know no better. We are Albanians.

So reasons many an Albanian singer.

Now if any one who is willing to conduct is sneered at, not on account of his musicianly equipment, but solely because he does propose the bringing out of some composition, and thus may gain a little more notoriety than "Prof. Y." or "Doctor" Z; if our singers argue in this way, and stand upon the giddy pinnacle of their own self imposed superiority, there can be no musical enthusiasm except that aroused by each singer in his or her own family and among a few ignorant but loquacious friends.

There is food enough here for digestion. But there are other reasons for this dearth of music. These reasons must be looked into.

HENRY WEISS.

Albany Express

SUNDAY, JANUARY 8, 1888.

THE first of a series of articles on "Music in Albany," from the pen of a gentleman of acknowledged musical ability, tells some plain truths, that should attract the attention of all who seek to elevate the standard of music in this city. The second of the series will appear Sunday next.

Albany Express

SUNDAY, JANUARY 15, 1888.

THE second of the series on "Music in Albany" while pungent in style is truthful to the letter. The author is fully competent to discuss the subject in a critical vein and his comments must certainly be accepted as homely, possibly unpleasant facts.

MUSIC IN ALBANY--II.

Last Sunday I spoke of two causes of the present dearth of music and lack of musical enthusiasm in Albany, alleging as the first, the surprising jealousy of our musicians, real and alleged; and as the second, their unwillingness to take any part in a proposed performance unless they have at least two fingers in the pie, if not the whole hand. Now these two reasons are so closely bound together, they make really but one.

Another reason which I bring forward must be treated gingerly, perhaps only hinted at. It may be called the comparative ignorance of Albanians in all matters relating to music. This ignorance is not perhaps peculiar to Albany, but it exists here in a remarkable degree, and the reasons of its existence are many.

The early Dutch settlers were not fond of music, nor did they cultivate it as an art to any extent.

It is only of late years that any intelligent teachers have practiced their profession in this city.

Very little good music has been heard here, and very little is heard now. Concert companies and solo players avoid us, as a rule.

There has been, therefore, no steady growth, no thorough education, or even semi-education in the art.

And without a widespread diffusion of knowledge in any art for two generations, or at least one, there can be no public educated in that art.

I do not deny that within the last ten years there was a sudden and for a time feverish interest taken in the production of oratorios, but that was due almost entirely to the unremitting toil and personal magnetism of a Vermonter, Mr. John Parkhurst, of whose sacrifices and labors for the sake of the art he loved so well I shall speak hereafter.

Now it will be said in reply by some one who claims that he is a lover of music: "What nonsense! We are very fond of music here. We know what is good and we know what we like. We go to Sullivan's operas, and you may call them light, but they are beautiful music, and we always buy tickets. We subscribe, too, to the Schubert club, and if a first class concert comes here we go."

But they do not go, as Rubinstein, Franz Rummel, Theodore Thomas and fifty others can testify. They did go to the Campanini concert this spring, first because the name of Campanini is a loadstone, and second because it was vaguely understood that it would be a "social event."

Another might say: "Look at the number of professors of the instrument to be found here, and the number of girls who play it."

But even this damning fact does not create a musical public.

When I say that Albanians are as a public ignorant in regard to music, I can best show this by illustrations and facts. And first, as to the facts.

Albany has no first class chorus society or orchestra; she is a city of about 100,000, and it was many years ago that the Dongan charter was granted. Many smaller towns in New York, New England, and the West have flourishing societies, well grounded and of long continuance.

If she were really a music loving city this reproach could not be made; a hall for concert purposes would have been built immediately after the Tweddle Hall fire; the jealousies spoken of would have been laughed down; and we should have every winter ten times the number of musical entertainments we now enjoy. It would not be an Herculean task to prepare an oratorio; it would not be a doubtful pecuniary experiment to give it.

I suppose as representative and catholic an audience as can be found with us is that composed of the associate members of the Schubert club, which has strangely enough reached its third season, not so much by reason of its musical merits as from personal appeals of members of the club to their friends, and because it was regarded for a time as "the correct thing" to take an interest in it. At their last concert the best bit of singing was the performance of Osgood's "Sanctus," a simple, pleasant piece of writing. It was exceedingly well sung. Did it receive any appreci-

ation? By no means. They sat like stock with traditional Albany stolidity. There was nothing in the composition to appall or make them afraid. It was so simple and yet so effective to anyone possessed of the slightest spark of musical intelligence that, as one of the club expressed himself in my hearing, "Every time I sing that, it makes the chills run up and down my back." If that selection had been the "Owl and the Pussy Cat," the audience would have screamed with delight, and demanded that it should be sung over again. Now no musician objects to the popularity of the last named ditty, though it be a trifle vulgar and not to be compared with many of the choruses in the plays of Harrigan and Hart; he simply demands of an audience that they show an equal appreciation of music equally melodious and more musical.

For all music, so-called, is by no means musical.

Another illustration of the ignorance of the Albany audience is the toleration, and in fact applause, with which wretched singers in comic opera are received. The musician does not object to the character of the music applauded in this case, but to the ignorance of the public that does not at once hiss the pretending singer off the stage. And does the applause of the audience rise to its height at some pretty quartet or quintet well sung? Oh no. It is when the low comedian interpolates some local gag, or makes some irresistible allusion to Greenbush or some local politician. This is to them the choicest morsel of the whole show. Let the soprano sing false and in a ragged manner, it makes no difference provided she makes a coffee-mill trill as she nears the end, and then strikes out a high note. The applause is sure, though not so boisterous as that awarded the clown. Neither the latter nor the former should be blamed, however. They know Albany by reputation. If the one confined himself to his lines and the former to her notes, they would pass unnoticed.

Then again the Albanian is terribly afraid of the word "classical." Woe to the pianist or singer who essays a "classical" selection. The word itself, it may here be said, means nothing; it is an absurd phrase evolved by some heavy German pedant. What was not classical thirty years ago is classical now, for it is time alone that can give a work permanent value and enduring fame, and time itself is often cheated. With the Albanian "classical" is simply a synonym of "stupid." Anything he can not whistle at once, whatever he can not beat his foot to, is "classical."

And yet I hear some one say the Albanians are a music loving people.

Another curious feature of music as slighted in Albany is the frantic appeal made at any proposed musical entertainment to call in the aid of the upper classes, to entice them from their luxurious homes that they may join the sweaty mob, take off their coats and "be one of us."

Noting shows more clearly the provincial nature of a town like Albany than such a spirit of intense and scabbish admiration mingled with awe, for men and women with like passions as ourselves, who are dubbed with that singular title, "the upper class."

Good heavens! who are the "upper classes?" Where do they live? Have they voices of ordinary range and compass, or has the Lord been kinder to them than to ordinary mortals and given them a self-adjusting throat fashioned after the nature of a slide trombone. I should like to see some of the members of this remarkable stratum of society. I never yet had them pointed out. I saw a man once with a fur-lined coat whom I thought from his princely appearance might be one of these beings, but on a careful inspection of the hotel register he turned out to be an agent for a new and practical ash-sifter. Men and women who are congenial always manage to see more of each other than they do of those who are not so agreeable, and this makes society.

Yet the first thing said when a chorus of any kind is talked of, is: "We must get some of the upper classes." And this good fellow is "kootooed" to, and this good woman is bothered until they agree to help bodily, or perhaps only in spirit, by allowing the newspapers to print the important fact that Mr. and Mrs. Jollykoff have bought eight reserved seats for the performance of Prof. X's entertainment.

But Music, that great Republic, knows no upper, middle or lower classes.

HENRY WEISS.

MUSIC IN ALBANY--III.

One or two have said to me, speaking of the two articles under this head that have already appeared in the Express: "Why do you persist in 'sawing with the old saw?' You tell no new thing. We will all admit the truth of what you say." "And it appears to 'us, as some one wrote, 'like a doleful old song which a bewildered sick man goes on droning out to wearied listeners, and the attendants at the bedside say to themselves, 'if he were in health again, he would sing to us some other song, for we have heard this a hundred times.'"

This may be all so, but why have not the tired listeners and music lovers, admitting that what has been dinned into their ears is true, why have they not tried to remove the shame that rests upon musical Albany?

One man did his best to do this. Would that he were now alive.

I refer to the late John Parkhurst.

Mr. Parkhurst was not an Albanian. If I am correctly informed, he was born in Vermont. Having seen much of this country, he finally pitched his tent in Albany, and here he worked and here he died.

I do not propose to speak here of his technical knowledge of music. I do not know what advantages he had. I simply propose to discuss him as an enthusiastic lover of music, and a successful conductor of oratorios.

And in order to more fully understand the genius of Mr. Parkhurst (I use the word genius with forethought) let us see what elements are necessary and indispensable to the leader of a great chorus.

A conductor should first of all have a fair knowledge of human nature. He should thoroughly understand the meaning of the maxim, "Put yourself in his place." There should be in him that subtle magnetism which is born in one and not acquired by art, so that what he feels when he reads a page of music should be expressed by face and hand, yes, by the very movements of the body, and all within bounds and without exaggeration; and the singers without knowing it catch his ideas, become a part of him and express the music, as if conductor and chorus were one living thing. He too must feel and know and be sensitive. If you would have me weep, you must yourself first grieve, is the opinion of Horace. In other words, imagination, magnetism, and a self control which yet sways and controls others must be the first elements.

Now John Parkhurst had these in a marked degree.

And these are given by Nature and not by Art.

The conductor must have a knowledge of the capabilities and limitations of the human voice. He must see at a glance where an effect can be made by this most glorious of all instruments, which is now so recklessly misused and despised by so called masters. His ear must be keen and unerring. He must have the gift of not wearying his chorus. He must know how to amuse them if he sees them becoming tired or sleepy. He must know exactly what he can get out of them and never let his own ambition carry them beyond their limit.

It is not impossible to have these qualities; for John Parkhurst had them.

If a chorus can find a conductor like this, they should at once give way to him in all matters musical. If he fails, if he disappoints, remove him; but if he is retained he should rule. A conductorship should be like the government of Russia, an absolute despotism, tempered with occasional assassination. A chorus is not in this country composed of professional musicians. Women of all ranks, men of all manner of trades and pursuits, who are fond of singing come together and form a society. The conductor is a professional musician. He has passed the greater part of his life in studying his trade. Is he more competent to criticize and judge than Thomas, Richard and Henry who sit before him and sing, or is he less competent? If he is less competent, he should never have been chosen. If he is more competent, then Tom, Dick and Harry should sit still and obey.

John Parkhurst had also the gift of impressing these truths upon his choruses. With the stick in his hand, he was autocrat; and they who sang under him were glad that he was autocrat, and cheerfully obeyed, until in an evil day, a few restless, intriguing busybodies, more eaten up with personal vanity and selfish ambitions than with love of music, rebelled and kicked against him, but in vain.

I do not propose here to speak of Mr. Parkhurst as a teacher of the voice; I do not intend to recall his natural wit often expressed with Yankee shrewdness. Many a young singer has he helped. Many a young musician has he encouraged. He alone succeeded in awaking Albany from her lethargy. He gave the Albanians the "Creation," "St. Paul," The "Messiah," "Elijah." This was enough, for a life work.

Now in the course of these articles I have never denied that Albany was rich in singers. This has been proved, time and time again. Few who heard them will forget the choruses of "St. Paul" and "Elijah" as given by the Oratorio society. But is all their talent buried with the one man who alone seemed able to arouse them? Nearly all the singers remain. A younger generation has arisen with many voices of great power and beauty. I understand that there is even now at one of the banks quite a sum of money belonging to the dead society.

* * *

The writer has in two articles spoken of the apparent reasons for this dearth of music. It has not been a pleasant duty, but he has felt it a duty to be performed, no matter who may be hurt or offended in the performing it.

In an article or two which may follow this he proposes to give some practical suggestions, to hint at musical possibilities which if carried out would reflect credit upon the performers and the audiences which would be attracted.

Now the first requisite of a chorus, even before a conductor be engaged, is that there should be a well chosen body of singers. We have singers in this city in abundance, but they do not take the best of care of their voices. There are singing teachers, too, in this city, some good, some bad and some indifferent.

Next Sunday I propose to write a few words about vocal instruction and the proper care of the voice, so far as chorus singing is concerned.

A ticklish business, resembling somewhat the egg dance. HENRY WEISS.

MUSIC IN ALBANY--IV.

On Singing Teachers.

The Emperor Nero was without doubt the most distinguished singer of his age; and his name and exploits are found in the Music Lexicons, from that of old John Walther (1732) to the colossal work of Fetis (1867). Not satisfied with the applause of the Romans, he went to Greece, and entered himself for the prizes offered for singing and playing the lyre and flute, sending at each victory a bulletin to the senate. Through fear inspired by his royal presence, or by his skill as a musician, he returned to Rome in triumph, seated upon the chariot of Augustus, having by his side a flute player, named Diodorus, and with 1,800 wreaths which had been awarded him as victor.

Nero, as a boy, had learned the rudiments of music, and as soon as he was emperor he took lessons from Terpnus, a man of the highest reputation. He was diligent in practicing, says Suetonius; nor did he omit any of those expedients which artists in music adopt for the preservation and improvement of their voices. For instance, he would lie upon his back with a sheet of lead upon his breast, clear his stomach and bowels by vomits and clysters, and forbear the eating of fruits, or food prejudicial to the voice; and for its preservation he never addressed the soldiers but by messages, or with some person to deliver his speeches for him. A voice-master always stood by him to caution him against overstraining his vocal organs, and to stop his mouth with a handkerchief when he did.

When he sang nobody was allowed to stir out of the theater upon any account, however necessary. Many of the spectators being quite wearied with hearing him, because the town gates were shut, slipped privately over the walls; or pretending that they were dead, were carried out for their funeral. To be sure of enthusiasm when he appeared, he chose besides young men of high station, about 5,000 robust young fellows who were taught three different manners of applause. They were remarkable for their heads of hair, and were extremely well-dressed, with rings upon their left hands.

Such a musician, singer and manager, was the Emperor Nero over 1,800 years ago.

* * *

I have taken these details given by the Roman historians, to show that even in the days of Nero, the singing teacher had his theories, his methods, and his little tricks; that the singer himself was not above engaging hired applause. These "robust fellows, remarkable for their heads of hair," were the forerunners of the modern *claque*, and possibly the modern ushers. Humbug and quackery in music seem to have attended the birth of the divine child, for there have always been singing teachers if not music sellers and piano dealers.

The average singing teacher is a fraud. He may not be one from choice and with design; she may be an estimable woman who supports a widowed mother, and loves the young girls who take lessons of her. I repeat my proposition; the average singing teacher is musically a fraud. And particularly is this so in a city of the size of Albany.

Let us examine into the reasons for this. Let us in a spirit of love inquire.

Walk along the streets of one of our cities and you will see the signs of "Professors of Vocal Culture," "Professors of Voice Building;" that is, there are men, say in Albany, who for a pecuniary consideration are perfectly willing to teach singing. I say men; there are women, too; but for the sake of peace and quiet let us assume to be true what is indeed a palpable lie, that all humbogs in music are men. The fact is, of course, that there are just as many feminine as male frauds, if not more.

How did these men become professors, in the first place? In Germany, where they love titles to a ridiculous degree, a musician is not a professor until he is granted this title by special royal decree, in return for well recognized merit, as instructor or performer, or for some treatise upon a branch of his profession. The title doctor is still more rarely given. But here any fraud who has money enough to order a sign adds, of his own free will, the title to his noble name and shares the glory with the brotherhood of barbers and corn-doctors. As for the title of "Doc or," that is easily to be had from any small inland or western college. The more insignificant the school, the easier is the title obtained.

The man has now a room which he calls a "studio." He enters a party who makes an implied contract with him, promising by which the "professor" agrees to puff the piano to pupils and friends, while the piano man generously reduces the rent, or gives him the use of it for nothing. He is ready to teach.

But where did he get himself for his trade, how long did he study, has he any natural faculty of imparting instruction even if he know anything? The dear public does not care, it does not ask. It sees the sign "Professor" and the mysterious words "voice culture," and Mrs. A. and Mr. B. begin lessons in "vocal" as their total parents call it, and pay their bills with confidence if not with absolute gratitude. The word "Professor" does it all, just as a variegated barber's pole tells you that a man upon the other end of the pole is willing to cut hair or shave, if you cross his muddy palm with silver.

Now, Professor X. is not a half-fraud. He is industrious, and comparatively sober and honest. He does not mean to be a fraud. Often he does not even know that he is a fraud, and that is the sad part of it. What has been his musical history? Why, as a young man, he found out one day that he had a fair voice. His friends said, "You ought to study." He went to a local teacher where he learned something of vocalization; then he saved some money, and went to Boston or New York for a couple of terms. He either went to such a factory as the New England Conservatory, where they turn out graduates as bricks are turned out of a brickyard, and by much the same process; and where more voices are ruined, and less musical information is given than in any school I know of. Or he went to New York and fell into the hands of some nice old man who assured him that he had a wonderful voice, that his fortune would be made in a year or two, but that he knew nothing that he himself, the illustrious Bandolino, the first cousin of Patti, and the weekly correspondent of "dear old Verdi," was the only man who could bring him out, etc., etc.

The money of the pupil gives out; the wonderful theory of Bandolino has succeeded in giving him a chronic hoarseness, and he is not sure about his breathing, and his voice is not yet placed, and he has no trill, and in fact he has nothing besides one opera aria, four songs of Bandolino, and several receipted bills. But the friend of "dear old Verdi" has taught him one thing, and that is cheek; and he knows the people love to be humbugged. So he returns to his native town, comes out as a Professor, engages the "Studio" and piano, sees that little notices appear in the local columns of the newspapers; sings for nothing at the benefit concert of some lodge or band of brothers perhaps gets a church position, and toady the clergyman, and presto, the money begins to come in, and in turn he ruins the voices of his pupils. And thus is he revenged upon Bandolino.

And this does music suffer. Or Professor X may have been in Europe to "complete his studies," never properly begun. If he goes to a master worthy the name, and if he has a voice

which would repay training, he is told at once that he must obey implicitly, and stay perhaps three, four, or even six years. The Americans are in a hurry; besides Professor X is not to be caught with such chaff as that; he knows a thing or two; and he goes to a third rate man. He gets a few third rate ideas, and so learns how in turn to teach his pupils, when he returns, in a third rate manner.

And thus does the voice, that noble and most sympathetic of all instruments, suffer.

I know teachers who have taught tenors in this city thinking they were basses and treating them as such. I know teachers in this city who cannot tell the difference between an alto and a soprano voice, at least they have cruelly treated altos by forcing their voices upward, and practicing them continually in the higher register. A few dare to teach without the slightest knowledge of harmony, without the slightest knowledge of the history of the art, without any knowledge of the traditional phrasing of the master pieces of song. As for a proper execution of the ornaments of song, they are as ignorant as the babe unborn. But all this could be forgiven, if they knew the rudimentary principles of placing the voice, of diaphragmatic respiration; if they did not by their ignorance often ruin voices, and retard the progress of pupils richly endowed by nature.

Is there not one good teacher of the voice in Albany?

There are three of whom musicians speak well. They all teach the true Italian method, which is the only one; and when I say the true Italian method I mean the healthy and common sense principles handed down in Italy for two hundred years, first perhaps formulated in the "book of gold" of Pierfrancesco Tosi, and followed in the text books of Crivelli, Lamperti, Battaile, Panofka, and the great book of Lemaire and Lavoix. Their pupils sing easily, naturally and intelligently.

And yet no one of the three was born in Albany.

* * *

But to be a good chorus singer it is not necessary to study the art in all its ramifications. It is necessary however to breathe properly; it is necessary to take proper care of the voice. Upon the first depends often the proper phrasing of a passage; and so particular are the French about this that many of their composers insert in the chorus parts of their works, marks denoting the moment for respiration. Upon the second, the care of the voice, depends the quality of tone as shown in the *ensemble* of the chorus.

And so I propose to give next Sunday a few practical upon hints this subject; so simple, so natural are they, that every one will say at once, "why, we know that already." But they do not. For men in general, singers in particular, are apt to believe anything that is unnatural, or forced, or without reason; and so they slight Nature.

HENRY WEISS.

MUSIC IN ALBANY--V.

A Few Hints to Singers About Breathing.

In what I shall say in this article there is nothing new, nothing but what would occur to any sensible person who stopped a moment to think and reflect. There is nothing new in the art of singing. The first singers of to-day, in technique and management of the voice, are but as children to the great artists of the 17th and 18th centuries. The accounts given by their contemporaries of their feats seem to us incredible; yet specimens of the music they sang have come down to us; full of passages which no living singer can execute. Take the case, for instance, of Baldassare Ferri (1610-80), of whom his friend Bontempi records in his "Historia Musica," that he would execute rapid and difficult passages with all the gradings of the *crescendo* and the *diminuendo* and then, when it seemed as if he ought to be utterly exhausted, he would begin an interminable trill without taking breath, and would go up and down, carrying the trill through all the degrees of the chromatic scale for the space of two octaves, and this absolutely in tune. But let it be remembered that in those days the voice was everything; instrumentation was in its infancy, indeed had hardly come into the world; that singers were obliged to be excellent musicians, deeply versed in its theory; that for such men as Ferri the princes of Europe fought and made the most extravagant offers. When he would approach a town men and women of distinction in crowds would meet him three miles from the gates and escort him in triumph; and often after he had only sung one little melody his carriage would be deluged with a rain of roses. That was the golden age of song. With the growth of instrumentation the voice has gradually deteriorated; and now, judging from the beings imported at New York at great expense to strut and fret their hour upon the German stage, the noble art of song, thoroughly Wagnerized, is simply a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing; and if it were not occasionally for a Patti, or a Maurel, a Faure or a Nannetti, one might with reason class it among the lost arts.

But these giants of song left traditions and instructions oral and written, and all that we know to-day of utility and beauty in the art can be directly traced to them.

Let the pupil beware then when his master looks carefully about the room, locks the door, and whispers into his ear some wonderful trick or theory discovered by him alone. Such a teacher is nine cases out of ten a "fakir." In the tenth case he is crazy.

* * *

In my last article, I promised to speak a few words about the art of breathing properly, an indispensable accomplishment to the humblest chorus singer, as well as to the most arrogant *prima donna*; for as I said before, granting that the voice be of agreeable quality and the ear be true, a great part of the beauty of the phrasing of a part-song depends upon the respiration of the singers. Upon this one subject treatise after treatise has been written; hobby has been ridden after hobby, and the most grotesque and ridiculous theories have been evolved by teachers who have covered their ignorance by the advertising methods of sellers of ointments and tooth powders.

There is only one way to breathe in singing, and that is to breathe naturally as one does in ordinary life.

* * *

I take for granted that every one knows what is the process of natural breathing; so I shall not go into any details about the organs, bones and muscles employed in that act and how they work. Every singer should know all this, and if he does not know he can easily find it out from any primer of physiology.

There are three methods of natural breathing which may be called types. The first is the abdominal type, peculiar to man and the child, where the ribs remain unmoved and the abdomen alone is raised in inspiration and depressed in expiration. This is also the respiration of sleep.

The second may be called the type of the lower ribs, which is seen in little boys where the abdominal partition or wall remains unmoved and the lower ribs alone are raised.

The third type is that which belongs exclusively to women, and it may be called the type of the upper ribs, where the respiratory movements are only made on a level with the upper ribs and especially with the first rib. This type is necessarily exaggerated, from the fact that women wear corsets. Now if this partial and incomplete breathing of the woman is enough to maintain the respiratory functions, it does not suffice when she is called upon to draw a deeper breath as in a struggle, a cry, or in song. She must then contract all her inspiratory muscles and especially her diaphragm; she must also breathe from the abdomen in such a way that she can, without the least fatigue, take into her chest a considerable quantity of air.

Such is the classification or division of Drs. Nitot and Mandl, and it is, I think, simple and clear.

* * *

Now breathing in song as in life is the most important and the most necessary of all the functions of our organs. He who knows how to breathe well and to pronounce well, will know how to sing well, said Pacchiarotti. When we speak, our respiration takes place without effort, and if we give to our voice all the inflections which the sentiment which we wish to express demands, and that without any trouble, it is because the act of breathing takes place naturally and without our thinking of it. The singer should acquire the same ease. It is necessary, said Rameau, that the singer should only be busied with the sentiment which he wishes to convey; everything else should be so familiar to him that he should never think of it. Of course to obtain this result, study must be long continued and most careful so that the proper way of breathing is for the teacher as well as the pupil, one of the most delicate points in instruction.

* * *

The majority of pupils and singers imagine that in singing it is necessary to breathe otherwise than in ordinary life. This is a great mistake, and its disastrous results are shown by the change in the voice and the consequent fatigue.

There is only one way for the singer to breathe.

That is the diaphragmatic method; and here we have the authorities of the greatest number of great masters such as Blanchet, Rameau, Crivelli, Lamperti, Battaile, Debay, Gerard, Concone, de Ledesma, Mandl, Bernard, Panofka, Holtzem, Fournie and Segond.

The pupil should first take the position recommended by Lambert; the head should be raised, but held naturally, neither inclined forward nor backward, but so that the muscles of the throat remain flexible; in other words, the pupil should take the position of a soldier, the body straight from the haunches, the shoulders not prominent, the arms hanging naturally, the elbows close to the body, the two heels joined, the toes turned out. The position of the legs is by no means a matter of indifference.

In this position, the bust will be raised a little higher than in a relaxed posture,

the body will naturally resume its original position, and this attitude will give freer play to the diaphragm and consequently make the breathing easier. The scholar will then act as in ordinary breathing, swelling a little the pit of the stomach, the abdomen just a little advanced, and the chest will be raised just a little forwards on account of the quantity of air taken in. After the note has been attacked, the expiration will take place, slowly, equally and without concussion of the breath, with great economy in the emission of the voice. It is necessary at the same time to sustain the voice and to keep for it the amount of energy which will render it expressive at the will. One should not take in too much air, for if the lungs are overcharged, the chest will suffer, and pain will oblige one to let it escape rapidly so as to return to the normal position. This will result in a bad tone and will even prevent the proper articulation of the words. It is necessary on the contrary to breathe moderately and give unbounded liberty to all the parts of the respiratory and vocal apparatus.

When a pupil begins to study singing, he is too much inclined to neglect nature, and so he breathes deeply and lets out the air before he even begins to sing. If it is impossible for him to sustain a sound beyond a few seconds, he exhausts himself by frequent breathings. Now the faculty of breathing varies with individuals according to their lung power; and it can be developed by prudent work, for the master should never forget that the inhalation should be in proportion to the physical force of the pupil. However, it is always necessary to shun exaggeration and to fill the lungs with only a moderate amount of air, so as to preserve the utmost suppleness of the chest.

It is necessary, said Lanza, that inhalation should be without noise and without any apparent exterior movement of the breast.

This method of breathing, then, called the diaphragmatic, is the most simple and the most easy. But several good men, such as Carulli, Lablache, Garcia, Fétis, believed in the method of the Paris conservatoire, which may be called the clavicular method, but which I firmly believe to be false and injurious.

The method of the Conservatoire says: "It is necessary to observe that there is a difference in breathing when one sings and one speaks. When one breathes simply to speak or to give fresh air to the lungs, the first movement is that of respiration, then the belly swells and its upper portion is thrown out a little, and then it sinks back, and that is the second movement, viz., that of expiration. On the contrary when one sings and breathes for that purpose it is necessary to flatten the belly and to cause it to rise again quickly, swelling and throwing out the chest; then in the expiration of the breath, the belly returns very slowly to its natural state and the chest proportionally falls back, so as to preserve and control the air as long as possible."

But nature and the majority of great masters are dead against this theory; and why? Because this manner of breathing is against nature. It brings on extreme fatigue and by the enforced constraint upon the chest, it causes muscular contractions which prevent the production of a round, pure and agreeable tone.

Dr. Mandl in his admirable book *De la fatigue de la voix dans ses rapports avec le mode de respiration* (Paris, 1855) speaks strongly against it, and is an enthusiastic believer in the diaphragmatic method. The whirligig of time brings in his revenges, and Dr. Mandl was in 1872 appointed lecturer on the hygiene of the voice at this same conservatoire. He sums up the whole matter in the following words: "The struggle between the inspiration and expiration, that is to say the vocal conflict and therefore the resultant fatigue, is at its least in abdominal respiration, because then only a small number of muscles, principally of the diaphragm, are put in play, as there is only a displacement of the soft and mobile viscera of the abdominal cavity, while during the inspiration, the larynx remains in its normal position the glottis neither enlarges nor contracts perceptibly, nor are the vocal chords relaxed nor stretched to any perceptible degree. The expiration necessary to the modulation of a tone finds then the chief organs in natural position and tension. The displacement of the larynx, the contraction of the glottis, the tension of the vocal chords, the dilation of the lungs, all these things so necessary to the production of a tone, can consequently be achieved without a great struggle and so without any fatigue."

There are two things to be avoided in breathing, though they are recommended as exercises by some teachers. The first is to inhale slowly without singing a great quantity of air, to retain it and then let it escape as easily as possible, then to allow the lungs for some moments to be entirely empty. The second is the striving to prolong the sound by forcing the respiration. These exercises only fatigue the lungs, which lose their elasticity, the voice becomes feeble and lousy, the intonation suffers, the act of breathing takes place with violence and with a disagreeable noise. In a word, the voice is soon destroyed.

So all this may be summed up as follows: *Obey nature and breathe in singing as in speaking, unless you are unfortunately a woman, in which case breathe from the abdomen.*

* * *

Next Sunday I propose to give a few hints as to what precautions every singer should take to keep the voice in good condition. This will be followed by an article on the prospects of reorganizing the Oratorio Society of Albany: and this last article will bring the present series to a close.

In this short essay on the proper method of breathing, as I have said before, there is nothing original, nothing new.

Teachers who dismiss their singers after a lesson with raw throats and jaded lungs, (and there are such teachers in the city), can profit by it, however; and so can pupils who in ignorance pay such teachers for physically maltreating them.

HENRY WEISS.

MUSIC IN ALBANY--VI.

Hints To Singers.

I have received a courteously worded letter, in which the writer doubts the truth of the assertion made in an article in last Sunday's EXPRESS that "the first singers of to-day in technique and management of the voice are but as children to the great artists of the 17th and 18th centuries." He asks if it is possible that any singer ever excelled the Patti in her prime; he asks if nature does not provide to-day as beautiful voices as a hundred or two hundred years ago.

In the last article I said that specimens of the music the ancients sang have come down to us full of passages which no living singer can execute. I called attention to the fact that the voice was everything, that instrumentation was in its infancy, and that a singer in those days was obliged to be well versed in counterpoint and the whole theory of music.

In a word, instruction was then infinitely more thorough and more rigorous. Bontempi, the singer, composer, historian, architect, mechanician and speaker of four languages, was a man of extraordinary versatility and ability. In 1663 he was one of the kapellmeisters of John George II, the Elector of Saxony. He himself was the pupil of Mazzocchi, the master of the choir of Pope Urban VIII, and in his History of Music he has given an interesting account of the daily routine of a pupil of the time.

The scholar was obliged to practise daily one hour difficult passages so as to acquire a perfect technique or facility. He spent a second hour upon the study of the trill, a third upon exercises for the cultivation of his ear. All this was in the presence of his teacher, and before a looking-glass, so that he could watch the position of his tongue and mouth and shun grimaces of every description. Two hours more were given to the study of expression and taste, as well as to literature.

This was only the work of the morning. In the afternoon a half hour was given to the study of acoustics, a half hour to simple counterpoint, one hour to composition, and the rest of the day to playing the clavichord, finishing a psalm or motet or other work suited to the talent and inclination of the scholar. The pupils would frequent the churches to hear the works of the great composers, and upon their return they had to give a criticism of the performance to their teachers. They would often go to the Porta Angelica near Monte Mario to sing against an echo there, and hear their faults faithfully reproduced if not exaggerated.

Is it any wonder that from such daily and continued study, marvellous results should follow?

* * *

Another reason for the superiority of singers of past days was suggested by Rossini in conversation with Ferd. Hiller. It is well known that the art of singing found its first great encouragement in the church, for the dramatic solo and the opera were not known in Italy until about 1600. Now women were not allowed to sing in the Church of Rome, on the ground that the service of God was disturbed by the sensuous charm of their voices; indeed in early days they were not even allowed to sing in the congregation on account of the injunction of Paul that the women should be quiet when in church, although this was not universal, for Ambrosius praised the effect of the united voices of women and youths in the psalms. They were not heard in the middle ages in the service of the church, except of course in nunneries. Now to supply their notes, castrates were introduced. Their influence on the art of singing was enormous, and it is to the growth of public sentiment against them, and their disappearance from the church and operatic stage, that Rossini attributed in large measure the gradual decay of the art of song.

This subject forms a most interesting and curious chapter in the history of music. This class of singers invaded the church about 1600, though there are traces of them in the Greek church as far back as the 12th century, and by 1640 they were seen upon every operatic stage. Among them were the greatest singers of all time. They sang in all the courts of Europe; many of them amassed immense fortunes; several were high in favor with the monarchs of their day, Farinelli, for instance having unbounded influence over Ferdinand VI (and not Philip V., as generally told). A volume could be written upon the effect these unfortunates had upon the music of Europe. They not only brought the art of song to its highest perfection; they not only spurred composers to exhaust their ingenuity in writing for their voices, but they also furnished the models upon which the first principles of the great school of Italian song were based; and as Lavoix well says, as it always happens in art, theory follows closely upon practice.

Now if one has but little respect for the majority of the composers of the eighteenth century, these great singers, men, women and castrates by force of their genius made even the flat music of musicians of mediocrity endurable, and they carried it over the entire continent. They ruled Berlin where Frederick the Great loved them, and said that he would rather hear an aria whizzed by his horse than to hear it sung by a German prima donna. They ruled London, Dresden, Munich, and Vienna; and every town in Germany which boasted a theater listened to Italian singers. The Italians were, a century or two before, the acknowledged masters in church writing and skilled in counterpoint when the semi-barbarous German knew only his folk song and the jargon of the meister singers; in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries they were supreme in song.

This they owed not only to the natural beauty of their voices, for voices of southern races are as a rule fuller of color and of more quality and flexibility than in the regions of the north, but also to the wise and strict principles of song in which they were trained from their youth up, and which were carefully handed down from father to son. These great laws have been little by little forgotten, so that the singers have well nigh lost the traditions, and musicians not being able to find artists who could interpret their works, have devoted themselves to instrumental music, losing thus the dramatic sentiment, and the very instinct itself of true vocal style. "Studies regularly conducted, rules framed wisely by skillful singers, who were at the same time well-grounded musicians, exercises proportioned to the capabilities and nature of each voice, and these patiently studied,—such was the whole secret of the famous Italian school, a secret hard to keep, since for a long time we have known no longer the magic word," says Lavoix.

And in the 17th century the great schools of Italy, where the art of song was carefully taught, were founded; the schools of Rome, Venice, Milan and Bologna. This latter, the most famous of all, owes its origin to Pistocchi, who started it about 1700. These schools, however, were dependent upon the teachers and often died with them; they were in no way public institutions; with the exception of the famous Naples Conservatory of Santa Maria de Loreto established in 1537, which was under the care of the viceroy and governors at first, and afterwards under the protection of the Monteleones. Three other great schools were also in Naples, two of which lasted until 1806, when they

were united; but it was in the 17th century that the great conservatories flourished, it was the 17th century that may be called the era of the *bel canto*.

* * *

The old writers, who in their treatises touched upon singing, such as Zarlino (1562) and the Spaniard Cerone (of whose enormous folio of 1613 only twelve or fourteen copies are in existence) gave most curious advice to their readers, a farrago of sense and nonsense. Cerone for instance devoting a few of his 1160 pages to the vice of ingratitude of the pupil, truly even to-day a fruitful subject. They complained of singers who, not knowing how to manage their voices, gave vent to cries like unto the howling of wolves, and who forgot that an artist of true taste should sing rather with his ears than with his mouth. The singer, said Zarlino, should not let out his voice with the rush and fury of a wild beast, but should control it, accommodating himself to the other singers so as not to cover them and not be covered by them. Before beginning to sing a composition, he should read it carefully through. During rests he should sing mentally the other parts so as to insure his correct entrance. Excitement should not lead him to sing with his head and arms and neck and feet so that he might be taken for a dancer, neither should he sing as coldly as the man upon whose lips icicles formed, if we can believe Hesychius.

According to these old masters the following five things are absolutely necessary to a prudent singer:

1. Not to force the voice at the beginning, and neither to sing too high nor too low.
2. To practice daily many exercises.
3. Only eat light articles of food, and vigorously shun nuts which dry the throat. Formerly singers not only did not eat before singing, but allowed beans to be their only nourishment.
4. In the spring if the singer be old he should put water in his wine, as pure wine heats the stomach and makes the mouth dry; in winter it should be drunk as it comes from the press; while the old singer should drink always a dry wine.
5. A singer should never write much; a breast lowered or leaning upon a table is easily fatigued.

Now out of all these rules and grave saws are a few of real and abiding value for every one who wishes to keep his voice, whether he be chorus singer or one ambitious to excel in concert. Never sing after a long or hurried walk. Never sing before an open fire without turning the face in the opposite direction. Never sing in the open air, for this habit has ruined many a voice. Never speak in the damp air. Always breathe through your nose. Keep your feet warm. Neither drink too hot nor too cold liquids, and shun ice cream. Do not cough or spit before singing. Never sing with your face turned towards a wall, but let the voice go out into empty space. Do not go directly into the night air after singing.

Nosinger should play a wind instrument (and yet I have known fine singers who have paid no attention to this rule; Riese, for instance, of Dresden, was at one time a trombone player). Before singing one should refrain from speaking for two or three hours; this silence gives freshness and suppleness to the voice. One should not drink strong drinks; and how many a noble voice has been drowned out in beer. Tobacco should never be indulged in, for the walls of the back of the mouth and the pharynx are irritated by the smoke and so the voice suffers. Keep your temper, for a violent emotion often alters the voice for a long time. At beginning one's studies, one should not sing long without resting. The first month one ought not to sing over an hour and a half, dividing it at equally distant periods. Later one can perhaps study three hours, but never over an hour at a time and after each ten minutes one should rest a moment, and there should always be an equal space of time between the hours of study. One should not sing for two hours after eating, nor should one eat immediately after having sung. In the morning one should work at the "placing" of the voice and some exercise of agility, but not descending to the lowest nor ascending to the highest notes, always stopping at either end at the third note from the limit; but after the second hour, one can exercise the voice in its full compass, though not doing too much with the extreme upper notes, for it should never be forgotten that the higher the note, the more gingerly it should be treated, and care be taken not to let it degenerate into a

cry. The greatest pains should be taken with the articulation of the words, for if the words are not clearly heard, there is no difference between the voice and an instrument like the trumpet or hautboy; for, as Tosi quaintly puts it, it is only by the words that singers raise themselves above instrumental performers, provided they be of equal intelligence.

Of course if the observance of these rules is carried to an absurd extent, the rules themselves will become absurd; but a due regard paid to them will surely tend to preserve a good voice, for they are founded upon the principles of nature and common sense. And how many singers who are troubled with hoarseness and frogs-in-the-throat and such annoyances would find them disappear if they gave their voice a chance.

* * *

Next Sunday I propose to say a few words about Church Music in Albany

HENRY WEISS.

MUSIC IN ALBANY--VII.

A Few Thoughts About Church Music

It is not my intention in this article to criticise any church singer or organist in Albany, nor to write the life of any soprano or alto, illustrated by a portrait, looking as though it were hewn out of the block with an axe. Several years ago a man went about the city, dropping in at all the churches, and he wrote his ideas upon their choirs for different Albany journals. He did not always understand what he was writing about, but that made no material difference; he had confidence, and by continually writing he became at length an object of terror to choirs and organists; so that when it was rumored that he would visit a certain church, the choir master would arrange the musical services of that day with one eye on his expected and unwelcome guest, and with the attentions of the other eye divided between the Deity and the clergyman. I simply propose to indulge in a rambling chat upon church music as it is now in Albany, without any reference to any particular choir.

And for the following reasons:

* * *

A church is made up of people who pretty nearly agree upon a certain way of worshipping God. They get together men and women of congenial ideas as regards a creed and erect a building for the purpose of holding meetings there at stated times. In a word, a church is a religious club-house where women are admitted. To enliven their services they buy an organ; and they hire an organist and singers, whose talents are in direct proportion to the amount of money the church pays; that is, theoretically; for alas, in practice we often see singers and organists absurdly underpaid and overpaid. A committee is chosen called the music committee and musical affairs are intrusted to it. It is generally made up of men who are singularly ignorant upon the subject; but one is a prominent man in the church, another has a wife who sings (the Lord help the poor man!) and another is unfortunate enough to have a daughter who is taking lessons upon the piano; and they are therefore "the most senseless and fit" men for the position. They hire singers just as they would buy a carpet for a church parlor, or a new and improved furnace for the cellar; the singers, and carpet and furnace, all are part of the furniture of the church.

That is, they hire an organist just as a worldly club engages a steward.

Now it is nobody's business outside of that church who sings or what is sung. It is merely an affair between the two contracting parties. You, an outsider, are not obliged to listen to them unless you wish to join that church, and in that case you can put your complaint before the music committee. You may say, for instance, and with truth, that Miss A sings badly or that Miss B habitually sings flat. If you have money, your remarks will be heard with attention. If you are poor and Miss A or B a maiden of a "seducing eye and pleasant features," you will be told in a gruff way that you know nothing about music.

For even music committees are made up of men, subject to like passions as we are.

And as it would be a delicate matter to comment upon the relationship of merchant and clerk, or captain and sailor, so would it be extremely impertinent to criticise any choir retained and paid by a society for its own private pleasure and satisfaction; though to speak a few words in a general way about the state of church music can surely do no harm, nor can it ruffle the feathers of that most sensitive of all birds, the Albany singer.

* * *

I am of the opinion that the music sung in the majority of the churches here is of the highest order, and that the weekly musical services would compare favorably with those of New York, Boston or Chicago; indeed, in the majority of New York churches the standard of music is not so pure and elevated as in Albany; and when I say this I weigh my words. As to how it is sung, that is another matter; and one into which I shall not enter for reasons given above.

* * *

In the Protestant churches of this city we have variously composed choirs; we have quartette choirs, double quartettes, mixed choruses, and choirs made up of boys and men. The formation of a choir is again merely an exponent of the taste of a congregation; and so long as a church prefers any particular species, it is the business of no outsider. If, for instance, the people of a church wish a boy choir, let them have it. It is true that boys as a rule sing false; that as soon as they are brought to any degree of perfection, their voices break, and they are useless; that in a city of this size it is almost impossible to supply three such choirs with good material; that the effects can never be equal to those of a good mixed chorus; that nothing can equal the pure soprano or alto of a woman; that at present it is merely the fashion to have a boy choir, so as to imitate in a slavish, abject manner our dear brethren the English, just as a few of our girls wear hideous tailor-made dresses, and a few insignificant dudelets affect a strange pronunciation; that there is much cant about the music of boys being more "churchly," a vague phrase which means nothing; and that to any musician fond of his art alone and uninfluenced by exterior influences, a boy-choir service, as given here in Albany is unrelieved woe and torment, the abomination of desolation spoken of by the Hebrew prophet. All these things are true, but if the people of a church wish such a charivari in the holy worship of God, and if they are willing to pay for it, let them have it and enjoy it as best they can.

* * *

The quartette which once ruled supreme in choir galleries is fast becoming a thing of the past, and this deservedly. No four people, however artistically they sing, can render adequately the songs of praise or lamentation which a congregation is supposed to express through them. No matter how exquisitely the voices blend, with what force and delicacy of expression they sing, by the very nature of things, four voices are but a feeble voice of the assembled congregation. And yet there are churches satisfied with quartettes; and so we see them still retained.

To my mind the ideal choir is made up of a good quartette and strong, well balanced chorus. All schools of music are open to such a choir; from it all reasonable effects can be obtained.

* * *

And now about the class of music sung in our choirs.

Years ago it was George William Warren who ruled the roost at old St. Paul's church, with Henry Squires for tenor, our fellow townsman Stephen W. Whitney for bass, and Mrs. Estcott and Mrs. Gourlay for soprano and alto. Of this famous quartette, three are living: Mr. Squires (who has since married Mrs. Estcott) after different adventures in Australia and New Zealand is now living in great comfort in Paris; and Mr. Whitney is still with us. This quartette was famous in its day, but I doubt if the music they then sang would be now tolerated in any church in Albany. And why not? Because we have

outgrown the school of music of that day, a mixture of the sentimental and the Hoop-la! Even the scepter has fallen from the hand of Dudley Buck, and to day we have chiefly the music of English composers; and our churches which at first rebelled against it now love it, or they say they do, which is after all the same thing. I know of no more dreary stuff than much of this same English music, written by Sir Snooks—this, and Dr. Peterkin—that. Every broken-down English clergyman who has failed in his vocation seems to have taken his revenge by writing a complete service, or at least a Te Deum.

And what music, is much of it! A stupid succession of chords, with harmonies alternating from the tonic to the dominant and subdominant, and at its best often a mere imitation of Mendelssohn, that most commonplace and envious of second-rate composers. There are to be sure great composers in the ranks of English writers for the church of old; and in these modern and degenerate days the names of such as S. S. Wesley and Hiles and John Goss, and Smart and Calkin are not to be mentioned save with the utmost respect. But how stupid and irreligious are many of Novello's publications, how unutterably inappropriate many of the tunes found in our hymnals. And this wretched stealing and attempted transplantation of Gregorian tones to which ignorant organists affix modern chromatic harmonies! And the very people who secretly prefer Buck's B minor or E flat Te Deum, listen to these droolings of half-baked English composers and, rolling up the whites of their eyes, exclaim "O how churchly!"

For great and all controlling is the fashion.

* * *

Nor have I spoken of the organists of the city, and for the same reason that I have not spoken individually of the singers. The organist's lot is usually a sad one. He is ranked a little above the sexton, a little below the volunteer and gentlemanly pew opener. The clergyman tells him to do one thing, and some female in the church who has taken a few lessons and therefore regards herself as a thorough musician, tells him to do something else. The more he truly labors for the interest of the church, the less is he generally paid. The majority of the organists of this city should receive higher salaries than they now enjoy; for they are often better fitted to hold their places than the clergymen to whom they are obliged to listen. And if there are men unfitted for the organist's bench, that is, again, an affair between them and the churches paying the salaries.

If you stumble into a church and hear a man pump constantly upon the swell pedal; if he play instead of the composer's accompaniment anything that his fancy dictates and his disobedient fingers achieve: if he thump a pedal here and there disconnectedly and staccato; and if he pull stops at random, delighting particularly in the goat-like effect of a badly adjusted tremulant; and if one of the congregation tell you that this man is a great player, do not lose your temper. If the people who hear him every Sunday can stand it, you who are only seen there once a year can surely put up with it. They pay him to play as badly as he does. They are not only satisfied with it, they like it.

Que voulez-vous?

* * *

In my next and last letter I shall speak about the prospects of reorganizing the Albany Oratorio society.

HENRY WEISS.

MUSIC IN ALBANY--VIII.

Concerning an Oratorio Society.

I met the other day a gentleman whom we will call by the uncharacteristic initial X. He is a man of intelligence and of considerable musical taste and experience, having been an active member of several musical societies. He complained of the bitterness of this series of articles and particularly of the first in which the jealousy of musicians of this town is given as one of the reasons why we have to-day no oratorio society. I listened to him patiently and when he had finished his complaint, he talked about the possibility of reviving the late Oratorio society which sang under the direction of the late John Parkhurst. He thought that as soon as the proposed Public Hall became a materialized fact, the chief obstacle to the successful carrying out of this scheme would be removed; that there would be then accommodation for the proper performance of important works written for chorus and orchestra, and room enough for an audience which would be so large that the price of the tickets of admission could be put at a low figure. I then asked him a few questions about the material of his proposed chorus and I learned from him that Mr. A. was not a true tenor, that Mr. B. could not keep the pitch, that Mr. C. could not read and so on, through the catalogue. He sneered at Y. and he poked fun at the pretensions of Z.

Now these men are as valuable men in a society as X. himself; some of them have better voices, others have studied more and consequently know more. And yet this man had complained of an article in which I had spoken of this very spirit shown by him; he had accused me of dipping my pen in vitriol, whereas I use nothing but a freely-flowing and permanent black ink.

* * *

There is a great amount of musical talent in Albany: this fact I have always recognized; but it is not easy to get it together for one common end. The reasons for this are many, and as I have in former articles alluded to several of them, it will not be necessary to go over this ground again. That it is possible to raise a chorus for a special purpose is shown by the ease with which over two hundred voices were brought together to sing a few choruses at the concert to be given by P. S. Gilmore; and this chorus, I am told by several people, is the finest chorus ever heard in Albany, and as all my informants take an active part, they are, naturally, unprejudiced and trustworthy witnesses. If such a chorus can be procured for Gilmore's clap-trap and unmusical performance of the Anvil chorus, with real anvils and appropriately clad blacksmiths, would it not be easier to induce even a greater number of singers to meet for the purpose of singing a grand oratorio?

That is a question not to be rashly answered with a yes or no.

* * *

It may be said that the financial loss sustained by the Rensselaer County society a few days ago shows the risk of such an undertaking. It must be understood in this case however that it engaged seven soloists, besides a conductor, pianist and orchestra; that instead of being only one performance, the musical festival lasted three days; that these three days came in Lent; and that the oratorio chosen is not an oratorio at all. Rossini wrote the opera of "Moses in Egypt" for the Italian stage, and after he went to Paris he re-wrote it for the Grand opera of that city, revising the Italian partition and adding solos, choruses and the magnificent *finale* of the third act. He also introduced elaborate ballet music. It was first given in Paris in 1827, and was sung by the greatest of French singers, as Nourrit, Levasseur, Dabadie and Cinti-Damoreau. (It had, however, been given in its first form and in Italian in 1822). The version sung in Troy was a mangled arrangement formerly used by the Handel and Hayden society of Boston. It probably followed the English version, for the English were shocked at the idea of Moses and Pharaoh appearing on the operatic stage and so turned poor Rossini's beautiful music into a bastard oratorio; though they applaud Elijah alternately cursing and praying in evening dress, with white choker, gloves and polished boots.

The English, however, are a curious people.

So the lack of financial success in the Rensselaer County venture can not serve as a warning to us in Albany. Nor is this society the oratorio society proper of Troy. Had the managers been content with a more modest program, no doubt they would have reaped the reward which at the beginning of their work seemed assured.

* * *

It can be taken for granted that we are soon to have a building suitable for such concerts. It is a fact that there is ample material for the formation of an oratorio class or society or association, or what you will. Women there are in plenty with good, fresh voices, many of them fair readers, and of some experience. There are men enough, too; but stop. I hear men say that as long as the Schubert club exists there can be no oratorio society. A curious statement, and yet one frequently made.

It is said that as many singers give up two evenings in the week to choir work and one evening to the Schubert rehearsals, these men could not be induced to go into another organization. And so many sit by waiting until the aforesaid club disbands. But of this there is no immediate prospect. In the first place the club is on a firm financial basis, heartily supported by the good will and money of the many associate members. Again, the rehearsals are better attended than ever before, and they are interesting enough to keep the attention of the singers for nearly two hours and to draw to the Geological Hall every Thursday many associate members who seem to enjoy even the drudgery done by the club in learning the music for each concert. Their singing is by no means perfect; they suffer at times from apparent timidity; but in many respects they sing admirably.

And neither the active nor associate members dream of breaking up the association as it now exists; so if the formation of an oratorio society rests upon the dissolution of the Schubert club, it rests possibly upon a wish hidden or expressed, but only upon a wish. Why should there not be room in this city for musical societies of every description? Let the Schubert club have one place, the Glee and Madrigal another, the Apollo and the Philharmonies another. Must these all perish that an oratorio society can rise.

At the same time it is a subject that should provoke discussion. The ideas of different people interested in such work should be known, and after the necessary and inevitable talk and letters in the journals from "Public Spirit" and "Musical" and "Old Member" are over, there should be action, and not a little sleep,

a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep.

The formation of such a society should be carefully undertaken and jealously watched from the beginning. Men should not be put in the few necessary offices who would use those offices to curry favor, put money indirectly in their own pockets or throw business into the hands of their friends. No man or woman whose musical ear is defective should be allowed to sing, no matter how powerful or sweet the voice may be.

* * *

Would Albany support such an organization?

The last society of this description did not give up the ghost from lack of funds, for it had money in its treasury. Whether the people of this city really appreciated the work of the dead society and its conductor is another question. The only way to musically educate a community is and to often repeat a good composition, to give it a chance to hear good music. Just as the unpracticed ear at first can detect only one part of a string quartette but soon hears the first violin and the cello, and by repeated hearings at last finds out that there are four voices employed, so by repetition do the very intricacies of one of Haendel's mighty fugues, and its wealth of melody so infinite that to an ignorant person there seems to be no melody, become of absorbing interest and beauty. The great body of Albanians would without doubt support a society that could give satisfactorily the oratorios and cantatas of the ancient and modern school.

And even the souls of a few amateurs who now only find pleasure in lamenting the dearth of music in this city, might possibly be moved to assist by giving aid in the shape of money and lending graciously their bodily presence the evening of the performance.

HENRY WEISS.

MUSICAL CRITICISM--I.

The Sudden Development of Music in America.

It is but lately that much attention has been paid to musical criticism in this country, and the reasons for this are many.

In the first place music itself was not for many years regarded as an accomplishment but rather as a kind of amusement of doubtful morality, many looking upon the opera for instance as one of the booths in Vanity Fair, just as honest Cruikshank, in his famous illustration of that market in the *Pillar of Progress*. Singing men and women and fiddlers were looked upon with suspicion by the early New Englanders unless the performers were of their own number and their talents employed in the meeting house for the glory of the Lord. Nor were the honest people of New England alone in their prejudices upon this subject. In Sweden, in the fifteenth century, if one killed a musician, the crime was, if not absolutely permitted, at least tolerated, as the murdered man was held to be a dangerous criminal, solely on account of his profession; and the only penalty the assassin paid was an indemnity to the heir of the dead man, the indemnity being made up of a pair of shoes, a pair of gloves and a three-year-old calf. Upon an appointed day, the murderer, the heir and a few lookers on met on the top of a steep hill. The calf, whose tail had probably been carefully greased, was led to the summit. The heir took the tail of the animal, the murderer hit the calf, which of course started to run down the hill; if the heir could stop her before she got to the bottom, he could keep her for his own; if he could not do this the calf still belonged to the assassin. So, too, to-day the Bohemians say of a young child, wilt the father bring it up to be a thief or a musician?

There has been but little attention paid to music until of late years, just as our literature and painting are of but recent growth. Our people were too busy in supplying material wants to give the time and money to an art for which they cared but little. Now music in all lands has attained a sure footing only after the other arts have been firmly established, or it has been considered a sweeping statement, it can be safely said, that as a rule the music of a country is the last of the arts to be developed.

In other countries the rulers have encouraged in every way the growth of music. They had their private singers and players, they rewarded great artists with princely sums. The majority of foreign opera houses to-day are subsidized by the government; schools are maintained at the expense of the state where pupils are taught free of expense. This would be regarded even now as undemocratic and in opposition to our mysterious institutions. To be sure paintings and statues have been paid for by the government or by the state, the lobbyist has had his hand in the job and the public pocket, as I we see in Washington, New York, Boston and other cities, strange and curious likenesses of nothing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth, but the great majority of the good American people bow down themselves to them and say "Isn't that splendid! The government paid for that." (It is only of late that a St. Gaudens was possible in this country). But music has received no such patronage, and it may turn out that for the future history of the art, it is well that it has been so.

After the war, people who had made great sums of money traveled. They acquired a taste for luxuries. The people who lived in New York and New Orleans and Boston had, it is true, heard much Italian opera admirably sung; but the people at large, the mass, were profoundly ignorant of music as a science or as merely an ear-tickling pleasure. The rich New England manufacturer and the rich Western speculator went to Europe. They could not help hearing everywhere a concert or an opera; even if they did not actually hear the music, they saw that the people of other lands enjoyed it and fostered it. They saw with amazement fiddlers and such fellows whom they had been brought up to despise as good-for-nothings, counted and applauded. Little by little such impressions took root in their honest heads. Many had heard Jenny Lind when in this country but her name was mixed up with that of P. T. Barnum and the woolly-horse, and by many she was chiefly esteemed as a "good woman," for the cunning Barnum laid as much stress upon her private virtues as upon her merits as a singer. They now saw there were hundreds of musicians held by others in the same esteem, and after their return to America they thought it a correct thing to go to a concert or opera when they had the chance, and with repeated hearings there grew up an ignorant but sincere love for that which they had formerly slighted. Just as to-day hundreds worship at the shrine of Wagner because they think by so doing they will at once pass into the ranks of cultured people.

Then, too, the enormous German immigration has had much to do with the sudden growth and diffusion of music. Wherever the German goes he takes with him his sincere love of song, as the English colonist his cricket bat and his prayer-book. German singing societies and German orchestras sprang up. The influence of Germany upon America in respect to this art has been tremendous and is to-day. The majority of orchestral players in this country are Germans; the majority of conductors are Germans; in many of the rehearsals of our leading bands nothing but German is spoken; what few American composers we have are thoroughly Germanized and their music bears the stamp of Leipzig or Munich; and in New York to-day the Germans and the German-Jews control the musical criticisms of the press. Whether this influence is healthy, is a serious question.

Within the last twenty years hundreds of young men and women have gone to the musical centers of Europe for the purpose of study. They have staid from a few months to seven or eight years, as their money held out, and returning have distributed themselves over the whole country. To them is due much of the interest shown at present in this art.

* * *

But all these factors do not suddenly make a musical people. An art can not suddenly be invented, patented and put into use as a machine. There has been with us no beginning, no steady and solid growth. We are suddenly made familiar with the works of the most advanced musical schools without knowing the works which led up to these schools. We have had no standards of comparison; we are shamefully ignorant of the different stages through which the art has passed; we are sadly ignorant of the laws which govern the art. In a word the curse of America enters into music as into so much of our life, viz: the curse of superficiality. We have a smattering of this and that; we judge the Italians by a few opera writers, forgetting the wonderful music of the Italian schools of the 16th, and 17th, and 18th centuries. We prate glibly of Wagner, not knowing the primer of Haydn and Mozart; we talk of Brahms and are not acquainted with Bach; we speak of Wagner as summing up the German school, when his theories and much of his music are utterly repudiated by many of the best

of the German musicians, such men as Joachim, Bargiel, Lachner and Rhineberger. I do not say that Wagner was not greater than any of these; I merely wish to call attention to the fact that Wagner and German music are not necessarily synonymous terms.

Because a people attend the theaters and listen to the mass of operettas which have inundated the stage; because our daughters play the piano and as a rule badly; because we read occasional magazine articles retailing venerable anecdotes of Mendelssohn and Jenny Lind; because hundreds of our young singers sing many of the songs which flood the market (and sad stuff many of them are) and this before a good teacher has placed the voice; because these things are so, we are not necessarily a musical people. In eight-tenths of the musical performances of this country we see a profound ignorance, a daring superficiality and an amazing self-conceit. We are at present suffering from musical indigestion brought on by gulping down hastily masses of ill-assorted food unfit and too rich for our unprepared stomachs.

Musically we simply echo the speech of the man who when asked if he could play the fiddle, replied, "I don't know; I never tried." Now music like any other trade or profession demands a long and strict apprenticeship. A man who makes boots or sets type, a man who pretends to cure sick people or comfort disheartened souls, has to learn his trade, otherwise he would never be allowed to practise it; and if by chance, as it does happen, he only half-learns it, he is soon found out and let alone. But in music it is different, at least so say the good people of this country. A woman whose time hangs heavy on her hands dabbles a little in singing or playing, and then dares to play for the entertainment of her callers, and forsooth sets herself up for a critic and gains a certain mysterious reputation as an authority. "I don't know anything about music," one of her friends will say, "but I have an acquaintance who does, and she didn't like the concert at all." There you have it; cheek, ignorance and superficiality. There are many among us like the *bourgeoise* in Zola's *Pot Bouille* who was fond of singing the scene of the Blessing of the Daggers from the Huguenots with the assistance of a few of her friends, and pluming herself upon her idea of its interpretation.

* * *

I have tried to show in this article a few of the causes of the long-deferred and sudden development of music in America. It is necessarily only a hasty glance. I propose next Sunday to speak of the consequent growth of musical criticism in this country; of the struggles that critics worthy the name have had to gain a hearing; of the number of ignorant and pretentious men who are allowed to write for the instruction of the public; of how this same ignorant public unwilling to be led of their ignorance is the worst foe of musicians, musical critics worthy the name, and music itself. I then propose to speak of the qualifications of a critic demanded in every other country by editors and public, but slighted here and ignored.

It is an interesting subject, yet a painful one to a lover of music, humanity and his country.

HENRY WEISS.

MUSICAL CRITICISM--II.

A Look at The Difference Between European and American Critics.

In the first article of this series I spoke of a few of the causes of the long-deferred and sudden development of music in America. In this article I propose to speak of the consequent lack for many years of musical criticism as seen in the journals, or in pamphlets or books treating of the subject of music from a theoretical, historical or aesthetical standpoint. I also propose to speak of the sudden interest taken lately in musical subjects and of the character of musical criticism as now seen in this country.

The reader of the article which appeared last Sunday will at once see why for so many years there was absolutely no possible excuse for criticism or reason for its existence. The early settlers believed with old Owen Feltham that it was "a kinde of disparagement to be a cunning Fidler. It argues his neglect of better employment, and that he hath spent much time upon a thing unnecessary." In the early days of New England, instrumental music was looked upon as a snare of the Devil, says a historian. The music used before 1690 was written in psalm-books and the number of tunes was rarely over six. The Rev. Mr. Walter says of the congregational singing that it sounded like five-hundred different tunes roared out at the same time.

Where a reform was proposed the following curious objections were made: "So many tunes, one could never learn them;" "The new way grieved good men and caused them to believe disorderly;" "That it was Popish;" "That it would introduce instruments." The good people followed their ancestors, the Puritans, who once petitioned parliament praying "that all cathedral churches may be put down, where the service of God is grievously abused by piping with organs, singing, ringing, and trowling of psalms from one side of the choir to another; with the squeaking of chanting choristers disguised in white surplices, imitating the fashion and manner of Antichrist, the Pope, that man of sin and perdition, with his other rabble of miscreants and shavelings." In the earliest inventories in the probate offices of Massachusetts there is no record of any musical instruments appraised in an estate. In 1673 there were no musicians in trade in the whole colony. John Adams, in 1758, mentions a promising youth, Peter Chardon. "This fellow's thoughts are not employed on songs and girls, nor his time on flutes, fiddles, concerts and card tables; he will make something." This shows, however, that there were such entertainments in his day, and that some attention was paid to music. Still, when Graupner, a German, who had great influence in musical matters in Boston, came to that city in 1798, "there was not half a score of professional musicians in town."

To trace the history of music from the time when such opinions were held concerning the art, and musicians themselves were few in number and of bad-repute would be a difficult but most interesting task, foreign however to the purpose of this article. These facts are given simply to show that by the very nature of things there was no such thing as musical criticism possible, and that at a time when the musical literature of Italy, Germany and France, embraced hundreds of volumes.

Nor do I propose to speak of musical criticism between the years 1830 and 1870. There was much good pioneer work done. To John S. Dwight music in America owes a debt which will probably be never paid. Richard Grant White, always a brilliant writer but often incorrect, long before he was known as a philologist and Shakesperian critic, was a musical critic by profession. Seymour, Frye, these names are scarcely known. But these men were connected with the press of New York and Boston; the press throughout the country did not pay particular attention to criticisms of concerts and operas, nor were specialists engaged, the task being assigned often at random to any member of the staff who could at short notice write a few lines acceptable to the manager and the performers.

Within the last ten years, however, more attention has been paid to this branch of criticism, and in every small city articles continually appear in the newspapers upon musical subjects; nor are the editors obliged to rely alone upon their associates and their reporters: young men and young women with a smattering of trite facts and a scanty knowledge of musical terms rush into print upon the slightest provocation, so as to air their worthless opinions or too often simply to gratify personal malice. This would be discouraging were it not for the fact that the number of those competent to write increases daily.

Even to-day the names of the critics whose opinions are worth serious consideration can be counted upon the fingers of one hand. Such men as Krehbiel of the Tribune, Jackson of the World and Finck of the Evening Post, however Germanized they may be, have studied and digested; they know what they are writing about; they know both the theory and history of music; and if their opinions were not often aggressive and almost arrogant, they would not be worth having. Their motives are above suspicion; they are not connected directly or indirectly with the puffing of any piano or advertising of any music seller. They do not care whether the manager is angry or the singer or player fume and swear. They tell what they think.

* * *

And, pray, what are the qualifications of a musical critic?

This question can be more easily answered by describing the men employed by the newspapers of Germany and France for this task. The leading critics of these lands to-day are Hanslick, Engel, Gumprecht, Ehlert, Lessmann, Ehrlich, and many others in Germany and Austria. In France we find the names of St. Saens, Gounod, Weber, Joncières, Reyer, Wilder. Formerly such men as Schumann and Von Weber and Hector Berlioz and Adolphe Adam did not disdain to write in newspapers their opinions of singers, players and compositions, and they received money for their work.

Now these men above named are all of them practical musicians. I mean by that they have had a thorough course of musical training; and several of the Frenchmen mentioned are to-day rightly ranked in the first row of living composers. They are conversant with the rules of the craft, with the history and traditions of the art; else they would not be employed, for the managing editors of foreign newspapers are still conservative enough to think that a man who writes upon a special subject should have made a special study of that subject. They have heard much; they have read much; they have thought much.

And the Germans and French who read the criticisms of these men are foolish enough to have respect for their judgments even if they are not inclined to agree with them; and when they cannot agree they say, "We must be wrong; Hanslick, or St. Saens (as the case may be), thinks differently, and he knows much better than I."

Can you imagine a free and independent American citizen making such a humiliating confession? * * *

How many critics in America are musicians? How many can tell the difference between a fugue and a canon? How many of them have had the chance

of hearing great works performed in a great manner? How many of them can tell whether a singer in a concert sings the aria in the original key or transposed to suit the voice? How many have made a systematic study of the growth of the art from the days of Hucbald the monk, or from the time of Guido of Arezzo? How many can read a four-part song printed in the old clefs? How many can put proper harmonies to a simple melody?

And yet a man who is ignorant of all these things and everything of like nature will calmly sit upon a tripod and give forth oracles.

* * *

It is the public that is most to blame in this matter,—the ignorant, conceited public. Woe to the critic worthy the name who dares to oppose the people. But here I come to a most important subject, viz., the duty of an honest critic to his readers, and the duty of the public to the critic.

This subject will be treated of next Sunday.

HENRY WEISS.

MUSICAL CRITICISM.—III.

The Critic and the Public.

What I mean by the phrase, relations of the public to the critic, and what I mean when I said in a late article that the deadliest foe of the true critic was this same public, can best be shown by an example.

Let us suppose that right here in Albany it falls to the lot of the musical critic of a morning journal to review the performance of a comic opera given at the Leland. He is obliged to write his criticism immediately after the curtain falls; and this haste is necessary in New York as well as here. (The more civilized French demand from their critics only one article a week; in which *feuilleton* the writer calmly reviews the musical events of the past few days. He has had time to form a mature judgment; if the work is a serious and important one, he has had opportunity to hear it a second time; his opinions carry more weight. It is true that when the performance is something extraordinary, as a new opera from St. Saens or Gounod, a short criticism appears the morning after its production; but it is only a sketch; the real analysis and conclusions are not given to the world until the day of the *feuilleton*, which then appears with the writer's name subscribed. In Germany the criticism appears either the second day after the performance or in the issue of the following Sunday, according to the custom of the particular newspaper.)

Well, the critic listens patiently. He watches both the stage and the audience. He finds the music intrinsically vulgar and badly written; the soprano sings like a girl in a concert-saloon; the tenor is what is known in musical slang as a "beebler," a sobber and gusher, who "slurs and scoops" without any pretence to method either Italian, German or Peruvian. Or he finds the music charming and outrageously murdered. He hears a soprano who has naturally a good voice sacrifice everything to win applause, and so she trills and trills (and what trills!) and interpolates high notes whenever the chance is offered, to the destruction of the composer's ideas, and the patience of the leader, and to the keen delight of the audience. He hears another woman sing atrociously out of tune from the beginning to the end, but she too is high in popular favor and why? Because she wears short petticoats and accents her measures with a kick. In any one of these cases, as a rule, the unhappy man sees that the people who paid money to see the show are not only satisfied but delighted. Now what is he going to do? If he comes out with the truth the next morning, he will be called a crank, a kicker. Some one will meet him and say: "You fellows are never satisfied; you are always discontented and unhappy. What do you want? the earth? Now I am no musician, but I know a good thing when I hear it, and I tell you that show last night was simply immense. Mrs. Hammerkeys sat next me, and she knows what's what; she said that girl's voice was simply lovely. I suppose you would rather have had something classical, wouldn't you? Well, you are the worst kicker in the business!"

Now this was a conversation between a man who had given say a dozen or more of the best years of his life to the sole study of music, and one whose ideas of music were bounded on the north by a few comic operas, on the east by the choir singing of some Presbyterian church, on the south by his daughter, who sings a collection of songs by Claribel, through the nose, and on the west by the said Mrs. Hammerkeys, who plays upon a long suffering piano the entire range of literature written for that instrument, besides arrangements of overtures, and solos for the loud pedal.

And the name of this theater-goer is Legion.

But if the critic be honest he must needs tell the truth, even though he offend the theater, the company, and the friends of Mrs. Hammerkeys.

A prominent New York editor once laid down this rule to his musical and dramatic reporters: "Observe the audience more than the stage. If the people are pleased, boom the show." And this policy is followed perhaps unwillingly by the great majority of newspapers, though there are already the symptoms of a healthy change. In New York City the gentlemen who review concerts and operas for the Times and the Tribune and the World tell the truth and speak out in meeting, no matter whose toes are stepped upon, no matter whether the singer or the hearer cry out with pain at the bluntness and brutality of the critic.

Many intelligent and amiable gentlemen who write the musical notices are inclined to see good in everything and they speak gently to the erring one, because they know the fury of the populace and they do not like to be in a sad minority; nor could they in such a case find comfort in the historical remark of—was it Frederick Douglass?—"Alone with God is a majority." And so they write pleasant platitudes, speaking of the "charming Miss A." and the "favorite Mr. B." and of the "cultivated and appreciative audience" in which were seen "many of our leading society people." And thus they please everyone and receive their complimentary tickets with a truly thankful heart. Bah!

Such were the members of the Church of the Laodiceans. "I know thy works," said the trumpet voice in the awful vision seen by John, the divine dreamer of the Isle of Patmos, "That thou art neither cold nor hot; I would thou wert cold or hot; so then because thou art lukewarm and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth."

For there is no such thing as mediocrity in art. Either the work is good or it is bad. There is no halting ground, no middle distance. And even in comic opera there is a masterpiece like *La fille de Madame Angot*, or the stupid work of a pot boiler such as *Ruddygore*.

* * *

Nor are the people who attend the average musical performance, judges in any

sense of the word. They have lately been debauched by the enormous mass of comic operas, so called, under which the stage has groaned since Pinafore met with its not-undeserved success, and drew to the theater good people who had always before held the stage in holy horror. Nor were they before this debauch any better than the Paris public of whom Hector Berlioz spoke so bitterly.

* * *

"Has a man a strong voice," says the great Frenchman, "not knowing how to use it, without possessing the rudimentary elements of the art of song; if he forces a tone, the public applauds vigorously. If a woman sings, *apropos* or no, a low note which sounds more like a death rattle than a musical sound, or a high note as pleasant and agreeable to the ear as the cry of a little dog upon whose foot you have trodden, that is enough to make the theater shake with applause. As for singers who have a voice, a human voice, and who sing, and who know how to vocalize, and sing; and have a knowledge of music, and sing; who understand language, and sing; who know how to lay the proper stress upon words, and sing; and who, faithful and intelligent interpreters respect the work and the author; for them too often has the public only a superb disdain or lukewarm encouragement. None the less, there are true singers who respecting their art deserve the thanks of people of taste in general and the everlasting gratitude of composers in particular. It is by them that art lives; it is by the others that art well nigh perishes. But you say, does one pretend to say that the public does not applaud also great artists, masters of all the resources of dramatic song, endowed with feeling, intelligence, virtuosity, and that rare quality called inspiration? O yes, the public sometimes applauds such people. The public resembles then the sharks which follow a vessel and are caught with the line; it swallows everything, the fat and the immense book."

These words written long ago are true to-day not only of the public of Paris and London, but of New York and Boston and even Albany.

And yet I hear some one say, the verdict of the public is absolute; the critic who differs with the public is one merely who spits in the face of the wind. The public pays, therefore it has the right to judge. Therefore if a musician who knows, speaks of a charlatan, a would-be musician, he is always led to his unfavorable criticism by personal spite, by jealousy. The public says so, and, of course, it should know. Or if a critic speaks the truth, he is influenced by the jaundice or a severe attack of disordered bile; so says the public, and the public should know. For the dear public is never wrong. It is made up of successful dry goods merchants, wealthy sugar dealers, lawyers, ward politicians and wholesale grocers; of course they know more about music than a poor devil musician who has given his life to his profession.

And yet should the musician or the musical critic be suppressed by the judgments of the crowd? By no means. He should continue to speak the truth, and with bitterness and brutality; he should sneer at and deride all that is wrong, vulgar and common. When he condemns he should follow the worthy example of Master William Perkins (now with God) who in his sermons "used to pronounce the word Damn with such an Emphasis, as left a doleful Echo in his Auditor's Ears a good while after." He should be willing, yes, glad, to be called a crank and a kicker. Let him only tell the truth boldly, careless of result. Let him say with Tobias Smollett:

"Thy spirit, Independence, let me share;
Lord of the lion heart, and eagle eye,
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky."

HENRY WEISS.

MUSICAL CRITICISM.—IV.

A Word About Comic Opera. So Called.

The accomplished and acute musical critic of the Argus in his article of last Sunday asked the following question: "Why is it that some of the comic opera troupes which are now wandering about the country never think of trying some of the old favorites instead of the trash that mostly makes up their repertoire?" And he then compares the Albany audience to the Athenians who always demanded something new. "Give us novelty." This is the demand of the rabble, the teacher-paying, ticket-buying, hall-crowding rabble, and novelties, they must have. So says the critic of the Argus: and he is right.

* * *

What does the average Albanian expect to see and hear when he goes to the theater to see a "comic opera?" What do the intelligent "comic opera" mean to him?

"Comic opera" in these days means an entertainment made up of music, gags and horse-play. It is true that a fair share of the music as written by the composer is sung; and here and there a song, often absurdly incongruous with the surroundings, is interpolated to give this or that singer more of an opportunity for display. About one-half of the author's dialogue is spoken:

the other half is the product of the massive brains of the performers. It is made up chiefly of gags. A "topical" song is expected, and no matter how halting the rhymes may be, no matter how pointless and stupid be the refrain, it is, as a rule, rapturously re-demanded. Often for no other reason than that the man who sings it has been pronounced elsewhere to be a funny man, an awfully funny man; and no doubt if he merely opened his lips to announce a change of program on account of a sudden death in a company, guffaws would arise alike from pit and gallery. There must be many cal hits and allusions; a reference, for instance, to the Burgesses corps, always brings down the house; why, it would be hard to tell. So jokes drawn from the rules of the game of poker are always in order and welcomed with frantic delight. Tumbling, ground and lofty, without the aid of springboard or any mechanical appliance, and clog dances are always in order. There must be a liberal display of female flesh exhibited under the glare of a badly regulated calcium light. Each couplet and each bit of concerted music is imperiously re-demanded, unless the singing be really good, in which case the audience generally sits still, apparently bored and displeased. And this is what to-day is called by the great American public, comic opera.

but it is not comic opera.

It is simply a burlesque, or a bastard variety-theater entertainment, not so well done, not so amusing as the genuine article.

Take, for instance, the pretty little operetta of the Mascotte. It is distinctively a French production; the plot is founded upon a French tradition; the music is French in its character, melody and rhythm. The action takes place in Piombino, Italy, in the fifteenth century. And yet we have often seen Lorenzo XVII. and Rocco introducing allusions to elections, boat races, and the noble game of base ball, which latter sport was hardly in vogue in Piombino four centuries ago. And this merely to raise a laugh. Such an idea would not enter into the head of a Frenchman playing the part in the language in which the opera was written, and the French are supposed to know something about acting and have never been accused of lack of wit.

Nor are the actors so much to blame for thus mixing up burlesque and operetta. The fault is with the audience. For the actors in "comic opera" see that no matter how well they sing or how well they act, the people are not content unless a bit of burlesque or horse-play be introduced; and the temptation to raise a laugh wherever it is possible becomes irresistible; besides the actor is paid according to his popularity and drawing-power; just as a manager of a comic opera company requires in the women of the company, shapely figures with pretty arms and legs, a swagger in the walk, and an utter indifference to exposure to the weather and the opera glasses; the voice is a secondary matter, and knowledge of the art of singing is of trifling importance.

With the appearance of Pinafore upon the stage and its enormous success, comic opera so-called took a firm hold upon the hearts and pocket-books of many estimable people who were not in the habit of going to the theater, who regarded the play-actor as a man of sin. Because Pinafore and Fatinitza were sung by people who had formerly been engaged in church choirs, the curse was removed and these people packed the theater. To them it was a revelation; Pinafore to them was the whole of opera; seeing no wrong in it, they have been going ever since, and the cunning managers knowing this weakness have dubbed every species of play where music entered in, whether it be an operetta, a broad and vulgar burlesque, or *opera bouffe*,

"comic opera." And the audiences, unmusical and uncritical, roar at the gags and kicks and tumbling, applaud with conviction wretched singers, and wax angry if a critic tells them bluntly they are ignorant, Philistines and enemies of art. They roar back: "We know what we like, and it is good enough for us." Poor deluded people! really thinking they are hearing a comic opera; thinking they can tell whether a singer is in tune; always applauding the heartiest that which deserves the most censure.

For so has the public mind been debauched. And so unworthy of serious attention is the verdict of the crowd.

* * *

The celebrated actor, W. J. Florence, spoke bitterly the other day of a certain class of plays which hold the same relation to legitimate comedy and the drama as these jingling burlesques to true light opera. His words are so sensible and apropos that I venture to quote them:

"A play can be ever so funny and still have the comedy element a legitimate outcome of plot and character; but these 'Wooden Soldiers' and 'Box of Beans' and all sorts of stuff are a mere hodge-podge of incident held together by the most worthless and trivial pretense of a plot, and devoted to showing how many times a man may be kicked, thrown down stairs, dropped into a washtub or whacked with stuffed clubs in the course of an evening without being killed. I suppose managers are not to be blamed for showing these things at their houses so long as the public demands them. The public is to blame for supporting these monstrosities, not the managers and actors for giving what pays them best. They have cheapened dramatic art, however; they have introduced to the stage a low element that was foreign to it in former years, and they have done good actors an injury by establishing false standards of criticism among a large class of the people."

And every word written by Florence of these idiotic plays and their effect upon the public taste is right to the point when the question is concerning comic operas so-called.

* * *

But I hear some worthy frequenter of the theater, the father of children with "pleasingly-combed" hair, the owner of a house which is decorated with Rogers' statuettes and proper engravings, a subscriber to all public charities so long as his name appears in print,—I hear this man say, "But in a comic-opera there should be comical things, things to make you laugh. Hey?" And then this worthy citizen laughs uproariously and says to himself "Now, I have got him."

* * *

Now what is a comic-opera? If you wish to remain completely ignorant upon this subject, read carefully the article under that head in Grove's (I beg his pardon, I mean Sir George Grove's) Dictionary of Music, one half of said article being stolen bodily from Chouquet's *Histoire de la Musique Dramatique en France*, pps. 125 and 126, and that without the slightest acknowledgment. This article really treats of *Opera-comique* which is peculiarly a French species of lyric drama, and can not be translated by comic-opera. Turning to the article on "opera comique" in the same dictionary (which is by the way a monumental work of ignorance, omissions and insular prejudice) I find this phrase defined as a "French Opera in which the *denouement* is happy and the dialogue spoken." This is not true. "Romeo and Juliet" by Gounod, "Cing Mars" by Gounod, "Carmen" by Bizet, "Proserpine" by St. Saens are in the repertoire of the Opera Comique, and they are operas of unrelieved tragedy. The distinction made by the French between Grand Opera and Opera Comique is that in the former everything is sung, in the latter the dialogue is spoken. What we call "comic opera," the Italians called "Intermezzo," and "Opera Buffa"; the French "Operette" and "Opera Bouffe";

the Germans, "Operette, and Spieloper" and "Singspiel." Now these terms are by no means synonymous, indeed in the case of "Spieloper," and "Singspiel" there is a vast difference, the "Singspiel" being of a lyric and idyllic nature in which the simple ballad predominates, so that it is sometimes called "Liederspiel"; while in the Operette and Spieloper these elements of the "Singspiel" alternate with comic situations. But our word "comic opera" as used by us ignorantly includes such vulgar monstrosities as "The Begum," and such a charming work as "Madame Angot," and such a masterpiece of rollicking fun and biting wit as Offenbach's "Grande Duchesse." And because we indiscriminately apply the term comic opera to all light operas and include burlesque, our audiences demand chiefly to be amused and encourage the actors to introduce lamentable puns and local gags; nay, they insist upon it. Otherwise they feel that they have paid their money for nothing; and that is the keenest emotion which a true Albanian can feel.

In true *opera bouffe* the fun is unbridled; the situations, the dialogue and the music are designedly of the burlesque nature; but the French who play in such works, in Paris and in this country, do not go beyond the words given them by the author. To do so, would be in their minds, rude to him and to the audience, and a French audience would hiss such interpolations. (For the French, and Germans, and Italians hiss as well as applaud. But we are so thankful to be allowed inside of a theater, that he who hisses is taken in hand by a policeman. Yet if one pays money to see a performance, why should he be not allowed to show displeasure as well as approval?) But the French of course are ignorant of such matters; they have no standards of taste either in music, literature or art; we have changed all that. We, independent and free-born citizens, know what we like.

A true comic opera is a work of art; just as much a work of art as a grand opera; just as Plato represents Socrates as saying that a great poet should show as much power in comedy as in tragedy. And even the lightest opera should never be in dialogue or music intrinsically vulgar and common. To write a "comic opera" or to lug in comic scenes, simply because

it is the easiest way to tickle the public, is inartistic and unworthy of a people that pretends to be educated. The humor should flow naturally from the subject and be always a natural part of the situation, excepting always *opera bouffe* which is confessedly pure extravaganza, which is a composition remarkable for its wildness and incoherence. True *Opera Bouffe* however died with the last French Empire; and to-day in Paris we see only light and amusing, but artistic, operettas.

In the so-called "comic operas" given lately, as I have said, the gag seems to rule supreme. Music, however charming; wit as seen in a few good librettos of Gilbert; simplicity, wit and grace of acting, go for naught. Live the gag, says the manager, and the people say Amen. And woe to the unfortunate who speaks out against this abuse. He had better shrug his shoulders in quiet or else keep away from the theater.

* * *

Years ago, the greatest dramatist since the birth of the Saviour, cried out against this same gag of the actor, putting his complaint into the mouth of Hamlet when he instructed the wandering players: "And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them; for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it."

HENRY WEISS.

IL 22, 1888.

MUSICAL CRITICISM.—V.

Memories of Music in Italy.

A man said to me the other day, the conversation being about the supreme excellence of Italian singers: "Do you suppose that the diet of the Italians has anything to do with the surpassing beauty of their voices?" Several laughed at the question, but it is one to be seriously considered. Has not Oliver Wendell Holmes characterized the voice of the true Bostonian as the amazing product of codfish and the east wind? And when these constituents are separately examined is not the whole explained, that mixture of arrogance, self-satisfaction, and contempt for all who were not born within the charmed circle whose center is the gilded dome of the State House. Has not E. T. A. Hoffmann, musician, critic and rhapsodist, gravely speculated as to the effect of different wines upon a composer meditating an immortal production, and upon reflection has he not recommended Rhine wines to him who would write a mass; Burgundy to the composer of a grand opera; champagne to the writer of a comic opera; some fiery Italian wine to the maker of canzonets, and a glass of arrack punch to the creator of a second Don Giovanni? Here is a subject for a monograph. Music is affected by diet. Fugli eat raw pork that he might dream frightful dreams which, awake, he could put upon the canvas. Can not much of the ponderous stupidity of modern German music be attributed to the German fondness for cabbage, veal, pork and beer? It is true Wagner preached vegetarianism to his disciples, but, as Hanslick puts it, he condemned the eating of flesh only theoretically, for he enjoyed heartily roast meat and wine therewith. "One does not compose a Tannhauser upon a diet of sour milk and beans." Could a sparkling opera in the French style be written after a month's stay at a German boarding house? Does the delicious cooking of the Italians, the soups, the macaroni, the *cheese* of Parma, the salads, the native oils and wines go for naught in the formation or inheritance of a true Italian voice?

Has, too, the wonderful climate of Italy ought to do with the mellowness and oiliness of their sopranos and baritones; that climate of which Landor says, putting the speech into the mouth of Filippo Lippi: "He who hath lived in this country can enjoy no distant one. He breathes here another air; he lives more life; a brighter sun invigorates his studies, and serener stars influence his repose." When another Buckle arises and writes from a philosophic standpoint a history of music, undoubtedly the influence of climate and diet upon the music of a nation will be carefully considered and treated of at length.

Then, too, the language itself, handed down from father to son for generations.

"That soft bastard Latin,
Which melts like kisses from a female mouth,
And sounds as if it should be writ on satin,
With syllables which breathe of the sweet South
And gentle liquids gliding all so pat in,
That not a single accent seems uncouth,
Like our harsh northern whistling, grunting
guttural,
Which we're obliged to hiss, and spit, and sputter all."

To hear an Italian singer merely dwell upon the word *dolore* or *amore*, is pure musical enjoyment. Just as the English word "Forlorn" has been immortalized by Keats; just as the mere pronunciation of the word Mesopotamia as pronounced by an eminent divine filled an old woman's soul with ecstasy; just as there is something which haunts and suggests in Fitz James O'Brien's line:

"And a girl in the Galapagos Isle is the burden of his song."

Here must the English and German singers always be at a disadvantage; for consonants, sibilants and gutturals are found thickly crowded together in nearly every line they sing. What wonder that Johannes Diacouns, hundreds of years ago, complained of the inability of the Germans to sing in its purity the Gregorian song, and said: "Their rough voices, roaring like thunder, are not capable of agreeable modulations because their hoarse throats, accustomed to strong drink, do not allow that suppleness which pleasing melodies require, so that their horror-inspiring voices bring forth only tones which sound like the rumbling of a freight wagon going down hill."

And yet only last week a New York critic had the audacity to say that the only musical voice was the German; the only real singers were the Germans. Of course, he is a devoted and bigoted Wagnerite; but he forgets that Wagner admired the "melody" of Bellini, and once wrote that the Germans, not knowing how to sing, he should be obliged to treat the voice as he would an instrument, thus turning the singer into a spasmodic actor, and hence the school of "great dramatic singers," "intellectual tenors" who have a wonderful conception of the part they assume, but who can not sing.

* * *

This question as to the diet of the Italians and its possible influence upon their voices brought up to my mind recollections of music I had heard in Italy. To me the most fascinating, the most agreeable people in foreign lands are the Italians. I never see in our streets a roaster of peanuts or a man with a barrel-organ and melancholy monkey without thinking of Palestrina and his glorious brothers in art, the birth of opera at Florence, the splendor of the Venetian stage, and to-day the old man Verdi at his farm serenely happy in the world-wide success of "Otello." Better there a little macaroni, a handful of figs, and a glass or two from a wicked bottle of wine to the accompaniment of an air of Donizetti or Bellini, sung by some vagrant as he saunters by the door, than the solid, substantial breakfast of sausage and buckwheat cakes eaten amid the general gloom which pervades the Albany boarding house. How can an Italian sing out of his own country? Could his voice withstand a steady siege of pie in all its deadly variety; that is, supposing he allowed himself to be tempted and finally fell.

* * *

It was about ten years ago that I first saw Italy and for the first time heard Italian singers on their native soil. Nor was it in the La Scala or the Apollo, nor were the singers world renowned. It was on a street corner in Turin, that modern and uninteresting city. The stage was a rude, hastily-built platform; the scenery was literally "A Street in Turin." There was no covering; there were no seats. The singers were two, a man and a woman, in ordinary every-day clothes, and they sang and acted a little *intermezzo*. I did not know the subject. I did not understand one word of their musical dialogue; nor did that take away from my enjoyment. Such animation! Such pantomime! It may have been a quarrel between man and wife, or master and servant, which is after all often the same thing. Here were seen in simplest form the adaptability of that wonderful language to true *opera buffa*, the amazing volubility of glib tongues; music supporting the "*parlando*," as in Don Pasquale, The Barber, and Crispino, where German or English tongues turn the light and graceful movements into the clumsy speech of a hobble-de-hoy. They who lately heard in Albany Galassi, Nannetti and Corsini sing the trio from Crispino will readily see what I mean. Imagine that selection as sung by three Germans!

In the evening, surrounded by Italian faces and hearing the good natured chatter of the passers-by as they listened for a minute and then strolled on to another booth in

moderna Turin, I heard that little *intermezzo*. Nor should the pedant despise that simple form of dramatic music, for over one hundred years ago a young man named Pergolesi revolutionized the music of the French with a little piece of a similar nature, *La Serva Padrona*, where only two characters are introduced and the accompaniment is reduced to a string quartet. Such music is too simple, I hear one say; but, as Walt Whitman puts it, "the art of art, the glory of expression and the sunshine of the light of letters is simplicity. Nothing is better than simplicity; nothing can make up for excess or for the lack of definiteness."

* * *

It was at Arona on Lake Maggiore that I next heard the singing of Italians on Italian soil. A party of wandering men and women, half tramps, half gypsies, spent a night in the full moon by the side of the lake; and they sang, the hour long. What did they sing? No one seemed to know. At times the songs had the character of the *Stornelli* of Tuscany; at times they were full of the impudence of the melodies of the *Lazzaroni* and fishermen of Naples; and then again they bore the character of capricious improvisations. Whatever their nature, they were always musical and melodious, (generally in triple rhythm,) full of the sweetness of Italy—that fountain of great vocal writing, as Chorley calls it.

* * *

Five years after that first hurried trip I was again in Italy; and it is of what I heard in Rome and Florence that I shall speak next week.

HENRY WEISS.

MUSICAL CRITICISM.—VI.

OPERA AT ROME.

It is about five years ago that I heard the opera at Rome, and first heard singing which, "like a poultice" healed the wounds inflicted by the court singers of Berlin, Dresden and Munich, whom I had heard diligently and with tears. And not only was the singing itself very different, but the circumstances under which it was heard, the audience itself, in fact the whole scene.

Grand opera in the spring of '84 was given at the Apollo theater, an enormous building with five galleries. It is too large a house for the proper hearing of music; indeed the erection of such theaters as the San Carlo at Naples, the La Scala at Milan, and the Apollo at Rome, has done much to injure singing and to corrupt the art of song. It has tempted and indeed compelled composers to seek of facts by noise and tumult, by crowds upon the stage, imposing processions, and all the cunning of the stage carpenter and machinist. It has forced the singer to shout and gain applause by exhibitions of physical endurance; and necessarily, the instruments of the orchestra being doubled, the singer, in addition, struggles against an exaggerated accompaniment. Notes and numbers do not of themselves produce musical effects. The choir of the Sistine Chapel numbered only thirty two, though on extraordinary occasions a few were added; and Bach's heavy cantatas were often given with half that number.

The evening I first saw the Apollo theater, the program was made up of Donizetti's Lucia and the ballet of Excelsior. It was a subscription night and the orchestra and the boxes were filled with the fashionable people of the city who came to see and be seen, to meet their friends and to talk, just as the fashionable people of New York go to the Metropolitan, the night of a Wagner opera. There is only one difference: the Italians, even the fashionable, know whether a person sings well or badly, and the New Yorkers are sublimely ignorant upon this point, as they show by applauding Niemann and other broken down German men and women who have been robbing the well meaning theater goers of this country. The galleries were crowded, and the most appreciative, real lovers of music sat in the highest row and paid the smallest sum for their seats. It was a brilliant scene. The Roman women, many of them of dazzling beauty, with lustrous eyes, "hair smelling of the south," "smooth-skinned and dark," deep chested, sat in the boxes, radiant in full dress. The galleries were filled with noisy, laughing, goodnatured lovers of the theater. The man who sat by you looking like the model of a Grecian god, dealt out, with courtly manner and sweet, sad smile, tobacco, salt and postage stamps at a neighboring corner; but that night he had sunk the shop and was humming softly the *regina nel silenzio* which Lucia was soon to sing. Everywhere musical voices; everywhere musical laughter. Cares, anxieties, had all been thrown off with a shrug of the shoulders. A simple, happy, artistic folk, condemned severely by Anglo-Saxons who too often think amusement merely a synonym for laziness.

The opera began about half-past eight and the orchestra was soon at the desks. The arrangement of the instruments that night differed materially from that customary in German theaters and showed the power of tradition.

In Rousseau's *Dictionnaire de Musique* is a plan of the famous orchestra of the Italian theater in Dresden, as directed by

Hasse, who was its leader under the King of Poland, and which Hasse told Dr. Burney, when the latter visited him in Vienna, was absolutely correct. The director sat at a harpsichord in the middle of the space reserved for the orchestra, facing the stage. Immediately behind him was a violoncello and double bass which were sometimes doubled; the other cellos and basses being at his extreme right and left facing each other. The first violins were at his right in a row and a little behind him. Facing them, and with their backs to the stage were the second violins; and between the first and second violins sat the altos, facing the director. On his left in a similar position to the first violins were the bassoons; and in front of the bassoons, came the flutes and oboes. To the left, and directly in front of the double basses of that side, and at right angles with the director's instrument, stood the harpsichord of the accompanist; and on a raised platform on each side and beyond and above the other instruments were the drums and trumpets. The horns were in front of the accompanist, facing the director.

Of course the piano has long since disappeared from the orchestra of a grand opera, and the raised platforms are a thing of the past; but in other respects I have seen this plan of arranging the instruments quite closely followed in Rome and Florence. Whether it is better to have the double basses so separated, or to have them in a line with their backs to the stage fronting the director, as in the German theaters, is a mooted point.

From many criticisms I had heard and read, I had been led to believe that opera in Italy suffered from inefficient orchestras directed by incompetent men. I was agreeably disappointed. I have heard the best orchestras of Berlin, Dresden, Munich and Paris. I had the pleasure of hearing the famous orchestra at Bayreuth at the last public representation of 1882 when Wagner directed in person; and I am free to confess that the orchestra that evening at the Apollo under Raffaele Kuon in precision, delicacy and all that a good and musicianly accompaniment demands surpassed both the orchestra of the Royal Berlin Opera and that of the Paris Grand Opera. I freely admit that it probably would have made sad work of a Wagner score or a Beethoven symphony; but I heard only one orchestra in Germany which seemed so skilled in the difficult art of accompaniment, and that was at the theater

Stuttgart

Seldom does one hear a good piano accompaniment to a soloist in Germany; and never have I heard a German organist give a decent or tasteful support to a singer. This is perhaps another indirect proof that the Germans know but little of the art of singing. And while on this subject, let me here say that William Gerike, the former colleague of Hans Richter at Vienna and present leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra once told me that when Verdi went to Vienna and brought out his Requiem, he there displayed such marvellous and unlooked for power as a director that he was at once placed by the musicians of that city at the very head of great conductors. I quote Herr Gerike, as there is a certain class of Americans who affect to be lovers and critics of music and believe nothing is good in that art unless it was written by a German; and that nothing is worthy of admiration unless some German has pronounced it to be so.

* * *

I do not propose to speak of the opera of Lucia, which however harshly it may be condemned by the long haired Wagner fanatics contains at least two immortal scenes: the sextet which disputes with the quartet from Rigoletto the honor of being at the same time the most dramatic and melodious concerted piece of music written for a few voices in the whole range of the

opera from Peri's and Caccini's "Dafne" to Verdi's "Otello;" the other, the gloomy monologue, the recitative and larghetto of the scene given to Ravenswood at the end, in which to use the words of Blaze de Bury, are at once and together the dismal melancholy of northern nights, the Scottish lakes, the savage mists, in short all the desolation of Scott's masterpiece.

The singers were in no way remarkable nor were they of even the first rank. The tenor was De-Santis, the baritone Wilman, and the soprano a Signora Harris Zagury, from New Orleans, I believe. They had good and true voices, and had been exceedingly well taught, and were a delightful contrast to the shrieks and screams and false singing of the men and women who crowd the German stage, and whom Theophile Gautier might have in mind when he wrote, "Music is the most expensive and disagreeable of all noises."

And it was interesting to see how the audience received those singers. Probably ninety out of every hundred persons who heard Lucia that night could have whistled or sung the opera from beginning to end; nor did they refrain from humming each air in company with the singers. The soprano changed some of the notes of her first aria, the part as it was written not suiting her voice; she was promptly hissed. Did she phrase a passage intelligently and with feeling, applause followed every note. If the tenor sang merely in a respectable manner and correctly, the people sat still, and if some foreigner thought it best to applaud, a storm of hisses soon quieted him. Once Ravenswood used the falsetto when it was not entirely necessary, and it was at least a minute before he could be heard, so loud were the expressions of disapproval. For these good people believe that when a man pays money to hear music he has a right to show his opinions, either by hissing or applauding, as he is displeased or satisfied; a healthy belief, and may it never die out in Italy. Here it is seldom one has the courage to hiss, and if he does thus show an unfavorable opinion, he is looked upon with suspicion and dislike by the orthodox people who sit near him, and he is generally led out or rather yanked out of his chair by a policeman and ignominiously thrown out of the theater. Truly would it improve the stage and teach singers to respect the composers' ideas and the audience before them, if we were brave and intelligent enough to freely hiss when they took liberties with either. If a man buys bad meat or a stale fish, he expresses his dissatisfaction in vigorous terms; but when a man in this country buys a little entertainment for himself, he forsooth is debarred from finding fault with those who have swindled him; and so we are the victims of singers and players just as we are at the mercy of hotel clerks, railway conductors, trusts and labor organizations, and we dare not complain. Yet we call ourselves a free and independent people, whereas there is no nation with the possible exception of Russia that enjoys so little true personal liberty.

* * *

It is often the habit in Italy, when an opera and ballet are given the same night, to give after each act of the opera a part of the ballet; but at the Apollo that season the acts of the opera were given consecutively, and about half-past eleven the curtain rose upon the ballet of Excelsior, the music by Marengo. This has been frequently given in America, but to him who has seen it in Italy or Paris, it seems as given here, a mere parody. In scenery, in groupings and evolutions under the direction of Grassi, the ballet master, and with the *prima ballerina*, Emma Bessone, it answered to the description given over a hundred years ago by Noverre, who was to the dance what Gluck was to the opera. "A well arranged ballet is a living picture of the passions, manners, customs, ceremo-

nies and costumes of all the nations of the earth; consequently it ought to be a true pantomime in all varieties of that art, and it should speak to the soul through the eyes. If it is devoid of expression, of striking tableaux, of strong situations, it is then nothing more than a cold and monotonous spectacle."

The enormous stage was crowded with ballet girls, but so artistic was the grouping at all times that even the most involved evolutions were always symmetrical, never degenerating into mere meaningless confusion. Then did I first realize that a great ballet as performed by the Italians or French is as much a work of art as a grand opera or a famous painting.

* * *

Perhaps it was a little after one when the curtain fell and the people sauntered into the cafes. Dainty Italian dishes with unpronounceable names were ordered; the waiters brought the heavy wicker covered bottles of wine and threw off with an indescribable flirt the oil which floated on the top. And sitting at their leisure, the honest people sung again the opera and talked of the splendors of the ballet.

HENRY WEISS.

Y 6, 1888.

MUSICAL CRITICISM.—VII.

Music at Rome.

Besides the opera at the Apollo in Rome, I saw representations at the Umberto, the Valle and the Quirino, humbler theaters and lighter performances.

The Umberto was a cheerless building, about as well fitted for the giving of opera as our own Lark street skating rink, and with about the same acoustic properties. In the summer it was given up to circus performances, and even when swept and garnished there was a suspicion of sawdust, and echoes of the "hoop-las" that had rent the air the season before. And of all operas in the world the Barber of Seville was perhaps the one least suited to such a theater. The masterpiece of Rossini, this most sparkling and piquant *opera buffa* in which there is not a dull phrase should always be heard in a small theater, say the size of the Leland, or one even smaller. In a large building it loses its physiognomy, as Berlioz well says, and "you enjoy it, it is true, but coldly and from afar, just as a garden which you see through a telescope." You hear the notes, but you are not *en rapport* with the singers, *le fluide musical* does not enrap you. And the performance itself was a poor one. When the audience was tired of hissing, it yawned; and many of the people deliberately turned their backs to the stage and talked with their neighbors.

It is a curious and deplorable fact that the Italians who created the *opera buffa*, and surpassed all other nations in this branch of the art, are now dependent upon importations from France for their amusement. Pedrotti's "Tutti in maschera" and "Crispino e la Comare" of the Ricci brothers still keep the stage, but they are the last of the race; they were written nearly forty years ago, and but faintly glow with the comic fire that burns so brightly in the light operas of Rossini and Donizetti. Hanslick, the critic of Vienna, who made a musical tour of Italy in 1874, was struck by this fact, and closes his sketches by asking: "Will not another Rossini come to awaken his countrymen with his heavenly laugh?"

And what is the cause of this decadence, this lack of quality, for operas both grave and comic are still brought out in quantities in Italy, but they are still-born or live but a few nights. True, this is not peculiar to Italy; how many operas produced in France or Germany during the last decade will be heard of ten years from now; still, why should Italy seem so at a standstill when formerly she ruled the world, not only with her heaven-born melodies but with her irrepressible laughter? Is it because she has been hard at work building herself up as a nation, eager to take her place with the other great powers? Have the Italians become a serious people?

Stendhal said a half century ago that when Italy would have senators and representatives and be able to express her opinions through them, she would no longer be exclusively engaged in music, painting and architecture; and the three arts would swiftly decline. Not only has she her own government; she has built tunnels upon a gigantic scale; she has spent her resources upon an army, a navy, public buildings, sanitary improvements. It seems as if in making herself a great nation from a material point of view, she has neglected the arts which were her peculiar glory; and that the prophecy of Stendhal is accomplished. Or is she merely passing through a period of musical nonproduction as Germany in the first half of the eighteenth century. The music of a nation has its ebb and flow; its star periodically rises and sets. Italy invented the opera and the oratorio; her children carried the art of song and violin-playing to a pitch of excellence reached by no others; she gave birth to Palestrina and Lotti, Farinelli and Paganini, Rossini and Verdi. Surely she can afford to rest and lie idle. It is time that her soil should lie fallow for a season.

You hear to-day at the smaller Italian theatres operettas, but they are signed with the name of Offenbach, Lecocq, Strauss and Suppe. For instance at the Valle, a comfortable and well-equipped opera house "Boccaccio" "Fatinitza" and "Madame Angot" were nightly given, and the Quirino was devoted to Offenbach. I did not complain of this, however, for at the Quirino I first realized the natural genius of the Italians for comedy; and indeed I doubt if Offenbach himself imagined anything as funny as the representations of "La belle Helene" and "Orpheus".

The Quirino in the spring of '83 had been built only a few months and the plaster was scarcely dry. It was a little box of a theater where a good seat in the orchestra only cost twenty cents. The money evidently had been spent chiefly upon the drop curtain which was a wild and beautiful mixture of allegorical and mythological nudity. Cherubs with lyres and flutes floated about in the air and naked Bacchantes laughed at draped women who wore the tragic mask. You were allowed to smoke; and the air was blue; newspapers were hawked about between the acts; you were at liberty to speak to your neighbor, nor was it necessary to first present your card. In short it was a free and easy place, and the company was "mixed," as the Anglo-Saxons say. But every one appeared to be happy and contented, and the show upon the stage was certainly excruciatingly funny. The orchestra was none of the best; the singers had evidently taken but few lessons and relied more upon nature than art, but the natural, unaffected abandon of the humor of the actors carried all before it. We have seen in America the genius of tragedy in the Italians, Salvini, Rossi and Mad. Ristori. It is a question whether their genius for comedy is not even more remarkable. This strolling company playing for a season at that humble Roman theater would have graced the stage of any theater at Paris where the art of acting is seen in such perfection that one at times forgets that touch of nature, that true note, which Italian comedians seem to have by divine right.

And are there no inferior actors in Italy. I hear some one say? Yes, there are conceited tenors in Italy, as everywhere, who strut and parade themselves upon the stage thinking only of the impression they make and not of the part and composer. Hanslich was much distressed because on one occasion, in the operetta of "La Educazione di Sorrento" two of the actors who, for the sake of an intrigue, were disguised as priests, appeared with waxed mustaches; and he then remarks that an Italian tenor would rather give up his role, and indeed the whole opera, rather than such an ornament. To do him justice, he adds that the German tenors are even as much at fault, and he then says that nothing separates more sharply an opera singer from an actor in respect to artistic seriousness and dramatic sense than allegiance to the mustache; that while the latter sees how necessary it is for the taking of different parts to have his face smooth, a tenor will defend himself with the courage of a lion against the most cunning and bravest of directors; that the actor insists upon a correct portrayal and makeup upon the stage, but the opera singer pays much more attention to his appearance upon the street. This is characteristic of the tenor in all countries. It was in Germany that Van Bulow, at the director's desk, and out of patience, said aloud to a tenor who had sorely tried him,

"There is a certain amount of foolishness that one expects from every tenor, but you have gone far over the limits."

A military band played daily on the Pincio in the afternoon; but both in character of the selections and in execution it was inferior to the bands of Stuttgart and immeasurably below the standard of the famous band of the Garde Republicaine of Paris, the finest military band I heard in Europe. The daily program was made up of an overture of Rossini and machine marches and dance-house polka and quadrilles. The band stood in a large circle, the leader in the middle. I was told by Italian musicians that many members of the bands could not read by note but picked up their part by ear;—a statement hardly credible. Far better was the simple music of the bugles to which the troops marched, which is more inspiring than even the drum and fife. It was music to which a man with blood in his veins could march and fight, reckless of life. It was wild, maddening, devilish music; and even the lazy beggars scratching themselves in the sun pricked up their ears and for a time envied the soldiers at their drill. It would be good music at a barricade with the red flag flying defiantly, and but a few more rounds of ammunition at hand.

Nor did I hear much church-music. It was Lent, an unfavorable season; and in '82 the Pope and Humbert were not on good terms and the religious services were not given with the same magnificence as when His Holiness ruled the Papal city and Victor Emanuel was a petty king, regarded merely as a plotting outcast. The little I heard was by modern composers, poor in quality and sung distressingly out of tune.

Nor did I have an opportunity to hear Sgambati play; nor did I hear the Societa Musicale Romana, which three years before gave a grand concert in honor of the dedication of the bust of Pierluigi da Palestrina, under the direction of Mustafá, the castrate, who for a long time was the leader of the Pope's choir.

It was in Florence that I heard Italian opera at its best, in Florence where about three centuries ago the opera was first discovered, yes invented, as a man invents a machine; and as the story of the birth of opera is an interesting one and by no means a twice told tale to Americans, next Sunday I propose to give a little sketch of the state of music in Florence at the end of the sixteenth century and how a few thoughtful lovers of music disgusted with the lack of dramatic spirit in the art as it was in their time made at first rude attempts at something better and then suddenly in Dafne and Eurydice revolutionized music for all time. And yet who remembers their names to-day? And who three hundred years from now will know the name of Wagner?

But it was also in Florence that I heard Italian song in all its purity and sympathy. Outside the city walls by a road which leads to a monastery where fat, sleek, sleepy monks concoct a creamy, delicious chianti, stands a little inn famous for its cooking and its wine. A wine merchant invited several of his associates and myself to a supper there. The sun had gone down. The simple supper of a little fish which is found in the Arno, a chicken and salad was over and we were slowly drinking the native wine. The windows were open, and in the road we heard the laughter of a coquettish girl who was flirting with a blacksmith across the way. The moon gave light. Suddenly from a neighboring room, the door being all thrown open, came the most superb tenor voice I have ever heard. He was singing some simple romanza but with such wealth of tone; as the song of the gray-brown bird, the thrush in the swamp, in secluded recesses heard by Walt Whitman; "the song of the bleeding throat, liquid and free and tender." The singer accompanied himself upon a guitar. I looked in at the door. He was a young fellow, flashily dressed. By his side was a girl of surpassing beauty, gazing at him with big lustrous, sensuous eyes. No wonder that he sang with such fire and passion. I said to my friend, "Why has he not studied? Why is he not upon the stage?" And the brave Antonio Billi filled my glass with the red wine and gravely answered: "Our beautiful Italy gives to many of her children such a voice. Why is he not upon the stage? Probably, he has nothing here," and he tapped his forehead. And the notes of the young vagabond rose upon the night air. Even now I hear him; even now, I hear that unknown singer, I see the eyes of that dark and glowing beauty. And may not the calm judgment of Antonio Billi be pronounced upon some of our Americans whom nature has so generously endowed?

HENRY WEISS

MUSICAL CRITICISM.—VIII.

The Birth of Opera.

The city of Florence is the birthplace of Italian opera; and although several French writers argue with great plausibility that the first real opera was produced at the Louvre in 1581 in honor of the marriage of the sister of Queen Louise de Lorraine with the Duke of Joyeuse, the French musical drama hardly answers so fully the requirements of what we understand as an opera as the rude sketch seen several years later in Florence; though the music of the former has come down to us and that of the latter was never published and is irrevocably lost.

Florence had been for years celebrated for the splendor of its street masquerades and musical pageants. The Medicis had even in the fifteenth century given concerts in which at least four hundred musicians had taken part; and though there were no solo singers in those days who ran a triumphal course, yet violinists were received with enthusiasm, and their names have escaped from the maw of Time. And the reason that there were no solo singers is a simple one, viz: There were no solos for them to sing.

Church music ruled supreme in Italy during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and church music was entirely polyphonic, which is, to use Rockstro's definition, a certain species of unaccompanied vocal music in which each voice is made to sing a melody of its own; the various parts being bound together in obedience to the laws of counterpoint into a harmonious whole, wherein it is impossible to decide which voice has the most important task allotted to it, since all are equally necessary to the general effect. And even madrigals and love songs in which a lover sang to his mistress were sung in full chorus. For instance, if a little drama was set to music in those days it was often written for five voices, and when represented in public and the stage occupied by a single character, the four other voices were heard but they were out of sight.

Now Rome and Venice were the great schools of church music; but Florence was a gayer town; the people were more frivolous, fonder of shows and ballets and scenic display; just as to-day the Florentines are a lighter people than the Romans; and their aristocracy said to be far more extravagant and corrupt. On all of their festival occasions they employed scenery, intricate stage machinery and music; and they soon found out that the severe church style did not jibe with the poems expressing the pangs of unrequited love and the joys of the accepted lover, which as ever were the subjects of the writer, whether his characters were drawn from the mythology of the ancients or represented as rustic swains and shepherdesses. They saw that the involved and complicated style of writing then in vogue, though it suited the mysteries of their religion, could not portray dramatically a passion, and that the voices of many could not with dramatic propriety express the emotions of the individual; for it must always be remembered that the great Palestrina himself, not only in church music, but in his amorous setting of the Song of Solomon and his passionate madrigals, never employed a solo voice. To be sure Ouida in her novel, *Moths*, represents her hero, the tenor, as singing wonderful arias by Palestrina, but Ouida is not a trustworthy authority upon this or other points, though she pretends to great learning. It is the same Ouida who makes another hero in moments of comparative soberness, and they were rare, play upon the organ selections from the grand masses of—Mendelssohn! No, it was the fashion then to avoid the use of the solo, and the fashion rules in music as in everything else; but like all fashions it became tiresome and was finally discarded by means of the efforts and genius of a few Florentines.

About the year 1580, a few men were in the habit of meeting in Florence at the house of Bardi, Count Vernio, and there they would talk over the different arts, especially music. It was a sort of club where poets and musicians interested themselves in questions pertaining to their art. The most famous of these men were Galilei (the father of the celebrated astronomer), Rinuccini, Caccini, and later Peri, the two latter being the writers of the first opera. They were curious to find out how the ancient Greeks, in their tragedies, made the great impression they did upon the hearts of their hearers; but they were really as ignorant upon the subject of the music of the Greeks as we are to-day in spite of the many learned and ingenious books written upon that theme. They thought, however, that the Greeks, as all the people of antiquity, sang as a rule in unison, strengthened occasionally by the octave, and possibly by the fourth or fifth; but they felt sure that they were entirely ignorant of harmony in the modern sense of the word, and that their great effects were produced by a single voice accompanied by the instruments, and so they began to make experiments in this direction.

As they differed in regard to their ideas of what the nature of the ancient music accompanying dramatic poetry really was, some thinking that the actor only broke out to an inflated, hysterical prose, a species of recitative, others thinking he really sang, their first imitative attempts varied accordingly. Galilei, for instance took the scene from Dante's *Inferno*, where Ugolino tells his dolorous story and sang it himself to the accompaniment of violas. This was received with favor, and others tried like experiments. It should not be supposed that these crude attempts resembled in any respect what we now call an *aria*; they were a species of recitative, something new and of great consequence for the growth of the art.

Now about this time there was a famous wedding in Florence. Bianca Capello, the voluptuous beauty of Venice and adopted daughter of that state, whose life

reads like a chapter from the *Decameron*, married the Grand Duke Francis, of the Medici family, and the nuptials were celebrated with great pomp; and among other musical attractions, *intermezzi* for a single voice were composed and sung by these friends of Bardi, and it soon became the fashion to write for a solo voice, to sing such works and finally to enjoy them, and so they in turn became the fashion. And finally in 1594 at the house of one Corsi was given the opera of *Dafne* the words by Rinuccini and the music by Caccini and Peri, only it was not called an opera but *tragedia per musica*. As has been stated, the music of this opera is not in existence, but the words were translated into German and appeared in Germany about thirty years after with new music by Schutz, and so we have the first German and first Italian operas founded upon the same subject. Then came, after a few similar plays to *Dafne* had been written, a great reformer, the Wagner of his day, Monteverde, and from then till now the history of the opera is an unbroken tale of shifting ideas, capricious fashions, but steady growth.

* * *

I have thus spoken briefly of the invention of the opera, as some of the facts set down here are inaccessible to many laymen, lovers of music. Even among the learned writers upon the history of music there is much confusion as to dates and names, and even minor details are a source of much shedding of ink.

Nor were at first the operas played in theaters. The first stage in Rome was a cart drawn from street to street upon which the actors, masked, sang their parts. But in Venice, in 1637, an opera house was built where performances were given with a pomp and magnificence almost beyond belief, even in these days of decoration when the stage carpenter ranks the first actor. But for many years operas were the private property of princes, who owned the book and music which were written especially for their courts. The musician engaged in the service of a prince was under contract to write a certain number a year and he was not allowed to sell them. The texts were at first chiefly taken from ancient history and mythology. The music was merely a collection of songs half recitative and half *arioso*, with perhaps a little chorus here and there, and rude ballet music. The sums of money spent upon gorgeous and fantastic costumes and scenery and processions are incredible. The audience was made up only of invited guests, but they were taken from all conditions in life, though they sat in different rows. On each side of the raised stage were two platforms: one for distinguished lookers-on, the other for a band of string and wind instruments which accompanied the ballet and the few choruses. The solo singers were accompanied by performers who were placed behind the stage. As at Beyreuth to-day, the beginning of the opera was announced by three fanfares of trumpets. Indeed Wagner took many an idea from the old Italians, such as a concealed orchestra, the characterization of the different performers by particular themes and instruments. Men of rank were proud to assist in the representation both as singers and players, and women even took part, a rare thing in the middle ages, the first we know of being named Vittoria Achillei, in 1600.

The orchestra was curiously balanced according to our ideas. As in those days the middle tones were loved and not the higher ones, violas played a more conspicuous part than the violins. Monteverde's orchestra, for instance, had ten violas to two violins, and the other instruments were guitars, trombones, trumpets, a flageolet, cellos, double basses, two instruments of the nature of a clavichord, a harp, and portable little organs. Wood instruments were not looked upon with favor, and even as late as 1725, the great Alessandro Scarlatti said to Hasse, who introduced the flute virtuoso Quanz to him, "My son, you know that I cannot endure wind instruments, for they are all false and out of tune."

It would be a most interesting task to follow the steady growth of the opera from the rude attempts towards the end of the sixteenth century to the present day, but this is not the place. Unfortunately there is no satisfactory and critical history of the opera; the task of writing it remains to some enthusiast who has the knowledge, courage and critical acumen necessary.

We are now in an age where the voice is nothing and instrumentation is everything. What the present system will lead to, no one can tell. Gounod thinks that this present most artificial and complicated style will be followed by one of extreme simplicity where again the voice will be restored to its rightful place; that the pendulum will swing far to the other side. As for that, it is a grave question whether opera as a species of musical art will last much longer; and it is not at all unlikely that some other form will take its place.

The Wagnerites, it is true, think the works of their master will be immortal; and so did the fanatical admirers of composers of the two last centuries, whose names are now only found in the most complete of dictionaries, with scanty details as to their lives and with imperfect lists of their compositions. To the faithful student of the history of the opera his researches give him the same impression as museum galleries filled with quaint and shabby old costumes, or as a stroll through the graveyard of some well-nigh deserted village on a New England hill-side.

HENRY WEISS.

MUSICAL CRITICISM.—IX.

The Piano and Its Players.

The piano is not a musical instrument. As a rule, it is an instrument of torture.

What, I hear some one say, the piano which is found in every house, for which arrangements and adaptations have been made from all orchestral and vocal scores, this great distributor of music, this useful servant, this medium by which a Rubinstein, a Saint-Saens, and Esipoff sway and transport the hearer by heaven-born conceptions made real by astounding technique,—is not this piano a musical instrument?

No.

* * *

The piano is not a musical instrument in the same sense as the violin, the voice or the wind instrument, because its tones are already formed by the tuner, and the player, even though he may be utterly without a correct ear or musical instinct can by steady work and patience and good instruction produce acceptable musical sounds. This is impossible when the question is concerning other instruments. A man who plays the violin or who sings must form his own tones and by the ear; if his ear is not absolutely correct he can not play or sing without giving pain to all professional musicians and to all to whom Nature has given a sense of perfect intonation.

This characteristic of the piano makes it an easy prey to all malicious persons who wish to be called "musical." And hence we find pianos everywhere. The music stores are stuffed with food for the monster. And if a boy should throw a stone at random into a crowd standing at a street corner, he would hit three or four "professionals" who "preside" at the "instrument" and receipt bills quarterly.

A fond father sees his daughter growing up, and as soon as she is eight or nine years old his wife says, "We must have a piano, and Maud or Henrietta (whatever the name may be) must take lessons." He at once sallies forth and goes into a music store, rash man; and then he knows what Paul meant when he spoke of fighting with the beasts at Ephesus. One friend tells him to buy a Stickering, and another recommends a Chainway; another tells him that he will be a fool if he pays so much money for the pleasure of his little girl, and that any cheap piano is good enough for a beginner. Finally the suave manager takes him aside mysteriously and says, "My dear sir, the price of this superb instrument is \$650, and we never sell it for less; but you have been so strongly recommended to us that we will give it to you for \$75. We shall only make about four dollars and fifty cents by the sale, but we want you as a client, and your little girl has so much talent that it would be a shame if she did not have a good piano."

This settles the case of the unhappy man; his days and nights have been distracted by the claims of rival houses; each dinner hour has been marked by the awful question, "Have you not settled about that piano yet?" He closes the bargain at once. The piano seller clears about two hundred dollars, and the happy father has bought a pig in a poke.

Nor are his troubles ended. A teacher must be sought. Now it has never entered the heads of the parents that possibly the girl has no taste and no capacity for music. They do not stop to inquire whether she would not make a better singer than player; that possibly she has an eye for drawing and color; that she might adorn the stage; or even better, that she might show remarkable talents for house-

keeping, which is fast becoming one of the lost arts. In these days, piano playing is a part of an ordinary education, just as formerly no "young lady" was fitted for society until she had been "instructed in the use of the globes" and taught to sing ballads to the accompaniment of the harp. The parents say, all the other children play the piano; we should be ashamed if our child cannot do as much; and a "professor" is engaged to make her play, just as a milkman is told to bring so much milk or a steak is ordered of the butcher. And then the trouble begins.

The "professor" gives his lessons. He may be a good and faithful teacher; or he may be a shallow pretender. For there are unworthy teachers of the piano just as there are shysters in the law, quacks in medicine, and brilliant, worldly charlatans in the pulpit. The parents have no means of knowing the capabilities of the man whom they have engaged. They ask somebody about a good teacher and somebody recommends his friend. The girl begins to practice. Supposing it is irksome for her and that she hates the drudgery. She complains and says she would prefer to do something else. The father scowls and says "Here I am paying out money for you and you do not even thank me. What is more, you rebel. Now you stay in the house this afternoon and practice your scales." Not that the father knows exactly what "scales" are, but it will never do to appear ignorant before a child; and the poor girl resumes her dreary task. If the teacher be conscientious and wishes to lay little by little the foundations of a good technique the parents find fault with the slow advance of the pupil and they blame the teacher. They demand that after a few months she should play some popular waltz or any bit of sentimental rubbish which is in vogue. They do not see that this is impossible and that it at once hampers the teacher who can not afford to stick fast to what he knows is best for the pupil and so lose the small sum given him. If he does stand out against the ignorant mother, another less scrupulous teacher is called in who pleases the mother and keeps the pupil.

And what becomes of the pupil after a few years? She practices in a slipshod manner irregularly and for a few moments at a time. She has no idea of rhythm or of expression. She has no quality of tone, no evenness of touch. She has been taught that the only use of the loud pedal is to make a noise, and so she plays with it firmly jammed down from the beginning to the end. She does not know the difference between *legato* and *staccato*. She can not tell in what key any of her compositions are written. She, in other words, has not the slightest, the most rudimentary knowledge of the art of playing the piano, though her friends flatter her in brazen faced style, and talk incessantly while she plays. She has cost her father much money and as a result, she simply strikes out notes from an unresisting instrument, just as a sailor's parrot swears or pipes out an indecent song.

And whose fault is it?

It is the fault of the parents whose ignorance and *amour-propre* have compelled a girl to do that for which she had no taste.

It is too often the fault of a teacher, who himself is shamefully ignorant of what every piano teacher should know and is a blind leader of the blind.

And it is the misfortune, not the fault of the girl.

Is the above case the exception? I believe it to be the rule, and I say this reluctantly and with sorrow. In the hands of such a one, and her name is Legion, the piano is an instrument of torture.

* * *

There are two or three other classes of players met with in all cities. One, few

in number, is made up of those who play understandingly and with genuine musicianly, and not hysterical and spasmodic emotion; who, knowing the limit of their capabilities, are content with music which they can play. They practice faithfully and intelligently, and though they may not astonish or excel, their playing is always agreeable and a delight. For in good music it is not so much what is played as how it is played. There is no such thing as "easy" music in the common sense of the word. There is no such thing as mediocrity in music. A truly artistic nature is seen at once in the simplest composition as well as in the most furious of the Studies of Liszt. And this the great American public has yet to learn.

Another class is made up of players with some execution and unlimited nerve, who play boldly pieces over which great artists would work for weeks at a time. They play at everything; slam bang, missing a note here, and leaving out half of a chord there, playing without rhyme or reason; and the pretty foot or the manly boot pumps steadily at the loud pedal. These players are generally described by their numerous friends and admirers, as "splendid players," "She plays just as well as a professional," or "You ought to hear him play." And the name of these unfortunates is Legion; and in their hands the piano is an instrument of torture.

There is another class of piano players who do not play, and when asked to "favor the company," they quietly say, "I saw I had no talent, so I gave it up." They are very few in number and their name is Blessed.

* * *

But some one will say, because there are so many poor piano players that does not reflect upon the piano itself. Let us see.

I claim that the piano has been of more injury than good to music. I do not speak now of the many who have lost their health and contracted incurable diseases by over-work; for that is liable to happen in any branch of musical study. I claim, however, that it has usurped the place of the string quartette; that it has in a great measure destroyed the art of song by providing too elaborate accompaniments to the voice and injuring the sense of perfect intonation which every singer should necessarily possess, for the piano itself cannot be in perfect tune; that the desire of piano-makers to increase the brilliancy of their instruments raised the pitch to an absurd height and ruined many a voice, until now the reaction has come and they have been obliged to lower it; that the modern piano, by the enormous scale upon which it is constructed, has compelled performers and composers to sacrifice true musical thought and feeling to mere display of virtuosity and the desire of extorting admiration by the exhibition of musical gymnastics overcoming apparent insurmountable difficulties where the performers would be more appropriately clad, did they appear in flannels instead of customary suits of solemn black and low-cut gowns; that it has injured music throughout this country since it has in a great measure diverted the attention of young people from the study of the rudiments of music and singing, and produced swarms of so-called musicians who play badly and impose upon their hearers, thus lowering the standard of taste (if there be any such thing as a standard of taste in this country). It is the fatal facility with which the instrument can be played in a certain way that has done all this; for pick out any one in the street and give him or her a few lessons, the pupil can make musical sounds which could never be enticed from the violin or voice, should the pupil work for years.

Vernon Lee in her "Studies of the 18th Century in Italy," has drawn up an indictment against the piano, severe and true. "An instrument like our piano, with a

loud, thick, muffled tone, on which you could execute, with considerable disadvantage, the music written for other instruments beside the sentimental and thundering imbecility written expressly for it with sufficient power of expression to supersede other instruments, and with power of mechanical dexterity unlimited enough to ruin itself—such an instrument, such a compromise could not have existed in the eighteenth century, and could not, therefore, usurp all musical privileges, make people lose all notion of adaptation, of sound and style, accustom them to unlimited noise and to dubious tone, and foster that wholesale ignorance of music in general which is inevitable where a performer need aim only at musical dexterity; arranged pieces, pedals and tuners having relieved him from the necessity of learning harmony, of studying expression by means of the voice, and of obtaining a correct ear by tuning his own instrument; where, above all, everything having been done for him by others, he has been educated to a total want of musical endeavor."

* * *

And now comes an anxious inquirer and says "But if there were no piano what would our daughters play on?" They would not play at all, dear sir, and the land would have rest. For six girls out of ten do not care for the piano and have no musical instinct. Why is not every boy an architect, or a painter, or a sculptor? Because he has no bent for such an art, no taste for it, and the parent is too wise to force him to follow a profession at which he would not make money. But the idea is abroad that any one can play the piano provided lessons be given and a piano bought or hired; and so any one can; but how? Musicians are rare, piano players abound; but let not the two classes be confounded. The piano is useful in its place; but it should be the servant of Art and not its master.

HENRY WELLS.

AMUSEMENTS.

The Burch Benefit Last Night at the Leland-Theatrical Notes.

The Leland was crowded last night, the occasion being the performance given for the benefit of Mr. J. G. Burch, Jr., who must have been highly flattered by the presence and applause of his many friends and admirers.

Mr. Burch has decided to become a professional wizard, a mage, a conjuring-man, a Shaman, an ecstasist, an ebeah-man or prestidigitator, for the performer of tricks is known by many names. He has chosen a most honorable profession which has been in repute from the days when according to Salust Clement, Ham, the son of Noah, received the art from heaven and taught it to Mithram his son, the fathers of the Egyptians; a profession to which the silent Hadoos have consecrated their lives for centuries. By a means of such cunning arts as seen last night the sorcerers of Pharo cast down their robes and they became serpents, and they sorely puzzled the holy Moses, who was himself well skilled in thanmancy, glamour and sortilege.

In olden days Mr. Burch would have been killed for witchcraft, or he might have taken the part of Calistostro. As it is he has begun to walk in the footsteps of Houdin, Burger, Heller, and the Eder Hermann whose name is now assumed by the magician who was his assistant. And for his profession he has rare natural gifts; a pleasing face, a graceful figure, quickness of eye and well-developed sense of touch. His tricks of last evening were admirably done particularly that of the aerial suspension, and that of the va.ishing bird cage in which as Mr. Oedebuck said of Dousterswivel, he used neither charms, lantern, sigel, talisman, spell, crystal, pentacle, magic mirror nor geometric figure. He well deserved the hearty applause and generous reception awarded him.

Mr. Burch was assisted by Mr. Spodon, a clever caricaturist and Mr. Alfred E. Pearsall, who was described upon the program as a musical humorist. Mr. Pearsall sang and "spoke pieces." When he sang the audience wished he was reciting—until he began to recite. He gave imitations of the Irish, Negro and German dialect, with a free wild western accent. He permeated the theater and defused himself upon the stage from the rising of the curtain until a quarter past nine, and he seemed perfectly willing to go right on for another hour. Mr. Pearsall's performance gave an opportunity of testing the ear and staying powers of an Albany audience. No words can do justice to the heroism with which his hearers succumbed to their fate. No groans were heard; even no low sighs were extorted; only upon the face of each one was painted mute despair.

THE SCHUBERT CLUB.

A Sketch of Its Birth and Growth.

FOR THE EXPRESS.

The Schubert club has now given the last concert of the third season, and it is eminently fit to hastily review the history of this organization.

The club was born in the summer of 1885 in the choir room of All Saints Cathedral, and Mr. Carl N. Greig was its father, mother and nurse. He, an enthusiastic lover of music, saw there was no English-speaking male glee club in Albany, and as he had material for the nucleus in the choir of which he was director, he thought by inviting other tenors and basses, a club could be easily formed; and so he called a meeting of all interested in music for male voices. At this meeting Mr. Leonard Paige was elected president *pro tem*, and one or two meetings were held in the summer. In the fall the Schubert club was organized "for the study of music suitable for male voices." Mr. Paige was elected president and Mr. Greig was the director.

To these gentlemen is due the honor of having successfully performed a difficult task; that of putting a vocal club on a firm and sure foundation in the city of Albany, where the first impulse of many citizens is apparently to throw obstacles in the way of anything new no matter how worthy may be the object proposed; and where many singers prefer to stand and throw stones at any procession rather than to join it. Mr. Paige was most successful in awakening interest in the monied lovers of music, and he managed the business interests with rare skill and discretion, so that by his earnest work at the end of the four concerts, the club was not only not in debt, but the treasurer handed over a balance to his successor. Mr. Greig was indefatigable and enthusiastic in looking after the musical interests. To start a club of this nature, to begin the work of forming a library, to keep alive the interest of active and associate members, and to close the first season with financial success—this is no light task. And the Schuberts owe a heavy debt of gratitude to these two men.

They were ably seconded by others of the club, among whom was Mr. Gavit, whose untimely and lamented death was a severe loss to the organization. He first arranged the library and did all manner of drudgery, simply because he loved music and took the deepest interest in the well-fare of this society.

The first meetings were held in the rooms of the Young Men's Democratic club, opposite the Kenmore, but afterwards the Philharmonics kindly offered the use of their rooms in the same building, and the Schuberts met there for the rest of the first year. They then rented the room in Geological hall, and have met there ever since.

The first appearance of the club in public was at the benefit given to Mr. and Mrs. Gerrit Smith, at the Emanuel Baptist church, Nov. 25, 1885. The club sang a few numbers, and the soloists were Mr. Charles Ehrlicke and Mr. Smith and his wife. But the first concert of their first season was given at the Leland Dec. 3d, 1885. The program was as follows: "A Wet Sheet," by Lloyd, "The long day Closes," by Sullivan, "Battle Song," by Schumann, "Drinking Song," by Mendelssohn and Claassen's, "Gipsy boy in the North." The club was assisted by Miss Edmonds, Mr. Jeffery, and Mr. Monroe of Troy.

The second concert was given Feb. 10th, 1886, and the program was as follows: Becker's "On the March," Eisenhofer's "Slumber Sweetly, Dearest," "The Belegued" by Sullivan, Schubert's "Great is Jehovah," and Mendelssohn's "Sons of Art." The club was assisted by Miss Henrietta Beebe, Miss Gertrude Stein and Mr. Jeffery. A part song by Fanning, and Dregert's "Spanish Serenade," were agreeable features of the program.

The third concert was given March 16th and the program was made up of selections given at former concerts with a few additional numbers such as "Forsaken," and Engelsberg's "Faraway." Mrs. Bentley and Mr. Beresford were the soloists.

The fourth and last concert of the season of '85-86 was given May 18th. The soloists were Miss Dora Becker and Mr. McClaskey, and the "Italian Salad" by Genée and Storch's "Far Above the Stars are Beaming" were the new numbers of the concert.

Mr. Edward Bowditch was elected President of the club for the season of '86-'87. Here let it be said that in him the Schuberts have been fortunate in having an excellent and conscientious officer, an enthusiastic member, and a tasteful, musical singer. To some men God has given a beautiful and sympathetic voice; to others he has given brains; and rarely has he given these good things together as he has in the case of Mr. Bowditch. Truly he has borne the heat and burden of the day. No matter how pressing were his business cares; no matter whether he was well or sick, he has been ever ready—not forward, but ready—to step into the breach; and this not for his own glory but because he loves music for its own sake and encourages every honest endeavor to foster the growth in this city of that long-neglected art.

The first concert of the new season was given Dec. 4th '86. The novelties were Grieg's "Land sighting" in which the solo was sung by Mr. Kellogg, Jensen's "The Flower," Shelley's "Castanet Song," Ingraham's "Owl and pussy Cat," Schubert's "The night is cloudless" and Vogel's waltz. The soloist was Miss Winant.

At the second concert given January 29th, 1887, the program was made up of Greger's "Joy," Atterbury's "Adieu ye Streams," Mendelssohn's "Waken, Lords," Seifert's "More and More," Kucken's "Hee Thee Shallop," Hatton's "Witlafs Drinking Horn," Abt's "Serenade," and the double chorus from Oedipus "Thou Comest here to the Land." The club was

assisted by Mrs. Hartdegen and Miss Becker.

The third concert given March 28, 1887, was under the direction of Mr. Fred P. Denison who kindly volunteered to conduct the club, after Mr. Greig, on account of ill-health, was forced to leave the city and the club in which he took such a deep interest. The novelties were Gilchrist's "Dreaming," Schubert's "Absence," Rubinstein's "Battle Song," "Over all the Tree Tops is Rest" by Liszt, Durner's "Storm at Sea," "Thou Art My Dream," by Metzger and Erkerts "Sailor's Song." The club was assisted by the Beethoven String quartett of New York.

The last concert of the second season given May 26th, '87, was again under Mr. Denison's direction. The program included Gilchrist's "Drinking Song," Jansen's "Parting," Marschner's "Freedom in Song," Rheinberger's "Thou Bright Sunny Earth," Brahms's "Lullaby," Abt's "Ave Maria," and a March by Storch.

Besides these regular concerts the club sang together with the Troy Vocal club, at the Rink, at the benefit given to Mr. Greig, April 27th, '87, assisted by Mrs. G. Smith, Miss Alma Martin, and Messrs. Fellows and Engel; and at a benefit given May 31st to their accompanist, Mr. Frank Rogers and Mr. Engel who went that summer to Europe to study music. At this last concert there was a mixed chorus, and Mr. Vogrich played the piano. This ended the second season, which was fortunately financially a successful one.

At the beginning of the third season, Mr. Frederick E. Wadhams was chosen president, and Mr. Philip Hale, who had just returned from a course of five years study in France and Germany, was chosen director. The board of managers issued a prospectus to their associate members in which they promised to secure for the season of '87-88 "the very best talent available, thus giving associate members an opportunity to hear the leading artists in connection with the club." They promised "not to confine its repertoire to any particular school of music." "To make the programs appeal alike to the simple lover of music and the thoroughly educated musician will be the earnest endeavor of the present board of managers." And any one who has had the pleasure of hearing these four concerts will see that the board of managers have lived up to their promises. Let us look at the programs.

The first concert was given Dec. 7th, '87 with Mr. M. P. Flattery as accompanist in place of Mr. Rogers.

The club was assisted by the New York Philharmonics, and the program was thus arranged:

1. Etudiantina..... P. Lacome
2. Sanctus..... G. L. Osgood
3. (a. Altumblatt..... Wagner
- (b. Spanish Dance..... Cowen
4. (a. Adagio..... Goltermann
- (b. Tarentelle..... Popper.
- Mr. Schenck.
5. Love..... Meyer Helmund
6. Spin..... H. Jungst
7. In the Sues' Ice..... Hoffman
- N. Y. P. C.
8. Romanze and Rondo..... Wieniawski
- Mr. Arnold.
9. The Nun of Nidaros..... D. Buck
10. (a. Spinning Song..... Hollaender
- (b. Minuet..... Boccherini
- N. Y. P. C.
11. (a. Largo..... Haendel
- (b. Allegro..... Terschack
- Mr. Weiner.
12. Memoirs of a Piano..... Lachenbacher
13. Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 3..... Liszt
- N. Y. P. C.
14. Radway's Ready Relief..... J. K. Paine

At the second concert given Feb. 6th, '88, the soloists engaged were Mr. and Mrs. Vogrich. The program was as follows:

1. a. Fidelity..... Koschat
- b. After the Night..... Gounod
- c. The Carinthian..... Koschat
2. a. Hark, Hark, the Lark..... Schubert-Vogrich
- b. Feuerzauber..... Wagner-Vogrich
- Mr. Vogrich.
3. Two Swedish songs sung by Mr. Lundberg
4. King Olaf's Christmas..... D. Buck
5. Aria from Der Freischutz..... Weber
- Mrs. Vogrich.
6. The Happiest Land..... J. L. Hatton
7. a. Wedding March..... Mendelssohn-Liszt
- b. Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 2..... Liszt
- Mr. Vogrich.
8. The Bird..... Soederberg
9. a. Arabian Song..... Vogrich
- b. The Love Knot..... Vogrich
- Mrs. Vogrich.
10. Mynter Van Dunck..... H. R. Bishop

At the third concert given April 13th, the soloist was Frl. Aus der Ohe, of Berlin.

The program was thus made up:

1. a. Ring and Rose..... W. H. Veit.
- b. Fair Rohtraut..... Werner.
- c. H. Gold Harfazer..... Werner.
2. a. Air and two choruses from..... Mozart.
- "Mozart's Fate"..... J. Witt.
- b. Oh! Thou who art..... Rheinberger.
- c. Tragic Tale..... F. L. Edes.
3. a. Old King Coul..... G. E. Stehle.
- b. Polish Tavern Song..... Grieg.
- Land Sighting..... Grieg.

Frl. Aus der Ohe played an aria from Schumann; Spinning Song, by Mendelssohn; Andante, and Polonaise and Nocturne, by Chopin; Spinning Song, from "Flying Dutchman"; Pastoral and Capriccio, by Searlatti; and Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 9, by Liszt.

The program of the last concert given Friday night with Signor Italo Campanini as soloist was as follows:

1. a. Fr. ma Bygone Day..... Folksong
- b. How Can I Leave Thee..... Folksong
- c. The Nun..... A. W. Thayer
2. Grand Aria—Celeste Aida..... Verdi
- Sig. Campanini
3. a. Liba me, Domine..... Kalliwoda
- b. Homeward Watch..... H. Smart
- c. Blue Flowers Reflected..... Ven Weinzierl
- Schubert Club.
4. Aria—Tre giorni son che Nina..... Pergolesi
- Sig. Campanini.
5. a. Tonight..... Ven Weber
- b. The Hostess' Daughter..... H. Smart
- c. Courtship..... A. W. Thayer
7. Romanza—Salve dimora, Faust..... Gounod
- Sig. Campanini.
8. The Nun of Nidaros..... D. Buck
- Schubert Club.

Incidental solos and quartet work during the past year were sung by Messrs. Bowditch, Lundberg, Paige, Wadhams, Wendell, Hilton, Leake, Jr., Stewart, Sweet, Kellogg, Kisselburgh, McClaskey, Parkhurst, Cassidy, Dennin, Ross and Dr. Tibbets.

There are no doubt mistakes and omissions in this sketch, as I have not been able to find a complete set of the programs for the three years, and I have been obliged to look over newspaper files where

often the notices of the concerts are imperfect.

And now the Schubert club has finished its third year. It has become an "institution." It is here to stay. By this I do not mean to say that its singing is by any means perfect; its members have only been together for a short time; and perfection in singing, particularly in a club of male voices, is, like confidence, a plant of slow growth. This sketch in no way attempts to be critical; it is simply a resume of the honest, hard work of three years of an association which should in the future meet with the same generous support and hearty sympathy of Albanians as it has in the past.

Perhaps in another article I may call the attention of the active members to a few points which deserve attention, a consideration of which may be of benefit to the club.

M.

FLOROW'S MARTHA

Sung by the Emma Abbott Company at the Leland Last Night.

The Emma Abbott Opera Company gave Florow's Martha last evening at the Leland.

The opera, though well-worn and familiar, still has an attraction to our theater-goers, nor is it difficult to see the reason for it, as it is always melodious. It does not display any great invention or profundity of thought or musicianly technique. Florow, from his long life in Paris, seems to have caught, however, a little of the sparkle and glitter of the French school of opera comique. Indeed Martha, though written for the Vienna stage, in 1847, was first thought of in Paris. A ballet called Lady Henrietta was brought out at the Grand Opera there in 1843. It was in three acts; Florow wrote the music of one, and Burgmüller and Deldevez the other two. But the idea and plot of the opera are much older, the same subject appearing in a ballet which was given so long ago as 1617, and also in a well-known vaudeville called La Comtesse d'Egmont. Martha is seldom seen now in France or Germany, but the English-speaking people have a liking for it, possibly on account of the introduction of the "Last Rose of Summer" and partly on account of the "whistleblow" of the different airs.

The performance was a smooth one, and in one or two respects a very creditable one. Messrs. Michaelini and Broderick took the part of the love-sick farmers. The latter has a fine, robust voice and a manly carriage; the former, though apparently suffering from hoarseness, was an excellent Lionel and far above the majority of tenors who have been afflicted of late years upon this city by humorous managers. Miss Annandale sang respectably.

In many respects Miss Abbott has improved. She has less of the maudlin sentiment and wishy-washy phrasing which so disfigured formerly her singing, though it made her popular with the audiences of western villages. Her trill is now within bounds and of reasonable length, if not of perfect intonation. But her acting is still of a rudimentary order, at times painful to look upon, at other times mirth-provoking; and when she tries to be coquettish and playful, even the most hardened theater-goer becomes fatigued. Nor has she overcome the habit of making unnecessary and unpleasant grimaces.

The orchestra, few in number, played from an arrangement from a piano score.

The chorus sang with precision and force. It was curiously dressed and in appearance upon the stage reminded one of the chorus in Greek tragedy, which took no part in the action of the play but stood and moralized, and moralized and stood.

The audience was appreciative and applause fell, like the rain, upon the just and the unjust.

The opera to-night is Donizetti's Lucrezia Borgia, a work rarely given and one abounding in pure Italian melody. The cast includes the whole company. On Wednesday at the matinee, Miss Abbott will appear in the sparkling opera, The Carnival of Venice and in the evening in Linda. Thursday night, the last of the engagement, the opera is Marchetti's Ruy Blas. *may 8-88*

AMUSEMENTS.

Emma Abbott and Her Company in Donizetti's Lucrezia Borgia.

Donizetti's opera of Lucrezia Borgia is one often chosen by the fanatical partisans of Wagner as an example of what they are pleased to call the absurdity and untruth of the Italian school. That men should sing when they plot and that a poisoned tenor should deliver his impassioned farewell in the regular and stated formulas of an aria, they consider ridiculous. As for that matter all opera is absurd. Men do not sing when they make love or express hatred, and when they kiss and stab they do it as a rule, without parade and not upon the house-tops. Nor is the beautiful death-song of Gennaro any more grotesque, looking at it from a realistic standpoint, than any of the long-winded monologues of Wagner's heroes. Opera is merely a species of hysterical drama, without regard to truth and without a deep, underlying purpose. It has its fashion which changes every fifty years. Nothing is more foolish than the comparing of two composers who lived at different periods. In music the men of to-day should be compared with their contemporaries and not with their predecessors; for without the ancients, the very existence of the moderns would have been impossible.

It is the custom then to sneer at poor Donizetti. It is true that he wrote too much and too easily; nor is Lucrezia his masterpiece; but what a wealth of melody that opera contains! What a role for a great prima donna as Patti or Grisi. The love of a lover and a mother; rage, hate, jealousy, despair, all these succeed each other in rapid succession. The very runs and trills, the most ornate passages, when a great singer takes the part, are but the foam upon the sea of passion, the glowing sparks from the heart heated to furnace heat. The role of Lucrezia was written for a dramatic singer of heroic mould, who by the breadth of her style and the intensity of her tigerish passion should sway the hearer and make his heart beat in unison with the pulse of the music.

It is perhaps unnecessary to say that Miss Abbott is not such a woman. It matters little whether she wears a black wig or a red wig; the color of Lucrezia's hair is only a question for lovers of mediæval history. It matters not whether she attempts to portray her as a fiend or as a much-abused woman, who, according to late writers, spent her life in charitable deeds and not in employing steel and drugs to rid herself of her many troublesome lovers. The matter with Miss Abbott is that she presents no ideal whatever. Her acting is that of an amateur. Her emotion calls for a stomach pump. She says to her audience: "Come, now, and see me act. You may not believe it, but I am acting and really singing. And see the people think so; just hear them applaud."

Nor is it to be wondered at that Miss Abbott is not a great Lucrezia. Who is, to-day? Who can take that tremendous part? No one on the German stage, for their prima donnas cannot sing the music. Possibly Madame Singer in Italy; and a few years ago Kraus in Paris, but time has dealt cruelly with the latter. And for this reason Lucrezia Borgia and the grand opera Norma are seldom seen. The race of singers for whom such operas were written is extinct.

The part of Orsini, in which Albani was resplendent, was taken by Miss Annandale. The last time the drinking song was heard in this city it was sung by Scalchi.

The men in this company are better singers than the women. Pruette was a respectable Duke Alfonso, which part, by the way, is one of the most dramatic and admirably conceived characters upon the operatic stage. When played by Galassi or a Faure it is as full of subtle Italian revenge as Browning's portrait of the husband in "My Last Duchess."

Montegriffo was the Gennaro. He sang with power but with little sentiment; his voice is not pleasant, neither is his school an admirable one.

In a word the opera is just as far above the capabilities of the Abbott troupe as any one of the Wagner trilogy. Lucrezia Borgia is a grand opera and demands great singers. There are many light operas in which the singers of last evening could appear to advantage, and it is a daring thing for their manager to produce an opera, and name of which would lead an European *intendant* to shake his head and shrug his shoulders.

The chorus showed the results of good training, but it displayed on even the most trying occasions an Olympian indifference to all the surroundings and attending circumstances. The orchestra of nine men labored faithfully with a cheap arrangement of the original score.

The audience was much pleased with both the singing and acting and gave vent to loud demonstrations of delight.

This afternoon at the matinee the opera will be the Carnival of Venice. This evening Donizetti's Linda of Chamouni.

AMUSEMENTS.

The Emma Abbott Company in the Carnival of Venice and Linda.

The Emma Abbott company gave yesterday two operas—Petrella's Carnival of Venice at the matinee and Donizetti's Linda at the evening performance.

The former of these operas is a pleasing opera buffa written originally for the Neapolitan stage. The English libretto is from the pen of Mr. Myron A. Cooney, the editor of the Argus, who is well known throughout the land as an accomplished musical critic and clever translator of opera text books. It is no easy task to adapt the Italian words and in any way accommodate the flexibility of that wonderful language to the harshness and stiffness of our own tongue; but Mr. Cooney has done an admirable piece of work.

The opera itself does not call for particular attention. It is one of the most popular works of a composer who had some natural gifts and enjoyed during his life great popularity; but his studies were of the lightest, and, indeed, in the zenith of his local fame he was unable to pass the competitive examination necessary to secure a vacant professor's chair in the Conservatory at Naples. It was not given as a whole by the Abbott company, and there were not only omissions, there were also interpolations.

The audience at the performance of Linda was not very large, and owing no doubt to the attractions elsewhere; but it was as demonstrative as ever, moved to applause and even to tears. Miss Abbott played the part of the sad and wronged peasant girl just as she played Lucrezia, Martha and Albani; that is to say she was always Miss Abbott. Some numbers she sang well; there was less of her disagreeable explosiveness and hauling up of chest tones as a bucket from a well; but her dramatic business is always the same, no matter whether she be a peasant or a queen. It might be of assistance to those in the audience who, to use the language of Ruy Blas, "choate, wish to dilate with the proper emotion, if signs were hung upon convenient bits of the scenery; for instance, in the first act with the legend "Miss Abbott is in love;" in the second act "Miss Abbott is crazy;" just as in the time of Shakespeare, in the absence of stage decorations, a board gave the information that the scene was laid in Rome or upon a blasted heath. This would be very grateful to the audience and it would not materially increase the running expenses.

Mr. Pruette took satisfactorily the trying part of the father, and Signor Michelera pleased the audience with the interpolated and familiar song by Ascher. The chorus was very good and went even so far as to show signs of life at the departure and return of Linda.

The music of Donizetti was improved upon by the introduction of "Home Sweet Home" as a finale. The house was still; the women did not attempt to conceal their emotion and even strong men were moved to tears; for other particulars see the advertisements and advance circulars of the Abbott company.

This company has many points of merit. Its soloists are conscientious singers and one or two of them of more than average merit. The chorus is vocally a strong one and it has been well trained. The orchestra is not as large or well balanced as it should be. The management gives people a chance to hear melodious operas, very respectably given at a low price.

But it is a pity that there should always be an element of clap-trap and Barabian associated with the name of Miss Abbott. What she might have been as a singer is an interesting question. A true artist, however, would not sing "Home, Sweet Home," at the end of Linda. Not that the song in itself is not good of its kind and endeared to every one by many associations. In its place it is good; but in Linda it is out of place and out of keeping. An opera should be given as it is written; and a true artist has some regard for the composer's ideas and his work and does not always sing with one eye on the audience and the other on a pocketbook.

In yesterday's notice of Lucrezia Borgia, the names Patti and Albani should have appeared instead of Patti and Albani.

The opera to-night is Marchetti's Ruy Blas.

The Emma Abbott Company in Marchetti's Ruy Blas.

Filippo Marchetti has written several operas but only one has had real success and that is Ruy Blas which was first brought out at Milan in 1869. He wrote one founded upon the tragedy of Romeo and Juliet which was speedily lost sight of after the appearance above the operatic horizon of Gounod's work of the same name, and his later compositions are of but little worth. He is, then, a man of one opera, a single-speech Hamilton among composers.

This opera of Ruy Blas, which, by the way, follows closely Victor Hugo's play, is of remarkable beauty. It is not an "intellectual opera;" it is full of absolute melody, the *belle voix* of the Wagnerites; the instrumentation is simple and merely an accompaniment. In his melody Marchetti belongs more to the school of Bellini than Verdi, and his music is sensuous and sweet, well suited to the sad story of the love of the lackey.

The Abbott company appeared to advantage in this work, and Miss Abbott and Miss Annandale and Messrs. Prunty and Nicheleena received well earned applause.

Now that the engagement of this company is finished, there are two or three things to be said; and first it is remarkable how the chief singers preserve comparatively the freshness of their voices, although they sing six nights out of the week during the season; and their season lasts thirty-five weeks.

Again, it is seldom that the people of a city have the opportunity of hearing so much good music respectably done at a reasonable price.

And however one may regret that Miss Abbott at times caters to the public at the expense of her art, it is well to remember that her company is nearly the only one which today gives legitimate opera in English with any success, and that if her company were disbanded nothing would be offered to the public in the line of opera except wretched translations and burlesque of light foreign operettas and plays abounding in variety business, which, forsooth, are dignified with the name of "opera." For this musicians should be thankful; but it does not therefore necessarily follow that Miss Abbott is a great singer or a great actress, although her many enthusiastic and well meaning admirers claim that she excels in each department of her art, and grow unpleasantly red in the face if they are contradicted.

THE SCHUBERT CONCERT

Friday Evening—A Brilliant Ending to a Hard Year's Work.

Not the least interesting feature of the fourth concert of the Schubert club was the audience which listened and applauded. It was not only a large one (the Leland, in fact, was packed from pit to gallery), but it was an unusually catholic one, truly representative of Albany. The applause was hearty and, to a musician, curiously distributed. For instance, the finest work of the club was seen in Kalliwoda's "Libera." The composition in itself is of great dignity and beauty, pregnant with the broad suggestions of the text. The club sang it with a full appreciation; the attack was firm, the *forte* passages full and resonant, the *pianissimos* delicate and correct in intonation. It was a bit of work by which the Schuberts should be willing to be judged by musicians. And yet the audience received it with coldness. Why? The fact that the words were Latin had nothing to do with it, for, as has been often observed, people often rapturously applaud what they do not understand. The people did not care for it; that is all. So, too, with the dramatic setting of the "Hostess Daughter" by Henry Smart, where the composer has treated portions of the poem in the spirit of an orchestral writer, yet with proper regard for the capabilities of the voice; perhaps the character of the piece was a little too somber. There was no clap-trap about it, no "catching" qualities, but it is one of the most beautiful members in the repertoire of the Schuberts and it was sung with expression.

The pretty little trifles by Arthur W. Thayer, "The Nun" and "Courtship" met with instant approval, and the audience insisted upon hearing the latter a second time. The same was the case with a number by Weinzierl where the solos were taken by Messrs. Lundberg and Parkhurst, although in the impassioned third verse there should have been a little more volume.

The dainty "To-Night" by Von Weber was written by him to test the capabilities of the chorists at the Vienna Opera house, and it gave an opportunity of seeing the improvement made by the first bases in phrasing and in the use of the *legato*.

The "Nun of Nidaros" by Back was sung for the second time in the history of the club and in its performance was seen the great improvement and progress which have been made. Mr. Wadhams sang the difficult tenor solos with much taste and his voice proved fully equal to the demands made upon it. The choruses were given with dramatic effect, and could not have been the hearer who was not moved by the superb *finale*.

The club was assisted by Signor Italo Campanini, who was greeted with unbounded enthusiasm. Evidently pleased with his reception he goodnaturedly sang six numbers instead of the three set down for him. His exquisite phrasing and tender delivery of Pergolesi's "Nina" will be long remembered in this city, and the "Salve Dimora" was a masterpiece of artistic skill. In these days of shouting, guttural German tenors who sing out of tune and mistake gush for sentiment, it is fortunate that such men as Campanini are still heard in America; otherwise the glories of pure Italian song would be merely a tradition, and so the people might be induced to believe that the Germans were really singers.

And in Sig. Gore, Campanini had a sympathetic accompanist; and your accompanist is as rare a bird as your tenor. Nothing was obtrusive in his accompaniments; nothing was slighted; one spirit moved both singer and pianist.

The concert was out at a very reasonable hour, which has not been the rule in the history of the club. Nearly all concerts are too long, and this is a great mistake. The ear can only receive musical impressions for a certain time. An hour and a half of music is long enough.

PARKHURST MEMORIAL.

The Concert Last Night at the Rink Attended by a Large Audience.

There are Albanians who have asked, "Why this hne and cry over a monument for John G. Parkhurst? Was he a great composer? Was he a great singer or pianist? Was he deeply versed in the theory or literature of music? Had he a reputation, a name outside of this city? If none of these questions can be answered with a 'yes,' why should a self-appointed committee ask us to buy tickets for a concert given for the purpose of raising money for a suitable monument?"

It is true that Mr. Parkhurst was neither a composer nor a distinguished artist; nor had he enjoyed the advantages of a sound and thorough musical education. Few were his opportunities in early life, but he had made the most of them, and by force of musical instinct and strong musical common sense, he often achieved greater results in his work than they who had studied and gone farther in theory than in practice. Indeed this same common sense and a magnetism which compelled obedience when he was the leader of many voices were the chief elements of his musical equipment, though to them must be added natural good taste, untiring industry, a perseverance in overcoming obstacles which would have frightened one of weaker will and nerve, and an unselfish devotion and consecration to his work both as a singing-teacher and conductor. Nor must a keen sense of humor and a native Yankee wit be forgotten, which lightened the inevitable drudgery of his professional life and the physical sufferings from which death at last gave him a happy release. And this love of humor was so marked in him that if it be permitted the silent majority whom he lately joined, to watch the actions of those left behind, he would be the first to laugh at the deliciously grotesque idea which led the committee to put upon the program of a concert given in memory of a dead musician two choruses with the respective titles of "Take Him Away" and "Stone Him to Death."

But it was not even as an acknowledgment of these qualities that the concert of last evening had its real significance, admirable and necessary as these qualities are to a successful leader of singers. The people who met to sing, and the people who went to hear, paid a just tribute to a man who in the face of all discouragements first gave an impetus to music in this city. Others complained of the lack of music and bewailed the situation; he took off his coat and went to work. He was not contented with giving his time alone; he gave his money which was his not by inheritance or speculation nor gained hastily and lightly squandered, but was the fruit of patient and continual drudgery; for the life of a teacher of music in a city like Albany is nothing but drudgery, if the teacher be an honest man. And John Parkhurst was an honest teacher. It was to him then, as a pioneer, that the memorial concert was given; and to him as a pioneer, the melancholy words of Samuel Johnson in the preface to his dictionary might well be applied. It is possible, indeed it is a fact, that in his lifetime he was not appreciated and not always heartily supported; it is possible, indeed it is probable, that the sentiment now awakened will be but of short duration, for men and women forget easily, and even musicians seek for something new, and are too apt to hold the labor of their associates and contemporaries in light esteem. Albany is no better in this respect than other cities. Mr. P. Deming, one of the most frank and realistic and finished of American authors, is known better in Boston and even Paris than in this city, and he must wait for another generation of Albanians who will put him in his proper niche; and so, too, a just estimate of the services of Mr. Parkhurst will be made first by a future collector of facts, who will do for the history of music in this city what Mr. Paelps has so gracefully and thoroughly done for our local stage.

The concert itself, in spite of the rain storm, was worthy of the occasion. The stage was tastefully arranged and admirably lighted. The audience was a large one. The different numbers of the program were sung with smoothness and precision. A hypercritical person could detect flaws here and there, but it would be an ungracious task; so it would be insidious to speak particularly of this or that special feature. Yet it must be said in one instance that the singing of Mr. Townsend H. Fellows was an agreeable surprise to those who had only heard him before in light opera, and he showed himself last night capable of taking a higher position in the musical world than he has hitherto held. A man who can sing the Ilacdel aria as Mr. Fellows did should not fritter away his voice or time in operettas. He has yet much to learn, but patience and study could soon easily remove faults which lie upon the surface. The orchestra did good work, and in a word the whole affair reflected credit upon all the men and women who as managers and directors, singers and players did their best to make it a success.

MUSICAL CRITICISM.—X.

Piano Teachers—in Bulk.

Two weeks ago I spoke about the piano and piano players. In this article I propose to speak a few words about that class of unfortunates known as piano teachers; a class that is naturally as old as the keyed instrument itself; and of late it has multiplied as the stars of the heaven, and as the sand which is upon the sea shore. The great strides made in the manufacture of pianos and the comparative cheapness with which these instruments of torture can be obtained by even the most unmusical, have necessitated, by the laws of political economy, a supply of teachers equal to the demand, and competition has lowered the price of lessons. In New England, harpsichords and spinets were in use during the latter part of the last century, and from advertisements printed in the journals of those days, we can form an idea of the comparative expense of lessons.

For instance, Doctor Sam'l Blyth of Salem, in 1805 asked for "elementary instructions on the Piano Forte and Guitar," three-quarters of a dollar a lesson for the former, half a dollar for the latter. Mr. J. H. Smith, of Portsmouth, was an "organist and Professor of Music," and if his advertisement printed in 1798 can be believed, he taught "the pianoforte, harpsichord, spinet, singing, the violin, tenor, bass violin and flute," that was all. He knew his public as well as any "professor" of modern times, for he says: "Mr. Smith has taught in the first families and young ladies' boarding schools in the United States and Europe. He begs leave to observe that when parents send their daughters to boarding schools, either in Boston or New York, they pay four dollars entrance and four shillings a lesson. His terms will be two dollars entrance and, two shillings six a lesson. He tunes instruments for two dollars." When one remembers the purchasing power of a dollar in those days and that a New England shilling was equivalent to one-sixth of a dollar, it will be seen that instruction was by no means within the reach of every one.

Nor were imported pianos cheap. Upright cabinet pianofortes brought from two to five hundred dollars. Another, "brass-mounted" was offered at \$750. Two from Vienna, horizontal grands, provided with six pedals, "making a variety of tones, consisting of the harp, spinnet, bassoon, Drum and Bell stops," were offered very low for cash in 1817, but no price is named. (A piano of this description can now be seen by those interested in old instruments, at Geological Hall, where it has been put for safe keeping). These pianos were imported; the first upright piano made in Boston was about the year 1813, and the first American spinnet is said to have been made by John Harris, of Boston, in 1769. This instrument was still in existence in Newport, R. I., in 1877.

To go back to piano teachers. As has been said, the prices were by no means reasonable. P. A. Van Hagen, Jr., in 1800, at Salem, received for each pupil five dollars entrance fee, and six dollars for eight lessons, and Mrs. Van Hagen, who, according to her advertisement, had been "fortunate in the progress of her pupils in the first families in Europe and New York," asked for singing lessons the same entrance fee and eight dollars for every eight lessons. Without referring to other advertisements, many of which are curious in the extreme, it will be seen that: First, instruction was not so common or so cheap as at present, and, second, that the same delicious snobbery about "first families" was to be met with then as now. It might be interesting to ask what many of the descendants of those first families are doing in these days; and where, oh where, were the ancestors of many of our first families of to-day. But this is a dangerous subject, not to be investigated too closely.

In other respects too, that age was better than this; for piano playing was not to be heard in every house. Brissot de Warville, who voted against the execution of Louis XVI. and was therefore beheaded, visited Boston in 1788, and wrote as follows: "In some houses you hear the forte-piano. This art, it is true, is still in its infancy; but the young novices who exercise it are so gentle, so complaisant, and so modest, that the prond perfection of art gives no pleasure equal to what they afford. God grant that the Bostonian women may never, like those of France, acquire the malady of perfection in this art! It is never attained but at the expense of the domestic virtues." What would Brissot have said had he lived in these days of arrogant ignorance and wide-spread klumper-klumper up and down the keys of the meaning instrument.

To-day teachers are to be met on every corner, in every block. Wise parents have given out that any one is good enough to teach a child the rudiments, and therefore they add to the pleasure of having a cheap piano for the beginner, a cheap teacher, who will teach the girl or boy the scales and a few exercises and "pieces." This teacher is generally a woman. She can not play at all, but "she knows enough to teach." What induces such a one to take up this toilsome life? The loss of a lover, a desire to gain pin-money that she may dress better, the possible thought that it is an easier life than to work in a shop or learn the use of the type-writer, real poverty, a wish to do something—a hundred and one reasons. Causes which impel a man to take to drink or to jump off the dock lead a woman to give piano lessons. Panurge in Rabelais "was naturally subject to a kind of disease, which at that time they called lack of money—it is an incomparable grief, yet, notwithstanding, he had threescore and three tricks to come by it at his need, of which the most honorable and most ordinary was in manner of thieving." Had he lived in these days, he would have been a piano teacher.

I do not speak of the few conscientious women or men who really know something and as a rule, struggle dismally and sometimes starve. They are among the martyrs of this world. I speak of the ignorant, the lazy and indifferent, the charlatans, whether they receive twenty-five cents a lesson or five dollars; whether they teach their pupils to play the popular compositions of Mr. G. D. Wilson or movements from concertos at the difficulties of which the greatest artists shrink; whether while the pupil plays they beat the foot, or arrange the metronome for a Chopin nocturne; it is of these teachers I speak, the charlatans of low and high degree; the same shall receive the greater damnation.

This mistake of the parent view, that any teacher is good enough for a beginner is by no means confined to this country or this age. One hundred years ago old Daniel Gottlieb Tuerk in his (to-day) admirable "Piano School," speaking upon this very subject, said: "The most important thing to look for, at the beginning, is a good teacher for the pupil. As a rule, this is neglected; for the idea that anyone can teach the rudiments is universal. A father thinks he will save money and selects the cheapest teacher he can find, and in the end he spends much more than if he had chosen a dearer one; for experience shows that a skilled and intelligent teacher will take his pupil farther in a few months than an ignorant one his in a whole year. How thus do time and labor spent go for naught. For after a few years under a wretched teacher, the pupil often finds out his own incapacities and his teacher's ignorance, and then he is obliged to begin again at the beginning with a man of better repute. And how hard it is to

wean oneself from long established, deeply rooted and habitual faults!"

The genus Piano teacher contains many species, and some day a lover and investigator of the morbid will arrange and classify in a spirit of love, as Thackeray lingered fondly over his collection of Snobs, continually adding to it.

A common type is the young lady "in reduced circumstances," who was sent in her youth to a fashionable boarding school where she took lessons of a "Professor." She had studied exercises by the hundred and played them all alike. She played Chopin as she had been taught, with great expression, *i. e.* two measures fast, then one slow; then reverse the action. All she knew of the use of loud pedal was that it made the tone louder! She had been told never to use the soft pedal, that it was only a freak of the piano maker to put it there, and that besides a piano with one pedal would not look so well in a parlor; so two, as it were, balanced it and gave a more harmonious effect. When graduation day came, dressed in white, she played from a concerto a movement which she had practiced for nearly a year. She played it about one half as fast as the composer intended, and when she came to a difficult passage, the orchestra kindly drowned her. She always speaks of this day, and says, "I did splendidly and was not a bit nervous." She criticizes freely such players as Rubinstein, Rummel and others, and in her heart prefers her own teacher. Well, her father fails or steals, and if there is no convenient train for Canada, goes to prison or blows out his brains. The family is without money. The young lady at once takes pupils bolstered up by a letter from the Principal of the school and the "Professor of Music," sympathizing friends send their children to her. She charges a good round price. She makes money. And how do her pupils play? They play like little pigs; with an unclean, sloppy touch, with a brutal ignorance of everything pertaining to music, and a profound misconception of the idea of the composer. This species of teacher often marries and redeems her sins by making a worthy wife and mother. And she plays only for her husband, poor man.

Another teacher has provided herself with a method and she religiously puts the pupil through it. The pupil works faithfully, as a boy in a machine shop set to work at filing castings. Twenty years ago it was Richardson's with its "lessons" and "amusements," ironically so called. Now these "methods" are as thick as black berries in their season. They are labor-saving machines, supplying brains and invention to the teacher. The wretched pupil faithfully labors away and when the last page of the method has been pounded out, the parents and teacher wonder why Maria or Tommy does not play better. And then the pupil is given a different dose and one just as nauseating in the shape of another "method" or "practical school." But the child never reaches the goal, although the father pays promptly presented bills. And yet it has taken volume after volume of exercises which have cost much money and brought no results. As for that, simple exercises can be written upon two sides of a sheet of music paper, and if the pupil can play them as they should be played, nearly all other exercises of "velocity" and "technique" are but child's play, and passages of so-called difficulty are old friends and easily conquered.

Another type is the teacher who gives nothing but pieces, and what pieces? "Gems from Erminie," "Moonlight on the Hudson," "The Hit-Em up again Galop," "The Mullin Stalk Waltz." Teachers of this species are usually successful, and as yet have escaped the penitentiary.

There are teachers who give their pupil "really good" music, "classical" music, and after the second year give them the Sonata Pathétique; but the child cannot play an even scale, or strike or release properly a full chord. That makes no difference, however.

And so the line could be stretched out to the crack of doom. And what are the results. Money and time wasted taste utterly ruined, and music degraded.

An organist told me the other day that he had occasion to examine about thirty people for positions in a choir. They had all taken singing lessons and nearly all played the piano. About three could tell in what key the selections put before them were written; a few could read the music which was by no means hard, but they read it without the slightest attention to the marks of expression; very few had an accurate ear, and only one had an idea as to the harmonic character of the simplest chords, the value of dotted notes, or the tempo in which a piece should be taken. There is the matter in a nutshell. And these people all had taken lessons and expected to earn money by singing.

But a father may say, "Mr. or Miss So and So is poor and industrious, and I dislike to change." Would this same man retain in his office an incompetent book-keeper, or an inefficient salesman in his shop? Or he may say, "I know that is a good teacher but he charges too much." Then he should carefully consider whether his daughter or son has talent; if so, the good teacher is cheaper in the end. And it is not always the one who receives the highest price and enjoys the greatest reputation that is the best teacher. Rubinstein's master was an obscure man.

The fact is that as said two weeks ago, it would be better for all concerned if at least seven out of ten who now take piano lessons should stop at once. Music is with us no longer an art, it is a trade. Only there is a difference. A mechanic does not succeed unless his work is worthy and will endure. A man cannot be a good engraver or a good sign painter unless he has natural qualifications, such as a keen eye and cunning hand. But in music any one can teach, provided he or she has nerve enough to stand the pounding of the pupil; that is the only necessary element of a "successful" piano teacher. Art is no longer for the few, it is the right and the property of the many. We can all paint even if the result be nothing but a decorated plate. We can all play the piano. We can all teach it too, provided we find nothing better to do. For as we Americans have outstripped all nations in national progress, why should we not in art.

HENRY WHITE.

THEODORE THOMAS.

Grand Concert at the Rink—A Rich Musical Treat.

The people of Albany will go in crowds to a circus or negro minstrel show. Under great pressure they will appear at a concert given by "local talent," and will applaud rapturously a singer no matter how badly she sings, no matter how atrociously out of tune she may be, provided she is a "home singer." But they can not be induced to listen to the superb orchestra of Theodore Thomas. Whatever may be the attractions of the program, whoever may appear as soloist, the hall is never well filled, and last night was not an exception to the rule. Of course there are a dozen reasons offered for this neglect, such as "it was too hot," "several prominent society people were out of town," "it was too late in the season," "it rained," etc. The real reason for the scanty audience, so out of proportion with the musical treat offered, is that the Albanians are not at heart a musical people. And Theodore Thomas knows it.

Yet some one may say: What! we are not a musical people? Have we not lately had two or three fine concerts, and were they not liberally patronized? Yes, it is true that by a great beating of drums and blowing of horns for weeks before, a large audience listened to extracts from an Oratorio; but that proves nothing. This is a city of 100,000 inhabitants. In any New England or western town of 15,000, the hall is packed when Theodore Thomas gives a concert, and the people are only too glad to pay the sum demanded. But we live in Albany, a fine, old Dutch town famous for ale and a state capital and built upon a bank of the Hudson river.

And the so-called Academy of Music is indeed a wretched place for such a concert. How could any grand effects be procured with an orchestra cooped in, as it was last night. And yet, in spite of all the discouraging circumstances, the concert was a rich treat to all present. The Pastoral Symphony was accompanied by the storm which raged often without regard to the dramatic fitness; but the reading of Mr. Thomas and its interpretation were alike delightful. Perhaps the most interesting number in some respects was the Serenade by Volkmann, the composer of Vienna, who died half-starved and neglected. Its dainty waltz and the waltz, with its haunting motive, irresistible as the song which upset the inhabitants of Abdera for so long a time, show a lighter side of the composer's nature than his other works given in concerts.

Miss Emma Juch received hearty applause, as did Victor Herbert, an Irishman, who came lately from Stuttgart to this country.

To no man does music in America owe so heavy a debt of gratitude as to Theodore Thomas. He has given his life to the introduction of great orchestral works to our people. He has steadily worked to raise the musical taste, and in the face of many discouragements. But strange gods have arisen and a people that knows not Joseph. Mr. Gericke, of Boston, is an admirable conductor, a painstaking drill-master, a man never to be mentioned save with the utmost respect, Mr. Seidl, of New York, shakes his long and carefully disarranged hair and induces the unreflecting to believe that he was a conductor of the first rank in Germany; and to confirm this idea he maltreats poor Beethoven and lays violent hands upon Wagner. But as in Paris, where one hears orchestral playing in its perfection there is but one Colonne, there is but one Lamoureux, so in America there is but one Theodore Thomas. Such men are inspired conductors. The others are laborers with a

MUSICAL CRITICISM.—XI.

A Musical Medley.

The concert given by Theodore Thomas Wednesday night has given rise to much discussion, and the different opinions expressed as to its merits throw a curious light upon Albany audiences and Albany taste.

In the first place many complain of the shortness of the program. Now this concert began at about eight o'clock and lasted until ten: it was nearly two hours long. It is a fact that after a certain length of time the ear will not receive any musical impressions. It is tired, it is unable to distinguish. Just as he who runs through a picture gallery after an hour or so is unable to appreciate good drawing or brilliant coloring. But the average American audience, particularly the average Albanian audience, demands that an entertainment should last from two hours and a half to three hours. The reasons for this singular desire are not easily found out. Possibly after ten o'clock music acts upon an Albanian's system as a mild narcotic; possibly many a husband wishes to prolong the enforced truce and dreads the return home and the hostilities sure to be resumed; or it may be that the people simply wish to get as much as they can for their money, lineal descendants of the horse leech of Solomon; "the horse leech hath two daughters, crying, give, give!"

One gentleman told me that "the program was a rotten one," and that "the orchestra did not play well." He scorned to go into details but contented himself with the above laconic criticism. He is not a musician; he does not know the difference between a bassoon and a clarinet, but that makes no difference. He "knows what he likes." He has the most profound contempt for any one who follows music as a profession. Nor does he see any need for a conductor who "simply stands up and makes motions with a stick. Why, they could play just as well without him." Is this gentleman an isolated case? Oh, no. His name is Legion and he is to be found among our leading citizens.

It seems to me that the critics in their notices overlooked one or two things worthy of note. For instance there was that exquisite orchestral accompaniment to Schubert's "Gretchen," the work of Liszt if I am not mistaken. Miss Juch did not do justice to the song itself. Her voice, metallic and hard, is not fit to express such sensuous memories and present despair.

It is curious that Theodore Thomas gives such prominence to Mr. Victor Herbert, the violoncello player. Herbert, as was stated in the EXPRESS, is an Irishman, who for a long time was in the court orchestra at Stuttgart. He is, truly, not without talent, but he plays in the German school, with a stiff arm, the most fatal fault possible to a player of string instruments. The opening movement of the Golterinnan concerto, a well-worn selection by the way, was played smoothly enough, but there was no restrained passion, no true *cantabile*. He played with a stiff arm.

That same evening, at the house of a well-known lover of music, who shows his love for this art not by empty words but by practical deeds, such as individual giving up of money, (and not for his own glory but for the sake of encouraging orchestral music in this city), I had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Hartdegen, who had played the cello the night before in Troy. Comparisons are truly odious; and so here, I do not compare the two gentlemen; I simply say that leaving out of the question the strongly marked musical and sympathetic nature of Mr. Hartdegen, the superiority of the Belgian school was seen at once; for Mr. Hartdegen was a pupil of the great Servais.

* * *

I have received a letter in which the writer takes exception to my remarks in Thursday's EXPRESS as to the lack of true musical interest in this city; but with all due respect to the anonymous author of it, it is a subject of but little interest to many. The fact remains that we are comparatively shut out from the musical world. Once in a while, by great effort and hard pulling, we are permitted to hear a few numbers of some well-worn oratorio, with sadly incomplete orchestra. For instance, though the orchestra in the late concert for the Parkhurst Memorial did surprisingly good work, the circumstances being taken into consideration, yet it was sadly incomplete, not answering at all to the requirements of Mendelssohn's score. The giving of an oratorio with an incomplete orchestra and directing it from a piano-score, does not reflect musically great credit upon this city, even though the choruses roar lustily at the expense of all musical expression. Nor is this clinging desperately to such works as St. Paul and the Messiah, a healthy symptom of our body musical. There are a few other works of similar character in musical literature, even if some of our old musical pillars have never heard of them. Indeed, this constant revival of a few choruses suggests to a thoughtful person the idea that possibly many of the oratorio choruses are unable to learn anything new or at least are too lazy to take up a work with which they are unacquainted. These noisy shrieks of joy over the fact that Albanians have again been permitted to hear "Happy and blest" and "Stene him to death" are a curious exhibition of the true condition of music in this city.

And yet a few numbers of that same "St. Paul" gave us an opportunity of hearing Mr. Edward Bowditch at his best. I know of no one in this city, man or woman, who could show upon a similar occasion such exquisite musical taste and carefully considered, intelligent phrasing as was seen through the entire work of Mr. Bowditch that evening. I will go still further: I know of few tenors in the United States to-day who have the musical brains and the magnetic sympathy necessary to deliver the recitatives allotted to Stephen. I am not speaking now of range of voice or tenor or baritone qualities: I speak simply of the crowning glory of the singing of Mr. Bowditch: artistic, sympathetic simplicity in phrasing of recitative.

No. If we are to have oratorio in this city, let us give it a proper dress, and with the dignity becoming it. Let it be given with a full and complete orchestra. Let the soloists be worthy of the solos. And instead of working spasmodically for a few weeks over a familiar composition, giving it in an imperfect manner, and then, after a protracted session of a mutual admiration society, sitting down and resting for a year or so, let us have a permanent, abiding organization, not eschewing the grand works of dead masters, but interested also in the works of the living.

* * *

An instance of the musical spirit of Albany was the loud cry raised by many against the hiring of a drum corps from out of town to furnish the music for Company A's parade. On every corner was heard the remark: "That is just like Albany. The idea of going out of town to get a band!" And the band itself was condemned before it was heard. Ridiculous stories were circulated about the cost involved.

Now in the first place Company A had a perfect right to do in the matter as they saw fit. In the next place there is no good band in this city. Again, Company A secured one of the most deservedly famous organizations in the United States. And anyone who marched in the ranks last

Thursday will bear testimony to the precision and spirit of that drum corps. But of course they who stood on the street corner know better and are loud in their cries of "Twas no good."

* * *

I see that the newspapers are beginning to puff Fraulein Malten who has been engaged for the next season of German Cacophony at the Metropolitan Opera house. This is nothing new however, as some time ago a hysterical Wagnerite wrote a sketch of her for either "Harper's" or "The Century." I have heard Fraulein Malten perhaps thirty or forty times both at Dresden and Bayreuth, and I am sure she will please all true lovers of German opera; for she has a coarse, metallic, thoroughly unpleasant voice, over which she has no control. She can only sing in *forte* passages, and her singing then degenerates into a howl. She has no idea of the *piano* or *mezzo-forte*. Her voice is as coarse as her face and as difficult to manage as her limbs. At her best she gives a striking imitation of a chromatic steam whistle. She cannot attack a note, hold it and press it, and release it without dropping a quarter or a half tone. She can not sing an even scale. Her idea of intense dramatic action is to suddenly let down her hair and extend her legs and arms like a semaphore in distress. And for all these reasons I have not the slightest doubt but that she will be a great favorite with the New York critics and theater-goers; I mean, of the Wagner persuasion.

I had the pleasure of seeing her at the dinner table when she sang in Bayreuth; and I shall never forget her. She had the seat of honor at the *table d'hôte*. After she had sucked the soup from her spoon with evident relish, she attacked the juiceless beef which follows the soup in the orthodox German dinner, beef which we should hesitate to give to a favorite dog. The knife-play of Frä. Malten surpassed that of any Indian juggler I have yet had the pleasure of seeing. Nor did she disdain to raise cabbage to her mouth by the same deadly weapon.

* * *

And yet American women have told me that Frä. Malten is the most graceful creature they have seen. There must be something in the German air which takes away common sense and destroys the critical faculty. German geese appear to American eyes like true swans.

For some years before his death Franz Liszt was surrounded at Weimar by swarms of American enthusiasts. No one disputes the fact that Liszt was a remarkable composer and a highly-gifted man; and it is true that among his slavish American admirers were a few of talent. But the rank and file were mere flatterers, eager to bolster up their meager ability by a word from Liszt extorted in any manner. Girls who at home would shudder at accidental bodily contact with a man and would be offended at the mention of the word "leg," threw themselves upon the neck of this old man and kissed him at first sight. His house in Weimar was simply a musico-platonic harem. Young men who should have had stiffer knees, called him "Master" and literally kissed his boots. Catulle Mendes in his novel "*Le roi vierge*," (a book prohibited in Germany wherein he curiously enough foretells the tragic death of the late King Louis of Bavaria, has devoted a chapter to Liszt and his American and German girl admirers, not one line of which is overdrawn, painful as must be the reading of it be to every true American. The old man was in his dotage; for years he had not given a lesson; and yet within the last six years, American pupils have returned in swarms, who advertise themselves as pupils of Liszt. And the magazines and journals have published grotesque and false accounts of "Musical Life at Weimar" in which the "Master" is extolled that the pupil may trade upon his self-imposed and slight acquaintance with the man, who according to the bitter words of "Isaac Moses Hersch," "became religious in his old age just as other famous galleys, and even became an Abbe and wore a robe; and he would even now preach the gospel to the blacks in Africa, provided white ladies and gentlemen of the upper circles, with white kid gloves, stood about as on-lookers and hearers."

A breath of this same German air has reached New York, which ignorant of the old masters, listens eagerly to the new prophets. In this of itself there would be no harm, provided we were allowed to hear anything else but the new; if the new doctrines were not remorselessly crammed down our throats. We say, we do not deny that your man Wagner is great; but let us hear something else once in a while; there are others; he himself said that his Nibelungen should only be heard once a year; yet you insist upon giving it continually. I lately saw a Vienna newspaper, with the repertoire for eight days of the Court opera, the first opera of Germany to-day. Out of the eight representations to be given that following week, only one was by Wagner and that was Lohengrin; the other operas were by Frenchmen and Italians.

With our usual exaggeration and ignorance, we have overdone the matter. We are more German than the Germans.

HENRY WEISS.

MUSICAL CRITICISM.—XII.

A Letter of Advice to a Young Musician.

DEAR THOMAS: In your last letter you asked me "where is the best place in Germany to study music," and "who is the best teacher." I see from these and other questions that you are now seeking advice which you will in all probability disregard, and if you follow it you will without doubt afterwards curse the giver. You say you are going to Germany to "complete your musical education;" are you sure that the proper foundations have been laid? You say you have decided to give your whole attention to music and intend to live in Germany "for-one whole year;" and then upon your return you will startle the musical world of America.

You are not content with the trade of your honest father but feel yourself above it. You feel sure you have "the artistic temperament," and because you can play the piano in a creditable manner and fill-out a figured bass, you think yourself warranted to go to the expense of studying in Europe, and, callow youth, you think you can accomplish much in one year. It would be better for you and your people, were you to stick to the shop and look upon music as a pastime and not as a profession; but the curse of modern American life has come upon you and you wish to join the ranks of the mistaken and self-deceived. Since you are firm in your purpose, I shall not argue the question with you. I shall help you as best I can.

In common with the majority of ignorant and well-meaning lovers of music you regard Germany as the Mecca of students, and the idea of going to Brussels or Paris has never entered your head. You have made up your mind to go to the land of sauer-kraut and beer, so go there in Heaven's name. It matters nothing to you now that the student in Germany is miserably fed upon veal, calf's lungs, calf's head, cabbage, eggs imported from Italy, raw ham, and sweetmeats; but you will return from there without your stomachs; there may be a trace of that organ, as the chemists say, but as a complete working machine it will be known to you no longer. However, if you can stand it, I can; and dyspepsia sometimes acts as a potent stimulant to the brain, inciting the performer to the revelation of deep-seated emotions.

Do you think that all foreign teachers are competent and honest? You give me that impression; and you are nervous about getting instruction from Herr A or Herr B; and you say "Do you think he would take me?" Why of course he will, provided you pay him. Men are susceptible to money and flattery even in Germany. Just tell the teacher you go to, that you have traveled five thousand miles to see him (a mile or two more or less will not hurt), and then shake some pieces of coin under his nose and he will jump and prance like a young colt. Incompetent and pretending teachers are to be found even in Germany, where musical knowledge is more widely diffused than probably in any other country. This is a world of humbug and pretence, and if you find over there in Prussia or Saxony some gentleman with greasy, long hair, his coat mottled with the droppings from many soup-spoons, and a breath like an exposed drain, he is not necessarily a great teacher, in fact he is nine chances out of ten

of a bad one. Dirt and noise are only by a few artists in Germany, who wear it as a sign, their dirty locks being their chief attraction. Just as to his not necessarily the greatest painter who wears the blackest hat.

Do not understand me as undervaluing the abilities of German teachers. The great majority are better educated and more musical than our men in the profession. They have lived all days in a musical atmosphere; they have heard more music. And as a rule, they are honest and painstaking. It is true they love flattery, but which one of us does not. It is true that a with some put their puppets at routine work with the spirit and zeal of a horse in a stable yard; others simply care for "American dollars;" but the rank and file are infinitely superior to the rank and file of our own teachers, man for man.

If you are only going to spend one year in Germany, it moves you to a place where you can receive the most musical impressions, see the best ideas about piano playing, and above all hear the most. Far from actual study and the tuition of lessons, you can learn but little in so short a time. And now where is the spot. I know of but two German cities answering to description, and they are Berlin and Vienna, and of the two I should prefer Vienna as regards piano playing.

"What!" you exclaim, "and not Leipzig or Stuttgart." By no means, for these two towns are the Heracleum and Pompeii of musical cities. Long ago the Leipzig school was easily first in Germany, but the men who made it famous have been dead for many a year. To be sure Reinecke still lags upon the stage, an aimable musician of mediocre ability, a bundle of traditions, a faint echo of Mendelssohn. No doubt one can get a solid education there and remain respectable the rest of his life; but nothing great comes out of Leipzig to-day. They have a few good men, but they have more and better elsewhere. And there is an incubator in the city viz: the name of Mendelssohn, whom the honest Leipzig people regard as the last of the musicians; since him they say there has been no one—except Reinecke. If you go to Leipzig, take a sailing vessel from New York to Bremen and then go to the Conservatory by a stage coach. You will then enter upon your studies in a sympathetic spirit.

And Stuttgart is even worse. Years ago a modest and good musician named Stark and a shrewd man named Lebert came together and worked out a theory of piano playing. Stark wrote the exercises and

Lebert took the credit. Stark had the experience and Lebert took the money. They are both dead. Peace to their ashes! And the Stuttgart Conservatory is their tomb. Their method has ruined more than it has made; to-day in Germany it is without abiding influence in the history of piano playing; and even the head piano teacher at the Stuttgart Conservatory itself, Herr Pruckner, never learned it and does not teach it. One branch of music, theory, is well and thoroughly taught there and the advantages for studying the organ are greater than in any other German city I know. On the other hand the Gewandhaus concerts at Leipzig are superior to the orchestral concerts at Stuttgart. But I remark again that at Berlin and Vienna every instrument is better played and better taught with the exception of the organ, than at either of these towns once of such wide-spread fame.

In the cities of Dresden and Munich there are fine opportunities of hearing the opera and there are very good schools. If you had decided talent for composition I should at once advise you to put yourself under the tuition of Josef Rheinberger at Munich. There can also much be learned in Frankfurt and Cologne. But since you have so short a time go at once to Berlin or Vienna where you will hear more music in a week than in the other cities in a month. The Vienna opera is far superior to that at Berlin, which city in turn has other advantages over Vienna.

And now do you ask whether it is better to go into an *anfuss*-school or to take private lessons? This is a hard question to answer, just as it is difficult to say who is the best teacher. My own experience leads me to think that if you go to Europe comparatively young and with plenty of time at your disposal, a first-class music school has its advantages; but in your case, as you make a short stay, by all means take only private lessons and go to the best teachers, no matter what it may cost. You will thus have during your lesson the undivided attention of your instructor; you will become better acquainted with him; he will tell you more. After all it is not so much what you do while actually taking lessons; it is what you do afterwards with what you have learned. For you first really study when having left your teacher you think for yourself, adopting this idea and discarding that. As to who is the best teacher, that momentous question I shall not attempt to decide; each scholar finds difficulties in his path peculiar to himself, arising from the shape of his hand, natural constitution, degree of intelligence, and manner in which he has been taught. In each of the two cities above mentioned are from six to a dozen admirable masters. Do not be impressed by a name; avoid, for instance, a teacher like Klindworth of Berlin, as you would the pestilence that walketh in darkness. For technique, Raif, Franz Kullak, Eschhoff, are excellent; for brilliancy and style such men as Scharwenka, Mozowski, all living in Berlin. And there are just as many in Vienna where Leschetitzky lives, probably the greatest of them all. You will find that each German teacher has some particular hobby or self-invented method of holding the hand, or rules for length of stroke, or peculiar way of practicing the scales; and he, as a rule, declares openly and firmly believes that you can never play until you have mastered his "method." The German would not be a German unless he had deeply reflected and evolved some such idea; whether this fruit of his reflections is of practical worth is another question. Nor are the ideas themselves always new or original. Many

the rules laid down by a popular teacher in Berlin, and given to his pupils with apparent mystery and in the strictest confidence, I have since found in Tuerk's "Piano School," published in 1789. In these methods and in the desire to appear original, absurd things are gravely taught and patiently studied; the pupil is told that he is a lucky man to be under such instruction and he perseveres at this method, whether it be called the "lifting the fingers," "the dumb thumb," or that greatest of all frauds the "Deppe method." There is no particular method invented by any particular teacher which will prove a royal road to glory or make music easy. The teacher can give useful hints, correct evidently false positions of the hand and faulty use of the fingers, interpret, educate the pupils taste and broaden his mind, but he can not do the work which can be done only by the pupil, viz: the patient and careful practicing of a few simple exercises for the purpose of gaining requisite technique, the daily mastering of appointed tasks. The French work while the Germans are experimenting. They have as regards piano-playing only one method: that of simplicity, common sense. They do not make the mistake of mixing together metaphysics and music; nor do they think that a profound study of the metres of the Greeks will aid them in modern piano-forte playing.

I fear you may have read a book upon music in Germany, by Miss Amy Fay, a book always spoken of by gushing young women as that "delightful book." If you have read it, dismiss its contents from your mind as quickly as you can. It is a mixture of, say three parts gush and one part falsehood. The Germans have translated it and derive much amusement from it. They have never been able to tell whether it was written by a pianist or a professional humorist. Here I know it is looked upon by many as a book of weight, a fifth volume; but if you have it, put it in the fire with your copy of "Music and Morals" by the Rev. Mr. Haweis.

I have told you to hear all the music you can, vocal, chamber and orchestral. And yet if you should by chance wish to take a few singing lessons, carefully abstain from hearing a German singer, and take the first convenient train for Italy. Buy a few good books on music, a history of it such as Von Dommer's which only comes down to the death of Beethoven (as the history of this generation can not be critically considered by a contemporary), essays by Hanslick, a few of Wagner's writings, and selections from the many pamphlets constantly appearing upon disputed subjects. German literature is rich in books pertaining to music, but

avoid many of them, particularly those treating of the metaphysics of music, and all such books as those written by Ludwig Nohl; the majority of biographies, which are padded and verbose, so as to swell out the size of the volumes and inspire awe for the maker of the book. Mattheson, J. A. Hiller, Jahn, Ambros, Riehl, Gumprecht, Ehler are writers old and modern, worthy of attention. But always remember that they write from a German standpoint, and keep from being Germanized if possible; for remember once for all that the Germans are not the only musical people in the world. This last century they have reached the high water mark; but the waters are even now receding. Just as once the Netherlanders taught the Italians, just as the Italians ruled the musical world until the birth of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, so must the Germans hand over the scepter to some other people. Will it be France? Will it be Russia? Who knows?

* * *

You would laugh if I said, do not go to Germany at all, but go to Paris, Brussels or St. Petersburg or Moscow. You have probably been told that the Parisians understand but little of harmony and as pianists belong to what is known as the slap-dash order of artists; that their orchestras play nothing but light music such as ballets and overtures, and that as a people they prefer the circus to any species of musical entertainment.

But before you decide definitely, I wish to write you a few words about the present condition of music in Paris.

Yours truly,
HENRY WEISS.

MUSICAL CRITICISM.—XIII.

Music as it is Taught in Paris.

DEAR THOMAS: There has existed in this country for many years a curious prejudice against French music, a prejudice conceived in ignorance and fostered by Germanized Americans who have studied only in Germany and know absolutely nothing of the present condition of music in Paris, who judge French organists by Batiste and French composers by Offenbach and Audrar. They will tell you that the pianists and violinists of Paris are brilliant and amusing tricksters; that harmony and counterpoint are slurred over in the education of a pupil; and they constantly employ two stock phrases in their chatter and abuse, viz: (1) The French strive only for effect, (2) The French are frivolous. Unfortunately this opinion prevails in America and we seldom hear of our young musicians going to Paris to study their profession. They may pass through that city as they return from Germany, but it is usually in the summer long after the musical season is over; they go to the Grand opera, which is undeniably bad (almost as bad in fact as the Berlin opera); they hear a few ordinary orchestras playing in gardens, and they come home and confidently say, "Oh, there's nothing in Paris, you know; Germany is the only place where you can learn anything."

And now, since you have consulted me as to what you had better do, in the face of this prejudice, I advise you strenuously to spend at least one winter in Paris; for there you will learn more of taste, expression and rhythm from hearing French soloists and the orchestras of Colonne, Lamoureux and the Conservatory than you can in any other cities. Study, if you will, first at Berlin or Vienna, and then stay as long as you can in Paris.

But first you must throw away some of the ideas that will be pounded into you in Germany. You must discard the idea that music is necessarily music provided it be correctly written; you must not condemn the writer of a cantata or an oratorio because his work may not contain a fugue; you must learn that the cutting of a cameo shows the artist's skill just as the carving of a colossal statue; you must learn that even if a composition be in a *danse-mesure*, it is not necessarily frivolous; you must learn that in writing for the voice, the voice should be treated as the human voice and not as an instrument in an orchestra; you must know that what the Germans call "deep and profound" is too often merely stupid; and above all you must learn the great truth forgotten by so many of the modern Germans that music provokes purely physical emotions, and that, to use the words of the immortal Mozart, music must ever sound, and appeal to the ear. This the French musicians as a class have never forgotten. Whatever have been their faults, they have never mixed metaphysics with music nor darkened music by words without knowledge.

* * *

The first thing that strikes one coming to Paris after a sojourn in Germany is the taste displayed by the French, and this is seen on every side.

The poorest shop girl presents a more pleasing appearance in the street than any lady of the Berlin court. She may not be pretty, her dress costs but a song, but there is an indefinable something about her make-up, something attracting, yes compelling attention, that is not found in any other city. She is not dressed loudly, she does not wear startling colors; her clothes are adapted to her face and figure, and they fit her. In other words she displays taste. So too with the pretty girls who in the *cremeries* cut butter with a thread. And, to sing of higher things, this taste is seen in everything; in the proper location of public buildings, in the care taken of shade trees, in the constant beautifying of their city, in the statues and fountains erected, in the glories of their school of art, in the public encouragement and recognition given to all men who create something beautiful whether it comes from work of head or hand.

There has for a long time been discussion as to the proper group or statue to be placed upon the *Arc de Triomphe*, and a few years ago a colossal group by Falguières was placed in position; but as it was only put there for the purpose of seeing the effect, only a cast was erected, which has since been taken down. I heard, one day, two laborers, working in the street, discuss gravely as to whether the design was worthy of the arch, judging it from an artistic standpoint. Would such a scene be possible in Germany? True, the Germans are sentimental, and they talk much about "beautiful nature;" but nature often means to them nothing more than a walk in the country where the goal is a garden adorned with green tables and benches, where these sensitive souls can commune in quiet, their spirits soothed by unlimited beer and raw ham.

There has for years been a standard of taste in France, modified by the time; bad, as in the days of Louis XIV.; admirable as it has been for the last thirty years; but, with all the changes, there has been for years a standard. And this has been of great value to music. To-day as in their painting, so in their music, "frankness" and "strength" are the first qualities demanded. The question asked of a composer is not "How much has he studied?" but "Is he a born musician who, by proper study, knows when to curb and when to give the reins to his genius?" I shall not dwell upon this subject. You differ in one respect from the majority of young musicians in that you have read considerably and are acquainted with the history of music and the great influence exerted upon your art by France during the last hundred years or so; an influence felt by such foreigners (who sojourned there) as Gluck, Cherubini, Spontini, Rossini, Meyerbeer, Liszt, Wagner, Chopin and Stephen Heller, who show in their works the effects of French elegance and grace.

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"must swear eternal allegiance, and the expenses of living will be certainly less than they are here, even if the prices you receive for instruction are less. Take my advice and go home."

And sober and chastened you go back to the city from whence you came. Here at least you can gain a living. What a contrast to your reception in New York! All are so glad to see you. You hear on every side, "So you are going to stay with Mr. That's right." Well, after the hurrah is over and the good people are accustomed to the sight of your face, and the newspapers have chronicled the fact that "Professor Jones" has returned, you begin to grow a little impatient. You have cost your father enough money, you must now support yourself. You have not even been allowed to play in public. You have, indeed, been asked to some of your intimate friends, but you should like to give a concert, but when you hear in reply, "This is no time for it. We have had a great deal of trouble in Albany lately, and the people won't stand any more." (This mu-

sic, by the way, you find, upon diligent inquiry, consisted of a few representations of an operetta given by an amateur company; but to the true Albanian, particularly the Albanian of the self-appointed and self-named "upper classes," music is synonymous with burlesque opera; he knows no other music). You find it even difficult to rent a respectable piano, and even for an ordinary one you pay a stiff price. And the pupils. Where are the pupils who were promised you by their parents and friends? Why, they take lessons of some one else. What do your friends care whether you know more than another teacher who probably owes his knowledge to Riehardson's Method. A teacher is a teacher, is he not? Besides you are not even a professor. You have not even a middle name to lengthen out your sign. And you have committed the gravest of all faults viz: you were not born in England.

And little by little you discover certain facts. You find that the friends who patted you on the back when you went away, now give you no help, and wonder why you are not busier. They are surprised when they see you in the street. "What, I thought you had all that you could do. By the way, you ought to hear my little boy play. He has a splendid teacher, Prof. X. Do you know him?" And when you ask where the professor studied, the reply is ready and scornful: "He never studied. He is a genius." You are at last asked to play at a friend's house, but it is only to amuse the company; some talk, others say, "Did you ever hear Mrs. Jiggers play that nocturne," and finally the hostess asks if you would be kind enough to play something light, as the ladies wish to dance the Kentucky jubilee.

You go into a church where you are told the music is fine and the organist an artist of the first rank. The choir is out of tune from the beginning to the end; the accompaniments are not the music of the composers, but they are the offspring of the player's heated fancy and his inability to play them as written. Coming out of church you hear on every side, "Beautiful music this morning"; and the dear public is always right.

You find that every musical organization in Albany has to literally struggle for bare existence ; and that if it were not for the hard work of a few musicians, singers and lovers of music, there would be no vocal or instrumental society in the city ; that the people of Albany have to be taken by the throat and dragged by main force to hear a concert of any merit. You find even among the musicians, half-baked individuals who when such artists as Campanini and Sealehi sing here, can find nothing else to say except to compare them to local tenors and altos ! You find the so-called "society" of Albany ready to support a toboggan slide or to give assemblies provided the expense be limited ; but they will not encourage either by money or attendance the most praiseworthy attempts to put upon a firm footing the Albany Philharmonics. You see all these symptoms of musical ignorance and contempt for music, and you think that what the Baltimore News said of America in general may be applied to Albany in particular.

"Mu is is still a shallow and feeble current among Americans. We are not as yet a musical people. Our great festivals are artificial creations, rather than spontaneous outbursts of a heart-felt enthusiasm. Our musical jubilees are a rule, merely great shows. Our orchestras and choruses are supported, if supported at all, by a few from the sens of duty. We must have a lot of fashionable patrons and patronesses to enable the public to attend their concerts."

This then is the result of the money and time, of the weary hours of drudgery, of fear and disappointments and renewed courage, all of which I have pointed out to you in former letters. In your own city, surrounded by your own friends and relatives, ready and willing to work, you cannot get a situation, you cannot get a decent income. You will begin to envy the workman in the street, the moulder at the iron works, for they at least are employed. Little by little your ambitions fade away. You leave off your daily practice. You hear no music.

Don't you think it would have been better, Thomas, had you stuck to the shop? Perhaps it is not even now too late. This will reach you before the steamer sails. Think it over carefully. By helping your father you will be sure at least of your daily bread; and that is something. And your Albany friends will help you more, for they must wear shoes, but they can get along very comfortably without good music.

Yours truly,
HENRY WEISS.

A SOCIAL FOLLY

A Habit of Treating that Should be Discountenanced.

There is a sore evil which I have seen under the sun, namely, the habit of treating

By this I do not mean necessarily invitations given by one man to an old friend or old companions; I speak of the national vice of indiscriminate treating, a vice closely allied, indeed a part of the "pernicious habit" which everybody seems to have adopted here, of making general, indiscriminate and public introduction." To use the words of John Phoenix (the lamented Lieut. Derby), "You meet Brown on Montgomery street. 'Good morning, Brown;' 'How are you, Smith?' 'Let me introduce you to Mr. Jones'—and you forthwith shake hands with a seedy individual who has been boring Brown for the previous hour for a small loan—an individual you never saw before, never had the slightest desire to see, and never wish to see again. Being naturally of an arid disposition, and perhaps requiring irrigation at that particular moment, you unguardedly invite Brown, and your new friend, Jones, of course, to step over and imbibe. What is the consequence? The miserable Jones introduces you to fifteen more equally desirable acquaintances, and in two minutes from the first introduction there you are, with seventeen newly formed friends, all of whom 'take sugar in their'n,' at your expense."

Is this description exaggerated a whit?
This habit of miscellaneous and indiscriminate invitation leads inevitably to two things: extravagance and drunkenness.

Suppose our friend Peters wishes an honest glass of beer; or that, feeling a little "nervious," he is sure that a bracing cock-tail, or two, possibly three fingers of whiskey, would be of material assistance in fighting the battle of life. I do not here propose to argue the question as to whether his views are right or to be held up as an example for the young; I merely suggest an hypothetical case. As some of the readers of the EXPRESS may know, the price of beer is five cents a glass, and whiskey can be bought for the ridiculously low sum of ten cents. He is thus prepared to spend, say, a dime; and he enters a haunt of sin. What does he find? Ten or twelve men stranded on the bar; three or four near the cracker dish anxiously awaiting an invitation to drink; another fishing for pickled scallops with a fork which has entered the mouths of the clean and the unclean; and possibly another who is reciting a thirst by frantic pulls upon a machine for testing bodily strength. If Peters knew what was good for him, he would retreat. As it is, he smiles feebly and exchanges the compliments of the season with the men he knows. Now has he the nerve to ask for his favorite decoction and to drink it alone? If he has, well and good; but nine times out of ten he will either be asked to drink with the crowd or he will stupidly invite some particular man and then say with a ghastly air of good-fellowship "Won't your friends have something;" and the result is that eighteen men walk up to the bar with surprising alacrity; even the scallop fisher drops his deadly weapon and demands "the same. In case he is asked to drink, such is the power of habit and bar-room etiquette" that he in turn invites the crowd to join him in liquid consolation, and lo! the gentlemanly and urbane bar-keeper plays his tune upon the type-writer and up goes the ticket marked 90, if the crowd takes beer, but as many prefer stronger or cunningly mixed drinks, the figures may take the horrid shape of \$2.70. Peters had intended to spend 5 or 10 cents.

And Peters is very apt to take in more than he wishes or can carry. True, three or four do not "Set them up;" for they are there simply to eat the lunch and meet just such men as Peters. It is safe to assume that Peters takes five or six drinks, and this is in the middle of the day. He intended to take only one drink

Now I admit that I feel a little nervous. Yet I only hope that I can make a good impression. I often escape with an outburst of energy. I may be a little bit of a great deal.

Even if a bar or three got out of a bar saloon and lay on their backs, it wouldn't hurt them as if each one pays for what he gets. There are few who steal, but there are a lot of those who don't. One man in the city has two beer and a few for supper, and he'll drink ten or twenty. One will eat a good bowl of soup, and another will eat a whole hog and as much as it has fallen upon. It's like water upon a rock, and we'll have to put the table for a while longer, and we'll have to have a regulation made to stop with you? Why don't you drink your tea? And this, too, leads to a great deal of trouble. And you'll see, too, to the other side of the street, and I'll be on my way.

[illegible]

Why should I be regarded as an idiot or shabby on the part of one to whom I am paying for what he himself wishes to drink? Why should a man consider himself insulted if his neighbor says, here, I pay for what I drink and you pay for what you order? Suppose a man has a modest income; he wishes a couple of glasses of beer; he can afford to buy them; why if he meets friends in a beer hall, should he buy this one a beer and that one a cigar, and thus spend more money than he can afford. Because it is a stupid, silly American custom which still prevails in many of our cities.

The greatest beer drinkers in the world are the Germans. A body of German students will drink beer for six hours in the most sociable manner. They will sing, tell stories and thoroughly enjoy themselves. Each one pays for what he has had; and I have seen

them stare in pity and wonder at some American who would loudly insist upon paying for a round, nor was the American allowed to introduce a favorite habit of his native land. And so with the French and Italians; they live in *cafés* and restaurants, but each settles his own score.

A man who, in this city, seeks amusement in a crowd, unless he has a handsome allowance must run into debt. For if he does not keep up his end he is called a lunch fiend, a beat, and the greater number of us are of such a sensitive nature that we prefer to go without articles of necessity or to borrow money than to thus earn the displeasure of those whose opinions are of so much weight.

But they say, if a man drinks by himself, he becomes morose and a churl. Now friendships formed over the bottle, merely saloon acquaintanceships are of little value; and pouring whiskey down a neighbor's throat is not an indisputable proof that you have a deep and undying interest in his welfare. Besides if you must treat, why not present your friend with a box of collars. It would be more to the purpose.

There are beer saloons in New York where certain tables are reserved night after night for journalists, young lawyers and others who are accustomed to meet there for an hour or so. It is the rule, strictly enforced, at these tables that each man must keep his own account. The result is an evening pleasantly spent, at very moderate expense, and without a curious craving for the toothbrush the next morning, and without a tongue like a nutmeg grater. I doubt seriously if such a custom could be introduced in this city.

For in Albany we are slaves to popular feeling to a remarkable degree. We are provincials. I remember some years ago a man came from another city to live here for a year or two. He was unfortunate enough to wear an article of clothing new to Albany. He was at once freely called an ass, and simply because he wore a hat that was comfortable in hot weather. To day these hats are seen in every street. So with this indiscriminate treating. If three or four good fellows had the moral courage to say to a crowd, "Here, I can't afford to throw away money. I like good beer and I like your company, but I can't afford to pay for any extra beers." Let us see for a week how it will work if each pays for what he orders," I feel sure that the benefits of that system would be so apparent, that a year from now a common "traitor" would be regarded as a young man who had just come into town to see the circus, and two years from now would be viewed with as much curiosity as a stuffed do-do.

But at present we fear the word "crank." Rather than be called mean we give out money when we cannot afford to do so, and take in more drink than is good for us. And the very ones who would cry out the loudest against this proposed reformation: are they who by adhering to the old system, daily rush head over-heels into debt.

P. H.

19. 11.

AMUSEMENTS.

Mr. T. W. Keene as Richard the Third at the Leland.

Mr. Thomas W. Keene, an actor of some parts, among which must be included a staccato laugh, appeared last night at the Leland to a crowded house. The play was Shakespeare's—Cibber's—Keene's "Richard Third."

Such is the mighty power of the dramatist that while there is grave doubt as to whether the Richard of real life was not an estimable gentleman of a retiring nature, more than nine-tenths of English and German speaking people will always regard him as a lame, humpbacked and most unpleasant individual. So in the early part of this century the English children believed that Bonaparte wore neatly fitting hoots and horn and an adjustable tail, the material outfit of the devil.

Mr. Keene dwells upon these alleged physical deformities, and accentuates the grotesque and materialistic side of the stage Richard. To paint his portrait he uses the cheapest and crudest colors. In his desire to make it living he is, perhaps, secretly in doubt as to his mastery of the indispensable elements of his art, and he therefore vulgarizes his points, as the small boy who draws upon the slate a rude figure, and to carry conviction with it, scrawls beneath, "This is a cow."

There are depths in the character of Richard unsounded by Mr. Keene. His ambition was Satanic, and neither he nor Milton's hero was your ordinary stage-devil. Richard smiled, it is true; at least, we have his word for it; but he was too accomplished a villain to show his hypocrisy so clearly. Barry Sullivan, in certain passages, showed this hideous malignity, and that without grimaces and colicky contortions.

Although Mr. Keene's idea of Richard may be conventional and pitched in a low key, he deserves the generous support and hearty thanks of us all for allowing us to hear again upon the Leland stage the inspired words of the great dramatist. The support is respectable and in a few instances good. Miss Pomeroy spoke her lines with quiet dignity and reserved force. Mr. Elliott's conception of the difficult part of Henry VI was in certain respects admirable and Mr. Moore's "Buckingham" with the exception of one slight exhibition of "Soap Chewing" showed intelligence and spirit. The scenery was fair and the costumes showed a commendable wish to give the proper historical perspective to the play.

Richard III will be repeated this and tomorrow evening. To-morrow the Merchant of Venice will be given at the matinee performance.

Plympton in the Mountebank at the Leland.

In speaking of the performances of the "Mountebank" as given by Mr. Eben Plympton and his company, it may be first be said in strict justice to the "Star," that he has surrounded himself with an ill-conditioned jolt lot of half baked amateurs. Not only did they stammer over their lines but they actually forgot their respective roles. Thus the man who was supposed to play the part of Lavareunes turned out to be a low comedian. He was none of your heaven-defying villains with arms and legs forming the letter X; but an easy going scoundrel with a game hand, the first finger of which was constantly cocked and shot off. The Duc de Montbazou, the haughty representative of the nobility of France, bore a startling resemblance to the Stuart portrait of Gen. George Washington with badly adjusted teeth, upper and lower. The Count de Blangy was a nightmare, a horrible phantasm, an incubus. The only members of the company who gave sufficient excuses for being allowed to appear upon the boards were the funny man and funny woman with songs and dances.

And here, a word in Mr. Plympton's ear. You, sir, present a melodrama, the scene of which is laid in the time of Louis XVIII. You allow your comedian and soubrette in the third act to give a variety show, a potpourri of popular and unpopular songs of the day. You allow modern slang to creep into the introduced gags. So that at times the audience is unable to characterize the species of entertainment you provide.

Now, Mr. Plympton, this will never do. Your own impersonation, admirable as it is, at times pathetic, often forcible, always earnest and conscientious, cannot carry through this play as now presented. Dismiss summarily the crowd of impotents now surrounding you and dragging you down. If this is impossible and they have hide-bound contracts, change them about and let the comedian Shalaballah exchange roles with the gentleman who plays the villain. "Courage, courage, Lavareunes." And while your leading woman is fair to look upon, let some skilled physician, some learned leech, either by potent drug or electrical apparatus, infuse her with life, so that she may give at times signs of animation.

NOTES

Amusements.

Rhea in "Much Ado About Nothing" at the Leland.

It is several years since the late Mr. William Appleton brought Rhea, then unknown, to Albany; and it cannot truthfully be said that during that time she has changed for better or for worse. She is still a woman of rare personal charm. She has fascinating manners; she dresses with taste; she is never awkward, confused or ill-at-ease; she is familiar with her lines; she does not monopolize the stage, nor does she treat with disrespect her associates or audience. But all this does not make Madame Rhea an actress.

Last night she played Beatrice to the Benedict of Mr. Wm. Harris. It was neither a good nor a bad performance, in which respect it can be likened to the church of the Laodiceans.

In the first place, her pronunciation and knowledge of the "values" of the English language were so defective that at times the lines of Shakespeare were unintelligible. In the next place, she transformed the blither, flippant, vain coquette of Shakespeare into a woman of heart. An actor certainly has a right to look upon the character he plays as he pleases; but the success or failure of his portrayal is bound up with this very conception, unless he be of such native strength that he can conquer all traditions and well-worn conceptions which surround the part. Now to the careful reader of Shakespeare Beatrice is spiteful to the verge of shrewishness, and no one is tempted to envy Benedict. Rhea as Beatrice is amiability itself.

Mr. William Harris is one of those eminently useful and experienced actors who are prepared for all emergencies, whether the part to be played be Hamlet or Pantaloon. Last night he was cast as Benedict.

The best point made by Mr. W. R. Owen, "Count Claudio," was the wink with which on several occasions, generally of pathetic nature, he greeted stray acquaintances in the audience. This wink showed careful study and no small natural gifts, and argues well for Mr. Owen's future.

The Dogberry of Mr. Amory was a singularly lame and impotent performance, gagged and disfigured by stupid horse-play. Dogberry was a dignified, pompous, respectable old ass, not the burlesque creature of last night.

The audience was large, and it applauded generously.

To-night the play is Sardou's "Dangerous Game;" to-morrow night, "Adrienue Lecouvreur," and to-morrow's matinee "Much Ado About Nothing" will be repeated.

THE GIBBET LAUGHS AGAIN.

FOR CHARLES JOHNSON FEEDS ITS GHOULISH APPETITE.

Through the Night Watches Hymns are Sung, While the Carpenters' Hammers Just Without Beat Steadily the Time.

Another point in which the French masters are superior to the Germans is in their Yankee common-sense, a natural endowment called by others horse-sense. The average German instructor shuns all that is simple and self-evident; he must needs evolve a theory or method of his own, and all pupils are fitted to it as to the bed of Procrustes. There is often some good in these methods, but upon careful examination it will be found that the results achieved could have been gained in an easier manner. The German teacher experiments upon his pupil as a German doctor with his patient; curious about the case, watching and noting anxiously all symptoms and the effects of changes of treatment, and angry when the patient dies before he has data enough to write a monograph concerning the "strange case of Herr Wurstfett." So with the piano teacher. He starts with the idea that he can find something new in the proper use of the fingers, and he tries one exercise upon a girl and another upon a boy, regardless of the fact that these exercises recommended with a face of awful wisdom, may irretrievably ruin the hand of the scholar. If after a year he finds that several of his pupils have given out, he changes his course of treatment, but it never occurs to him that he has in any way done these pupils an injury. I find among them strange and unnatural methods of playing the scales, curious exercises for developing the middle joint of the little finger, exercises by which muscles in the elbow are moved simultaneously with one on the calf of the left leg, thus insuring proper touch. "Do I exaggerate?" Heaven forbid! I have not stated one half of instances worthy of a chapter in "*Les Grotesques de la Musique*" of Hector Berlioz. And when it comes to interpretation! How tortured are the simplest phrases—that "emotions may be portrayed." A simple melody will be hacked to pieces and the honest German will say in admiration, "There, that is my phrasing of the passage; I differ from the others," who have, by the way, phrased it in an equally original and musical manner.

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For in that space of time you will have learned that Jones of Albany is by no means a genius; in fact he is almost without musical talent. You have a certain facility in scrambling over the keys of the piano by which you have astounded your pupils; for you were not content with mauling and murdering the masters of your art; you have even dared to touch. But you have no thorough, well grounded technique, your hand is against you; you have many bad, deep-rooted habits. You see yourself, both in execution and interpretation, far behind fellow-pupils of tender years. You see for the first time how thoroughly harmony is taught; you had in America galloped through Richter's book and considered yourself ready to attack at once canon and fugue writing; but to your dismay you find that you know comparatively nothing about the elementary principles nor can you ever write in the old cleft with ease, while reading from them in four voices is an Herculean task. And you suddenly, perhaps in the night season as you lie awake, jump to the conclusion that after all harmony is not the simple science you thought it, and, to use the expression of Sir Thomas Browne, many heads, that undertake it, were never squared nor timbered for it. You gradually become more modest as you see of how little worth you are. And as six months go by during which time you have practiced diligently, but apparently without result, as you see yourself as a beginner learning the rudiments, and as you realize for the first time that you can never be what you had hoped and confidently expected and as you know yourself as you are, a great revulsion comes over you, and you feel like abandoning your career, packing up and coming home.

Perhaps it would be well, Thomas, for you to do this and assist your worthy father in his shop.

But this you will not do. Pride in the first place will prevent you, and then I say you credit for a genuine love of music. You decide to stay and fight it out. In your discouragement you will very likely stop practicing for a time, and you will "loafe and invite your soul," you may even follow the prescription of Avicenna, the Arabian physician of great authority, who affirmed it was good to be drunk once a month, as thereby "such commodities as alleviation of spirits, resolution of superfluities, provocation of sweat may ensue." At last, however, you begin to work in earnest, and possibly at the end of the first year you begin to find out how to work to advantage, though you are lucky if this invaluable point is so soon gained. You now, too, understand the ways of German teachers and you have found out that the majority of them mean no more by their grumbling and scolding than you did in Albany when you complimented and tickled your pupils. You no longer dream of being a great player; you will be satisfied to have a low seat in the synagogue. You will be inspired by the feverish spirit of the class room and its attendant demons of malice, hatred, jealousy; you will find yourself hoping that A. will break down, or that B. will leave the city; you will anxiously criticize the pupils of other teachers, and if you think you can improve in any direction under another, you will leave without a word the one who may have worked for your improvement in less time and out of less time; in other words you will begin to show musical progress. Your fingers grow more obedient to your will, and your musical will is more and more worthy of a true artist. Faithful work each day may now send you far along or it may break you down. But I see you escape this latter fate. You go to Paris, and after two or three years stay in that delightful city, you are ready to return. You have a permanent technique; you play the piano very well, so that it is a pleasure to any musician who happens to hear you. You may not have the gift of composition, but you know enough of the laws which govern it to abstain from writing machine-made music, and you have carried your contrapuntal studies so that you can intelligently direct a choir or chorus; and you have studied instrumentation and score so that you can lead an orchestra as far as the difficulties of reading are concerned. You have developed a catholic taste for all that is good in music and you do not confine it to any one country. You have heard a great deal, you have seen a great deal. You go back upon your former musical life in Albany with a sense of shame, and you wonder why you were not exposed and

You think that when you return your experience and qualifications will find a ready market. Of course you will not immediately take the most prominent position in New York; that would be too much to expect at first; but it will come in a year or so. Meanwhile you see yourself consulted by the leading musicians; your musical criticisms are sought for by the newspaper; the people in the streets point you out and say: "There he goes." That's Jones." These thoughts fill, yes, swell your head as you walk up and down the deck of the steamer bringing you home. And you have forgotten your suddenly conceived and quickly abandoned scheme in the days of your discouragement; how you thought you would give up music and go into the shop where your honest father made money enough to give you your musical education, and where he has patiently worked and waited for you, secretly wondering why you staid there so long a time; and as he now and then watched a street band or peripatetic Italian with a monkey earning a few pennies or of a Sunday as he saw from his pew the sweating organist squirming upon the seat, he has often asked himself why you chose the trade of music, and why the ... of his shop seemed so unwholesome to you.

Have you read that great and tragic novel, "The Return of the Native," and do you remember the fate of Clem Yeobright who exchanged his life in Paris for the rude job of cutting furze upon Egdon Heath. There are tragedies, too, wherein murder does not enter and the irony of life is not necessarily illuminated by blue or green candles or cressets; indeed the true and complete irony loved by the Greeks should have no other light than that of the "floods of the yellow gold of the gorgeous, indolent sinking sun, burning, expanding the air." Find you no tragedy in Pegasus in pound? Dear Thomas, I see your return,—the return of the musician. But such a mournful theme needs a separate chapter. I shall send you one more letter before you sail, in hope that, perchance, you may not sail.

Yours, truly, HENRY WEISS.

The morning comes and you present your letters of introduction to prominent people, written in your favor by prominent people; and somehow after you have made one or two calls you feel yourself to be the only humble individual in the whole game. These people are courteous, but really if you were starving in the gutter would one of them help you? And so wearily you plod your way about the city, finding nothing, spending your money. You finally begin to sympathize with burglars, sneak thieves and all others who prey upon this indifferent and materialistic society. You are in a condition to join any party organized for the purpose of plundering a Vauderbilt dwelling or hanging Jay Gould to a lamp post. You envy the man who hammers out dances upon the shrieking piano of a Bowery saloon, with its gaudy decorations of variegated tissue paper and its sickening smell of stale beer.

But you fall upon an old friend whom you knew in Europe, and who has now his head above the musical waters of New York. He listens to your complaint, and he answers you as follows: "My dear boy, if you have neither money nor influential friends, leave New York at once. To succeed here you must have several qualifications which I fear you lack. You are not enough of an individuality to make a name simply upon your merits. You are not a great player although I have no doubt you will make an excellent teacher; but how are you to bring yourself before the public? New York imports every week a dozen at least of musicians such as you and what becomes of them? If you were an orchestral player, you might possibly find a job; but you are nothing but a respectable pianist, without money and apparently without influence. Why don't you go to the city where you were brought up and where your friends are. There certainly you can make a start and after a year or two, try New York again. There you will not be dependent upon a house to which you

MUSICAL CRITICISM.—XV.

The Return of the Musician—No. 2.

Dear Thomas: When you come back to America after your sojourn in France and Germany, you will settle down in New York, at least so you say at present, just on the eve of your departure. Of course you could not return to the city where your father lives; not that you are exactly ashamed of the shop; but you wish to live in a city where you will be appreciated, where you will be known simply as "T. Jones, the great etc.," and not as the son of "old Jones who kept that little shop, you know."

Have you ever tried to find a situation in New York? This pursuing an ever retreating situation is like the hunting of the Snark, attended with as many trials and difficulties, and too often the situation when caught turns out to be a Boojum.

Now will you go to work to get a footing in New York? Have you friends? And if you have friends, do you really believe for a moment they will help you. It is possible they will, — if they are not related to you. Without friends you can do nothing, unless you are an irresistible, all-overwhelming genius, and this you are not. Let us see how the case stands with you.

You arrive in New York, in good health and spirits, musically well equipped, and with but little money. You are to teach, to play in public, to direct, to criticize. You take a room in a lodging house that has been recommended to you; it is a hall bedroom, and you remember with regret your Paris room for which you paid only eight dollars a month; and the slattern who looks after it is a poor exchange for that sad coquette of a *bonne* who said good-bye to you with a sigh. What are your plans? To call upon several prominent musicians and to play for them, to visit the music shops and the piano warerooms, so as to be known to the profession. You call upon two or three of the leading pianists and teachers; they are delighted to see you—for about five minutes; then a bell rings or a voice calls, and they beg leave to excuse themselves; they are delighted to have met you and wish you all manner of good luck, but unfortunately they are very busy and must deny themselves the pleasure of a longer conversation. As you go away, you think it is passing strange that they seemed to express no desire to hear you play.

You drop into a music shop. The clerk is inclined to be a little supercilious. From long habit you take off your hat as you enter the room. Fatal mistake! You must swagger and play the bully in an American "store," otherwise the clerks will see you have no social position; and if you say "Good morning" to them, they will at once ask what you have to sell. But all this you are obliged to learn for the second time. After you have told the clerk who you are, he apparently becomes a little more gracious and you are allowed to put down your name in an address-book and you are cordially invited to buy your music there. You are possibly introduced to the proprietor, who says he will be glad to publish anything you have written, provided it be very good; in which case he will publish it at his own cost, and if it sells, he pockets the money, and you are paid in glory. And even publishers as generous as this one are rare.

You next try a piano wareroom and you receive a most hospitable reception, until it creeps out that you do not wish to buy a piano. Do you offer to play something to one of the head men? He has an engagement; or the tuner is at work upon the only piano in fit condition; and you, poor fool, believe him, and without knowing it you find yourself outside of the door. That is work enough for one day. You are tired, and at night go to bed, perhaps a little discouraged, but sure of two things: First, that the morrow will bring good news, and second, that you can not tell upon counting up your money where so much of it has gone during the day's adventures.

THE GENIUS OF HARRISON.

LOUIS THE ACTOR, NOT BENJAMIN THE GRANDSON.

A Few Thoughts on the Subject of Burlesque in General, and the Pearl of Pekin in Particular.

The performance of the "Pearl of Pekin" by the Rice company this week at the Lealand was in many respects a capital one. The stage was handsomely set, the costumes gorgeous in color, and several of the women of the troupe as comely as the cedars of Lebanon. It was chiefly interesting, however, as an exhibition of the growth and development of Mr. Harrison's powers as a burlesque actor.

When he first essayed the line of what is technically called "eccentric comedy," Mr. Harrison soon became famous for grotesque dancing and bolsterous fun. When, for instance, he played the jester in this city several years ago to Dixey's Rajah, his muscularity was excessive and aggressive. His humor was of the sledge-hammer order; he was inclined to monopolize the stage; his legs were brought more into play than his head. Still he was funny.

Later he played with Grahame in an idiotic medley, in which he took the parts of a crushed tragedian, Dionysius the Tyrant, and the Lord knows what not besides. He was still pre-eminently a contortionist, a violent, muscular comedian. But Mr. Harrison is a man of intelligence, of nimble fancy; he is withal a keen observer; and to-day the results of his study and observation are seen in the "Pearl of Pekin." Take, for instance, the scene where he indulges in musical reminiscences; how cleverly and quietly he leads up to the song of "The Famous Baritone Singer," to which Mr. Ehrmann played the cello obligato with much taste; take the scene of the Chinese wedding, and the breakfast the morning after the wedding. He is more subdued, at times even reminding one of the delivery of Artemus Ward; he no longer crams his jokes down the throats of the audience; "they go, they permeate." His dancing is now graceful instead of grotesque. Nor does he take the impudent liberties with his audience of which that over-rated comedian, Dixey, is guilty.

Why is the tenor of a comic operetta company as a rule a poor, weak thing? Like the prisoner in Measure for Measure, unfit to live or die. He acts not, neither does he sing.

A fascinating feature of the play was the exquisite costumes worn by the women. Contrast these variegated robes, falling in graceful folds, now revealing, now concealing the bodily charms of the fair wearers with the strait corset which pluches the waist and reddens the nose of many of our females. And when our girls come to a marriageable age and are led by fond mothers to assemblies and balls (called by the Turks, slave markets), the display they make of their anatomy is seldom in good taste or calculated to arouse a desire to secure honorably and with the consent of the church the fair owner. There is too much of the butcher shop about it; too much open, revealed fat. Something should be left to the imagination. Men do not care to buy their wives by the pound.

Not that nudity in its proper place is not beautiful, and beyond all beauty. Many a matron who may have rolled up the whites of her eyes at the openly-displayed pretty legs of the four French maids in the Pearl of Pekin, will complacently view her half-stripped powdered daughter held close in the embrace of some amorous youth with cock-tail heated breath, for this is a daily episode in society. But why should not a pretty leg be shown as freely as a pretty arm? The prudery that objects even to a recognized existence of such articles of the human frame as the leg is closely connected with that of the people of Norwich, Conn., as seen in a recent episode in the history of that town.

According to a New York reporter who investigated the affair, "The objects of art in question are in the new Slater Memorial Museum recently dedicated, and the statues in question were secured by William Slater from Europe and are faithful reproductions of some of the finest works of art. Many of them are the same as those in the art museum in Copley square, Boston. But the public will never see them as they arrived. The Miss Nancys heard all about the statues before they were half way through the custom house. They at once fastened themselves on the backs of the directors, and as a result the statues were promptly quarantined on arrival. When they emerged they were one and all reduced to the Miss Nancy standard. A more ludicrous set of casts has rarely been seen. The chisel and the plaster of Paris dauber had been vigorously employed. The fresh, new plaster of Paris adornments of the old statues capped the climax. Some twenty-five plaster casts in all were thus tinkered."

Nor should the musician growl because the greater part of the delicious music of Lecocq has been omitted in this mutilated version of "Fleur de The." Our old friend Mr. Sullivan, the kettle drum player, would not argue with one who might suggest that there was a dearth of music. Did he not most gallantly perform upon a dozen instruments of barbaric nature, including the tam-tam dear to the Hindoos? In burlesque the music is secondary. It must be light and reckless, with a dash here and there of vulgarity. The text of Fleur de The sparkled with French wit, and the music of Lecocq was written to it. With reason then, has much of it been cut out in this substitution of Byrne.

An evening spent in seeing such a show as the "Pearl of Pekin" brings up pleasant recollections and suggests the palmy days of burlesque, when Harry Becket played Miuerva, the inimitable Jones was the spy in "Madame Angot," Alice Oates was in her youth, and Lydia Thompson showed her matchless form and spoke with velvet voice in "Robinson Crusoe."

And never let burlesque die out or become stale; for in the laughter at the exaggeration of human foibles is the only true happiness found by a man comparatively sane.

THE ACTIVITY OF MR. BAILEY.

The Albany Express has characterized Gen. Tracey as "indolent" and "sympathizing with the working world." It is a pity by way of contrast, that Mr. Bailey is not so characterized.

Let us compare the two. Gen. Tracey has a large number of piecey workmen and a considerable material industries of Albany. It is a pity property he may have he owes to the efforts, his own industry and industry. He has not been charged with anything of the sort in his business life. In a private these manly qualities are a source of credit and experience; and when economic questions arise in the House of Representatives he could vote intelligently for the best interests of his constituents and country.

Surely his life has been as of "active habit" as that of Mr. Bailey, though possibly in another direction.

It is true that Mr. Bailey has had "sympathy with the working world," particularly at election time. By profession he is a lawyer, and when he served as district attorney this sympathy was shown to the criminal classes. He is a man of feeling and could not bear to see even the guilty man suffer—provided the guilty man had means.

It is true that Mr. Bailey was of "active habit" in congress and that he attracted attention. There are men who are content elected to be a representative, to simply do their duty to the best of their ability. Even the attentions and hotel courtesies of railroad monopolies displease them, and in such connections they prefer to be unknown or to be known as "indolent." But Mr. Bailey is a man who sees channels where he may be useful and as soon as he sees them he bestirs himself.

It is true that Mr. Bailey was rewarded for his diligent labors with the consulship at Hamburg, a fat position, by the way. Here we learned to speak fluently the German language, or as a Republican paper expressed it, he "perfected" himself in the German tongue. And now he is able to converse upon grave economic questions with German beer sellers in their own mother-tongue, which will be of invaluable assistance to him in congress, or rather in trying to get there. It is doubtless true that the interests of the United States did not suffer while Mr. Bailey was consul; neither did the interests of Mr. Bailey.

The trouble with Mr. Bailey is that he works for himself. With the French king he says, "The country, it is I." His activity so much praised is shown simply for the Bailey cause. In the morning he says to himself, how can Bailey prosper; in the evening—or early morning of the next day—he asks himself, how has Bailey prospered.

In other words Mr. Bailey is a "promoter." He is a "statesman" of the Belden order, of whom it has been said by no less a authority than Jake Sharp that the Syracuse gentleman does not hustle about for nothing. Instead of the Hamburg position his natural choice would probably have been in the country of the Hessians, where the Hamburg position was a failure.

It is true that Mr. Bailey has shown an "active habit." But the active habit is not confined to him; it is shared by doctors, lawyers, workmen of all classes—and even burglars.

Gen. Tracey has not made money suddenly and in inexplicable ways. Is he therefore "indolent"? It is the reputation of a thoroughly honest capitalist. Is he therefore not of "active habit"?

Gen. Tracey is a promoter. Mr. Bailey is a promoter. Messrs. Belden and the Lord of fragrant memory.

Albanians, you know the and you have your choice.

"DIE ENTFUHRUNG AUS DEM SERAIL."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION :

SIR: In the *Nation* of March 6 the reviewer of Dr. Gehring's life of Mozart says: "Very curious are the opinions passed on an earlier opera, 'Die Entführung aus dem Serail,' which has now almost completely disappeared from the stage, as its music appears too 'thin' for modern taste. In 1782 it was judged differently." And he then quotes the well-known anecdote of the Emperor Joseph finding too many notes in the opera, and Mozart replying, "Exactly as many notes as are necessary, your Majesty." (This anecdote, by the way, is also told of Napoleon and Cherubini, the music in question being written in commemoration of the death of General Hoche.)

The statement made by your reviewer that "'Die Entführung' has now almost completely disappeared from the stage" is very far from the truth, so far as the German theatres are concerned. It is given in Vienna with Frau Witt as *Constanze*; the second *bravour-aria* has been cut out, and an aria from "*Così fan tutte*" has been given to *Belmonte*; between the first and second acts the "*Rondo alla Turca*" in A moll is played, the instrumentation being by Herbeck.

In Leipzig the opera is still given, and here in Berlin this winter it has been sung several times with Lilli Lehmann as the heroine; and the Berlin critics, instead of finding the music "thin," rejoice in its freshness and exquisite grace. I have no doubt but that it is to be seen and heard in other German cities, but I cannot personally bear witness. Three or four years ago it was sung in London, Sembrich taking the part of *Constanze*. Surely this is not an "almost complete disappearance from the stage."

Your reviewer—perhaps without intention—gives his reader to understand that "Die Entführung" was not a success in a popular or artistic sense even in 1782. Saying that it was "judged differently" then—i. e., that it was not considered "thin"—he quotes two slurs of the Emperor Joseph. Now this opera, given for the first time the 12th of July, in two days brought in 1,200 florins to the treasury. It was difficult to get a seat in the theatre at the representations. In October it was given for the benefit of the Grossfürst, and Mozart, as he wrote his father in that month, sat at the clavier and directed, "finding it good to do so, partly because I can then wake up the orches-

tra when they nod a little, and partly because I can show myself as the father of my child to the nobility present." Before this, in August, at Gluck's wish, it was performed expressly for his enjoyment, and the old master gave Mozart many compliments and invited him to dinner. The opera not only gave Mozart a sure footing in Vienna, but it spread his fame throughout Germany, and Prague, Leipzig, Hamburg, and Berlin were as enthusiastic as Vienna. Goethe, in his correspondence with Zelter (ii., 121), tells of his own attempt to furnish a libretto for his friend Christoph Kayser to set to music, and, after speaking of the faults of their "Singspiel," called "Scherz, List, und Rache," adds that all their efforts went for naught as soon as Mozart appeared upon the scene. "'Die Entführung,'" he writes, "knocked everything to the ground, and there was never afterward at the theatre any talk of our so carefully prepared composition."

Jahn, in his 'Mozart' (vol. iii., pp. 79-128, ed. 1858), shows at length the importance of the "Entführung" in the history of the growth of German opera, and in the appendix to the same volume are to be found specimens of contemporaneous criticism, interesting in the extreme. It is a pity that the new English translation of Jahn's invaluable work is a translation of the much-abbreviated second edition—a work perhaps more popular than the first, but of much less value to the musician.

Your reviewer seems to have some respect for Weber as an opera composer, and it may interest him to know that this same Karl Maria Weber, in a letter written in 1818, speaks of "Die Entführung" as "glowing with the wanton fire of youth—a creation very dear to me." "I believe," says Weber, "that in this opera Mozart's artistic skill had reached its maturity, and afterward he only advanced in world-knowledge. The world had a right to expect more 'Don Juans' and 'Figaros' from him; but, with the best of intentions, Mozart could not have written another 'Entführung.'"—Respectfully,

PHILIP HALE.

BERLIN, March 24, 1884.

[The statement that "Die Entführung" has "almost completely disappeared from the stage" was based on the fact that the present writer, during a residence of more than four years (since 1876) in Munich, Berlin, Vienna, and other German cities, had not a single opportunity to hear this opera. Our correspondent's evidence does not disprove our qualified remark. The Germans seldom allow works that were once popular to remain entirely neglected, but revive them at intervals for their historic interest, this being one of the useful functions of a state-supported opera-house. In Vienna "Die Entführung" was revived in 1880, together with several other operas, in the "Mozart cyclus." Neither here nor elsewhere has it remained a regular "Répertoire Oper," like "Don Juan," "Figaro," "Faust," "Lohengrin," etc. The 'Allgemeiner Deutscher Musiker-Kalender' for 1884 gives a complete list of the operas performed in Berlin during the season 1882-3, in which "Figaro," "Don Juan," "Schauspieldirector," "Magic Flute," and "Titus" are mentioned with 7, 5, 3, 3, and 3 performances respectively. "Die Entführung" was not given at all. The question as to whether the music is "too thin" is a matter of taste and opinion. The Berlin critics may "rejoice in its freshness," but the Berlin critics have always been half a century behind the age, owing to the

AMUSEMENTS.

The Bostonians in English Opera at the Leland.

The company known as "The Bostonians" appeared last evening at the Leland in a musical arrangement dubbed

"PYGMALION AND GALATEA."

This company might with justice borrow the title of a famous Boston organization and travel as the "Ancients and Honorables," for Messrs. Tom Karl and Barnabee and Miss Stone are chiefly interesting from an historical standpoint. It is true they also serve as pegs upon which can be hung pleasant memories of days long past when Adelaide Phillips was alive and Mary Beebe charmed the eye and ear. Now, as singers and players they smell of mortality.

Out of Mr. Gilbert's well known comedy is wrought the text of the so-called opera of last night, and the music has been arranged from one of the works from Ambroise Thomas which bears another name and illustrates another subject. Some of the numbers are of exquisite beauty and it is a pity they cannot be heard with the original instrumentation of Thomas who is a master of that art; who depends often upon brilliant and cunning orchestral effects to conceal poverty of thought. One or two of the choruses were thoroughly delightful and were sung with appreciation, though the Grecian costumes were badly adapted to the peculiar style of beauty of the women of the chorus, whose order of architecture was the Gothic and not the Grecian. The men suffered too from the enforced dress, the general effect upon a careful observer being to give him the impression that the Dime Museums and Freak Exhibitions in the neighborhood of Boston had been heavily levied upon; while to any one suffering slightly from the free use of alcoholic stimulants, the spectacle must have seemed like the connecting dream between the appearance of plain, ordinary snakes and the awful vision of the Blue Monkey.

There cannot much be said in praise of the solo work. Mr. Karl, although his efforts are sincere and praiseworthy, has always suffered from two disadvantages: he cannot sing and he cannot act. The voice of Miss Stone is much worn and her execution is faulty. Mr. Barnabee amused the audience by his facial contortions and down-east dialect.

Mr. Cowles, the bass, has a sonorous, manly voice, and Miss Davis, as the wife of Pygmalion, showed considerable intelligence, while her voice had an agreeable freshness and fulness, though apparently untrained in the lower register. She has it in her power to do better work. Physically she is comely and robust. It is a pity that she can not breathe her vitality into her poor sisters of the chorus, who are sadly in need of tonics and a nourishing diet. As for that, three or four of the men might lend them a few pounds of their superfluous flesh.

The chorus and orchestra had been carefully drilled by Mr. Studley, who showed himself, as ever, an efficient conductor.

As a whole the opera moved along slowly. Although the audience (which, as a morning paper informed us in advance, was "cultivated and refined") applauded freely several numbers, it was left for Mr. Barnabee to arouse genuine enthusiasm, by his singing a quasi-topical song. Many were, no doubt, a little disappointed because Galatea did not indulge in a statue-clog.

How true to life is the end of the piece. Pygmalion prays that the stone woman may be endowed with life. He makes love to her and she responds with her whole heart. Her innocence and his guilt bring trouble upon him. Restored to sight by her means, has he even one word of sympathy or pity for her? He will not look upon her. As though she were a leaper, he says "Depart, depart—thou art unclean." And he returns to his jealous wife, to placid joys of domesticity. Was Galatea in after years revenged? Did not the sculptor ever long for the touch of her snow white arm, the pressure of her warm lips? Did he not often when his arms were about Cynisca dream of the other one? Who can tell? Surely not Galatea for she again became stone.

The musical critic of the Boston Post signs his articles. It is, therefore, permissible to say that Philip Hale is the name of one of the keenest and most discriminative critics in the country. It is pleasant to read the writing of a man who has no delicacy about using plain English in regard to pretentious humbuggery and who has no hesitation about uttering warm praise when he believes it to be deserved. The unjoined remarks called forth by a recent piano recital by Franz Kummel in Boston are from his pen:

"It would be impertinent here to speak of Mr. Kummel's technique. For the word technique is too often used in a narrow sense, and, provided a player plays difficult pieces smoothly and accurately, it is said of him that he has an 'admirable technique.' But one pianist's technique differs from another's even as one star differs from another in glory. In Mr. Kummel's case it may be justly said that his fingers simply serve as the willing and eager instruments of the expression of his intellectual and sensuous musical wishes. They obey his call without obstination. Like well-trained servants, they are never noticed, and yet it would be unjust to make no mention of the grace with which he uses them. In brief, his technique shows the highest development of pianoforte playing of the modern school. It would be a pleasant task to speak of his commanding tone production, and, in connection with this, of his exquisite management of the pedals; to speak in detail of his octaves, scales, arpeggios, his seemingly endless gradations of tone, and his unerring sense of dynamic values. Perhaps the very ease with which he plays is in itself the highest tribute paid by his inner self to his own mechanism. And his playing of last evening shows that he has a right to regard himself as his best and sternest critic.

"Yet this perfection of mechanism, not so rare in these days of technique as in former years, would be

worth but little were it not controlled by the musical individuality of the man. In the first place, he knows his composer. He plays Bach with superb breadth, yet every detail is most carefully finished. He recognizes the fact that the passion of Schumann is not the same as the passion of Beethoven. The sentiment of Chopin is never mawkish to him, and the heroic nature of the great Pole, as seen in the Polonaise played last evening, is not tempered by absurd sentimentalism, as some pianists like to think. For Chopin was made of flesh and blood; he was a man of passions, not built out of sugar and rose leaves and moonshine. So Kummel enters into the individuality of each composer, and yet preserves his own. Now this is seldom seen.

"The playing of Mr. Kummel, then, is marked by intense thoughtfulness, or, if you prefer, intellectuality. He does not play, however, like a pedantic schoolmaster. He is fiery, robust, passionate; but his passions are under control. He is sensuous, not as the languid, heavy-eyed man of the East, but as the strong man of the North, whose frame is racked and soul is torn when passion comes upon him. This combination of keen intellectuality and noble sensuousness is also seldom seen in pianists of the day. And seldom are all these qualities, technical and musical, so suited and bound together as in this pianist, Franz Kummel."

ANTHONY GOULD'S NOVEL.

A MODERNIZED VERSION OF THE TRIUMPH OF DELILAH.

"A Woman of Sorek" Reviewed--The Story Briefly Told--With a Digression on Immorality in Literature.

In the Book of Judges it is told that some time after his adventures at Gaza, Samson loved a woman in the valley of Sorek whose name was Delilah. The pious Milton in his tragedy lends her the complimentary title of wife, thereby destroying the simplicity and realism of the legend; few husbands can be tempted by the fleshly charms of their wives, for "to be a true and somewhat prudish wife in the eyes of the world and to play the wanton for the husband alone requires genius on the part of the wife and the number of such women is very small." No, Delilah was no wife. In that eastern land years ago she was created for the destruction of man. And years before that she was named Lilith. The mound-builders knew her and fell at her feet. She disturbed the placid life of the blameless men of Ethiopia. She is called Kundry, Aholi-bah, Frigone, Pasither, Lais, Cora Pearl. She is the swamp lily, upas-flower, the mystic rose of sin.

"You have the face that suits a woman
For her soul's screen--
The sort of beauty that's called human
In hell, Faustine.

You could do all things but be good
Or chaste of mien:
And that you would not if you could,
We know, Faustine.

Even he who cast seven devils out
Of Magdalene
Could hardly do as much, I doubt,
For you, Faustine.

Did Satan make you to spite God?
Or did God mean
To scourge with scorpions for a rod
Our sins, Faustine?"

"A Woman of Sorek": that is the title of a novel just published, written by our townsman Anthony Gould. The title is the key to the book. "One sees as from a tower the end of all." The story briefly told is this. Marcia Clenton, a young girl of sensual inclinations and corrupt mind, pays a visit to an aunt who lives in a country town where there is a boys' school. In this town is a theological seminary, and one of its students is an unpleasant person named Jonas Childs. Jonas was brought up by a stern puritanical father, a clergyman of the brimstone and sulphur persuasion. Jonas is pious and rigidly chaste more from early training and force of example than from natural bent and innate purity. Personally he is not attractive. He has clammy hands; his clothes do not fit him. Marcia meets him and under the pretense of seeking spiritual consolation, exerts maliciously upon him the charms of her superabundant physique; until Jonas is tormented by visions in the night watches, such as haunted poor St. Anthony in the desert, and Phryne seems to him more lovable than the Madonna. Marcia, however, is fascinated by a young academy student named George Dorne who takes his wretched meals at her aunt's house and sleeps in a sort of pavilion near a river. George is the fortunate possessor of a thick neck, "broad athletic thighs," and "he breathed out an essence of masculinity." He is an accomplished baseball player; and for him endowed with these various charms Marcia lusts. Now the aunt has a daughter named Naomi who helps her in the housekeeping and secretly adores Jonas whom she regards as the chosen of the Lord. Marcia not content with luring Jonas from heavenly contemplation by a series of outrageous lies induces him to bitterly dislike Naomi and he declares his love to the wanton and "their lips met in a kiss that thrilled him, from tip of toe to the crinkles of his locks, with a full knowledge of passion. Wicked lights, blue and yellow and crimson, flashed before him; and in his ear resounded the voice of the ocean." Poor Naomi, an involuntary and unseen witness to this extraordinary scene, attacked suddenly by a fit of bleeding from the lungs, falls in a faint and shortly after

dies. Marcia, although she had led Jonas on to a state of great bodily excitement loathes the sight of him; his hands are so damp, and "then, too, he has a habit of secretly munching upon bits of Ehn bark." She devotes her attention to brawny George, and spends several hours of the night with him in his pavilion, which fact is discovered by Jonas, who bides his time. Meeting Marcia alone he pours out his burning passion, alternately reproaching and imploring her. He forgets his sacred calling, and says: "Though the gates of hell, if there can be any hell other than this execrable earth, yawn wide for me, I shall possess you, and thus I shall be revealed!"

Marcia, too, forgets herself, spits in his face, runs for her life, and is rescued by a timely farmer. Jonas finds George asleep on the campus, and, irritated by "a bright red mark, like the sting of an angry bee, upon the swell of his neck, near the shoulder," smashes in his head with a rock. He then suffers remorse, and going into the woods, hangs himself with a pair of silken suspenders, a Christmas present from Naomi. Marcia, finding the village after these events slow and devoid of amusement, returns to her native home and marries an old flame of hers, Thomas Graham, a man of large wealth and "a great horny hand." She lived happily. She had no children. Such women seldom have them.

This story is told by Mr. Gould with considerable power. Some of the descriptions are excellent, notably that of the eating room in the boarding house, though it may have been suggested by the famous pension scene of Balzac in "Le Père Goriot." I prefer this to the labored descriptions of the crows and the corpse and the remorse and flight of Jonas. There is a quiet sense of humor throughout the book which is refreshing and not forced or aggressive. But such rhetorical flourishes as that found upon page 65 remind one of our noble friend Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, at his worst, where he indulged in real, pretty shop-keeping talk; and it seems to me that had the closing paragraph of the book, beginning with "what then is the conclusion," etc., been omitted, the final impression would have been much stronger. As a story the incidents succeed each other naturally and the interest of the reader is kept alive. The introduction of the sick boy who, seeing the murder from his room, blows upon a horn of strange construction, the notes sounding to Jonas like the trump of the Great Day, is dramatic in the extreme. As to the manner in which the characters are drawn, opinions will differ. No one of them certainly excites more than passing interest. Jonas in his piety and in his lust is a prig, and if it were Mr. Gould's intention to depict him as such, (and there are lines at the close of the book which hint at this intention,) he has been successful. He is a prig when at a tender age he talks as a man of eighty-five to his father. And in his passion he is not virile: he would rather have spent it in snickering and gloating over the lost books of Elephantine than in masculine enjoyment. Mr. Gould is happier in his picture of George Dorne, who seeing an apple ready to fall carelessly picks it and eats it. Naomi, the pure Puritan maiden, the only loveable character in the book, is the foil to Marcia. And what shall be said of Marcia? She is another Emma Bovary. Like her, she dreamed of princes, luxurious couches and rank perfumes. Like the woman in Ezekiel, she saw men portrayed upon the wall, all of them desirable young men, and she doted upon them. The description of her gradually luring them into sin, though sadly disfigured in the first chapter by the bombastic language given to her, is powerful and consistent, and the last few pages of the book, descrip-

tive of her married life, are admirable, most admirable, and the style is worthy of the thought. Now this last can not be said of the book as a whole, for its great fault is verbiage. If it were cut down one-third it would gain in dramatic intensity. The adjective predominates. Yet the style is never vulgar; and at times the balanced periods fall in perfect cadence upon the ear. The book is a strange mixture of idealism and realism. Too often do Mr. Gould's little fishes talk like whales. He gives to boys at school the passions and thoughts of men of forty. The healthy boy at school is not sensually inclined. He may from imitation contract low vices, but few are taken at heart.

"Is the book immoral?" an anxious mother asks. Pray, good madame, what do you mean by immoral? The times change, and with them the manner in which certain relations between the sexes are talked and written about. Our mothers read "Jane Eyre" furtively, often hidden in the garret; our sisters openly discuss the grotesque animalism of Amelie Rives and the works of the ingenious Mr. Saltus. No longer can the reproach of prudery be thrown upon American literature. Thackeray, in *dread* of the British Matron, complained that since Henry Fielding no one dared to depict a Man; our young women writers of to-day are not content with depicting him—they undress him and explain the purpose and design of his anatomy. And this they call realism; but the great realists, Maupassant, Goncourt, and the Russians do not agree with them. When Balzac created Valerie Marneffe, that imperishable type of the true and complete wanton, he did not find it necessary to describe her dirty linen, he did not look upon her merely as a machine for love.

Yes, there certainly are passages in Mr. Gould's book which are open to the charge of coarseness, and to be condemned, not because they are coarse, but unnecessary and, perhaps, untrue to nature. For instance, why should Jonas, who knew absolutely nothing about women, be so enraged at certain discolorations on his rival's neck? How did he know but that George was suffering from some cutaneous eruption? And so in the earlier part of the book, a few scenes in Marcia's career might as well have been let alone. The description of the different manner in which her foot was handled by the two lovers is masterly, worthy of an acute Frenchman.

Mr. Gould has simply tried to faithfully describe scenes such as may happen in every day life when young men and women of certain mental outfit and physical equipment are thrown into close companionship. Why should not such episodes be a legitimate subject for literary treatment? It is worse than folly to ignore them. So long a time has prudery remained supreme in English and American literature, that now already the pendulum has swung to the other extreme, and young women and young men say with Hobbes complacently in print, "The life of man, short, brutal and nasty," forgetting that Hobbes prefaced the sentence with a condition. There is no cheap blasphemy, no loose descriptions in Mr. Gould's book. His people do not chew the cold tobacco quids of departed friends and thereby work themselves into an amorous frenzy. He has treated a legitimate subject with discretion.

What Mr. Gould most needs is condensation, allowing one line to suggest a page. There is in the city of Albany a man honored and esteemed in such cities as Boston and even in Paris, the centre of all art, as a master of the art of writing a short story. He is a realist in the true sense of the word. His name is Mr. P. Deming. His stories are to America what the short stories of Thos. Hardy are to England, what the tales of Balzac and Merimee are to France; and his style apparently simple is the quintessence of art. It is doubtful if he is appreciated here; we read but little in Albany, and many of us really admire Robert Elsmere. If Mr. Gould has not already read these stories of Mr. Deming, they would fully repay him and might possibly chasten the often too luxurious spirit of his style. For a first novel, "A Woman of Sorek," is certainly a work which promises much for Mr. Gould's future literary career.

PHILIP HALE.

Mr. St. John's
Worcester
London
New York

a position that may justly be made ridiculous. And if this is true, ~~who~~ they have not charity.

Lacking charity, they are wanting in culture. They must, then, be passed over, and the century counted as loss.

(4) There are essayists who assume the role of Cassandra. Others, despairing of the possibility of the solution of life's problem, stand with shrugged shoulders and mute lips. To them the universe is a dreadful mistake, man a solecism. Yet not in vain the myths of all old nations, the songs of rapt, inspired bards. As this earth, born out of chaos in flame and smoke, — passing through ages of preparation, revolves, perfect, infinite, and teeming, — so man — the cave, the lake, the ages, the fetich, and the taboos, being left behind or disappearing — steadily advances, face forward.

spasms of the sky and the shatter
of the sea, Master of nature
and passion and death, And
of all terror and pain."

(9) But not in our day, not in
our day. For us the toil, the
agony, the bloody sweat. For
posterity, the undisturbed, calm,
glad fruition.

Philip Hale.

31. Even now is there more sympathy^{31.}
in the world, more loving kindness.
Only let selfishness be thought
shameful, only let the spirit of
charity rule. Then would wars
cease without the discovery of
Vril; then would confidence, sin-
cerity, return; and then would
"sweetness and light," "pliancy
and firmness," cease to be the
unmeaning terms of rhetoricians.
Man's love for his fellow
firmly established, the greater
evils would soon fade away.
Necessity would then seem
beautiful, and even the mystery
of death would not appall.
That divine Emanation which
we call the soul would then
exultantly exclaim, "Rage on,
Whirl on, I tread master here
and everywhere, Master of the

MARCH 5, 1933.

Dear Philip Hale:

These roses can only suggest the fragrance of our loving wishes and fond hope that next year will afford another opportunity to express our great pleasure because of your benign spirit.

Affectionately,

Robert Choate

F. W. Dwyer

F. Lauriston Bullard

Leonard Ware, Jr.

Samuel W. Witt

W. A. Smyth

Charles H. Wood

H. F. Manchester

W. E. Greenough -

Elmer L. Hughes

James M. Lord

Charles W. Wemy

H. Edmunds

George Minot

Forloye

James Blanchard

John Clair Minot

Walter Fogg

U & R

John E. Pember

George B. Ryan

Marion I. Lyndon

Russell Gerould

Cygnus Carr

Marjorie Watts

Elizabeth Borton

W. G. Davis

Helen Eager

Harold H. Gales

Harold F. Wheeler

Mr. stock work
and was burned upon Maria
and in



A VISION OF ELDORADO.

THE JEWEL - CROWNED BRIDE WALKED UPON ROSES.

The Impressive Ceremony -- Superb
Wedding Gifts--Their Bridal Journey
--Full Description of the Hun-
son-Lathrop Nuptials.

Last evening at the First Presbyterian church at Saratoga, Miss Amy Gardner Lathrop was married with pomp and ceremony to Mr. Walter H. Hanson. Miss Lathrop, who is well known in this city, a daughter of the late Daniel S. Lathrop and the ward of Leland Stanford, of California, has for some time lived in Saratoga with her mother, and her daily life has been marked by the display of rare and generous charity. In her the poor and distressed have had a faithful and sympathetic friend and more precious than the princely gifts that were showered upon her, were the heartfelt blessings and earnest wishes for her welfare that fell from the lips of those whom she had relieved. Mr. Hanson, the groom, is a son of Henry B. Hanson, of Saratoga, an extensive coal, mine and railroad operator. Young Mr. Hanson is a social favorite in Saratoga. He is not at present engaged in any business.

THE CHURCH.

The church was most exquisitely decorated.

It was festooned with 125 strings of sin-lax and 800 yards of ground pine. Against the front of the organ gallery was an immense horse-shoe and standard of roses, prominent among which was the "American beauty." In the centre of the church, but a moderate distance above the aisle, was the emblematic wedding bell, of mantooth size, and composed entirely of roses. In its composition were the La France, mermets, pearls, papozontiers, nephets and bride's roses. Under the next form and near the altar was suspended an enormous white dove with outspread wings, five feet from tip to tip, and made compactly of white flowers, emblematic of hope, peace and affection. The baptismal font was filled with a solid mass of red and white tulips. The pulpit was a masterpiece of the florist's art and was very beautiful. The enclosure itself was entirely hidden by the wreath of green and flowering plants. The first step of the bank was formed of double white primroses and white spiraea. Next above was a line of white hyacinths; one step higher exhibited one hundred calla lilies, intermixed with white tulips, and the next elevation displayed seventy-five Bermuda lilies, intermixed with the more fragrant lily candidum. Surmounting the whole towered ferns and palms, while on either side of the pulpit were two of the rare specimen plants, pandanus velutell. Two electric lights were added to the usual chandelier lights of the church.

THE PROCESSION.

The hour for the ceremony was eight p. m., but for more than an hour before the street was blocked with people, impatient to see the bridal party. The church was well filled, not crowded.

The ushers were Messrs. Willard Lester, William Manning, Wharton Meehan, Clarence Le R. Rain, Louis A. James, Alexander Roland and Walter P. Butler of Saratoga, and William Taylor of New York.

The music was furnished by eight members of Doring's orchestra of Troy. Philip Hale of this city was at the organ.

At a little after 8 o'clock to the bridal music of "Loheugrin," the ushers formed in couples and were followed by four flower girls arrayed in pink, blue, green, and copper color costumes, with huge hats of precious roses hung on their arms. Their wake was flower-strewn. The pretty maidens were the Misses Agnes Putnam, Bessie Rockwood, Marie Janvrin and Emily Colman. The maid of honor and the gentleman in waiting were cousins of the bride, Miss Jennie Ten Eyck and Master Willie Ten Eyck, of Albany. The little lady was dressed in white tulle with pink flowers garniture and her brother was dressed in black velvet and lace collar, ala "Lord Fauntleroy." The bride, on the right of her mother, completed the procession, the head of which had already reached the altar.

THE BRIDE.

The bride wore a dress of white satin, covered from the waist to the bottom of the court train skirt, with cascades of the finest point and duchess lace. Embroidered orange blossoms on tulle bordered the front breadth and gave the effect of freshly plucked blossoms carelessly dropped. The train was three yards in length. From neck and arms and coiffeur and several places on the elegant costume could be seen through the costly bridal veil the magnificent diamonds which the bride possesses, consisting of stars, crescents, necklace, pendants, pins and solitaires. In her hand she carried the floral compliments of the groom, a bouquet of three hundred sprigs of the lily of the valley.

Her mother was dressed in white satin, heavily trimmed with pearl beads. Her ornaments were diamonds and her bouquet Jack roses.

THE SERVICE.

From the clergy room appeared the groom attended by his best man, Mr. Walter H. Richards, of New York, and the officiating clergymen. The ushers, attending maids and others were arranged at the altar on either side of the bride and groom, between whom and the ministers lay two beautiful white plush cushions, hand painted and rich. The couple knelt and during the few moments of silent prayer a quartette in the organ gallery sang Mr. Ben Merrill's setting of the Lord's prayer. The quartette was composed of Mrs. W. J. Bentley of Albany, Mrs. Louis Stanton of Temple Grove seminary, and Mrs. Wilbur Gunn and Francis Walker of New York city. The Presbyterian marriage service was performed by the Rev. Mr. Allen.

As the couple turned from the altar the quartette, accompanied by the organ, sang an ode written for the occasion, arranged to Michael Costa's quartette from Naaman.

THE RECEPTION.

Carriages were in waiting to take the guests to the residences of Mrs. Lathrop and those of her daughters, Mrs. Lawton and Mrs. C. Lathrop. From 8:30 until 11 o'clock the parlors and reception rooms were filled with the fashionable throng.

THE PRESENTS.

One of the principal attractions was an upper room where the wealth of wedding presents were displayed. The names of the donors had been removed from the articles and no list was permitted to be made. There were numerous diamond ornaments of great value, from a solitaire to a very beautiful diamond necklace, and elegant gifts of silver. Among the latter was a cabinet of 200 pieces of silver and gold table ware, the gift of Senator Stanford. The case was of antique mahogany lined with heliotrope velvet and satin. The groom's present was a pendant in the shape of a half shell, studded with diamonds, and containing a large stone at the narrowest point of the shell. Then there were silver and gold dinner sets, jewel cases, bon bon dishes, silver salad and egg dishes and spoons, toilet sets, paintings, needle-work, lamps, after dinner sets, bric-a-brac, etc.

NOTES.

The decorations in the church cost about \$500.

The supper was provided by McElveney of this city.

It is stated that the lace alone of the wedding dress cost \$1,400.

Mr. and Mrs. Hanson took the midnight train and started on their journey to Japan.

Among the Albanians present were Mr. Clinton Ten Eyck, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Williams, Mr. Lansing and the Misses Lansing, Mrs. W. J. Bentley, Mrs. Norton Chase, Miss Stoneman, and Mr. Henry W. Garfield.

ND OPERA HOUSE.

and Saturday nights, and Saturday matinee at 2 and 23.

OKSTADER'S

—REFINED—

INSTRUMENTS,

from their permanent minstrel theatre Broadway and Twenty-Ninth street, New York. This Great Company of able artists have played continuously for three years.

seats will begin to-day at box office at Santer's.

—This company never makes any street or outdoor displays of any description.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE OF THE RECEIVER OF TAXES.

ALBANY, March 15, 1889.—Notice is hereby given to persons who have neglected to pay taxes for the year 1888, and the water rents for 1889, that they are required to pay the same forthwith at this office, in the City Hall, on the first day of May next.

PHILIP FITZSIMMONS,
Receiver of Taxes.

NOTICE—OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF COMMON COUNCIL, CITY OF ALBANY.

The following law on file in this office before the Common Council:

to authorize the grading, filling, forming, and paving and repaving the carriage-way walks with Trinidad street asphalt pavement, from the north side of Warren to the south side of Second avenue.

Persons having objections to the passage of this bill are requested to present the same before the final passage thereof.

MARTIN DEHEBANTY,
Clerk of Common Council.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.—Office of the Board of Contract and Apportionment—Street Department—Albany, March 19, 1889.

Sealed proposals, indorsed with the title of the work to which they relate, and the name and residence of the proposer, will be received by the Board of Contract and Apportionment at the office of said Board, in the City Hall, on Monday, April 1, 1889, at eleven o'clock a.m., for constructing a vitrified stoneware pipe and appurtenances, in North Pearl street from Swan's creek sewer to connect with present 12-inch North Pearl street, at a point near the side of Pleasant street.

Contractors will bid as follows:

1. Price per lineal foot for furnishing the materials, excavating the trenches, and laying the vitrified pipe, extra thick.

2. Price per lineal foot for furnishing the materials, excavating the trenches and laying the vitrified pipe for house connections.

3. Price for each Y branch on the 24-inch pipe, including the two feet of cover upon which it is laid and vitrified cover.

4. Price for each man-hole complete.

5. Price for each receiving basin complete, including its proper setting and the furnishing and laying of sufficient 12-inch pipe to connect the basin with the sewer, together with one 12-inch Y branch main sewer for each basin.

The above prices to include the furnishing of all materials and labor, and the doing and furnishing of each and everything required to be furnished and done by the specifications for said work.

Two sureties, each in the sum of \$1,000 will be required for the faithful performance of the work.

Blank proposals, specifications and all information as to the work and contract may be obtained at this office.

The right to reject any or all bids is reserved.

By order of the Board of Contract and Apportionment.

THOS. J. LANAHAN, Clerk.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.—Office of the Board of Contract and Apportionment—Street Department—Albany, March 19, 1889.

Sealed proposals, indorsed with the title of the work to which they relate, and the name and residence of the proposer, will be received by the Board of Contract and Apportionment at the office of said Board, in the City Hall, on Monday, April 1, 1889, at 11 o'clock a.m., for constructing a vitrified stoneware pipe and appurtenances, in Second street, from the centre of Swan street to connect with the sewer at centre of Ten Broeck street.

Contractors will bid as follows:

1. Price per lineal foot for furnishing the materials, excavating the trenches and laying the vitrified pipe.

2. Price per lineal foot for furnishing the materials, excavating the trenches and laying the 6-inch vitrified pipe, for house connections.

3. Price for each Y branch on the 15-inch pipe, including the two feet of pipe upon which it is laid and vitrified cover.

4. Price for each man-hole complete.

5. Price for each receiving basin complete, including its proper setting, and the furnishing and laying of sufficient 10-inch pipe to connect the basin with the sewer, together with one 10-inch Y branch main sewer for each basin.

The above prices to include the furnishing of all materials and labor, and the doing and furnishing of each and everything required to be furnished and done by the specifications for said work.

Two sureties, each in the sum of \$3,000 will be required for the faithful performance of the work.

Blank proposals, specifications and all information as to the work and contract may be obtained at this office.

The right to reject any or all bids is reserved.

By order of the Board of Contract and Apportionment.

THOS. J. LANAHAN, Clerk.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.—Office of the Board of Contract and Apportionment—Street Department—Albany, March 19, 1889.

Sealed proposals, indorsed with the title of the work to which they relate, and the name and residence of the proposer, will be received by the Board of Contract and Apportionment, at the office of said Board, in the City Hall, on Monday, April 1, 1889, at 11 o'clock a.m., for constructing a vitrified stoneware pipe and appurtenances, in Sand street, from the sewer in second avenue to a point 30 feet north of Second avenue.

Contractors will bid as follows:

1. The price per lineal foot for furnishing the materials, excavating the trenches and laying the 6-inch vitrified pipe.

2. The price per lineal foot for furnishing the materials, excavating the trenches and laying the 6-inch vitrified pipe for house connections.

3. Price for each Y branch on the 12-inch pipe, including the two feet of pipe upon which it is laid and vitrified cover.

4. Price for each man-hole complete.

5. Price for each lamp hole complete.

The above prices to include the furnishing of all materials and labor, and the doing and furnishing of each and everything required to be furnished and done by the specifications for said work.

Two sureties, each to the sum of \$800, will be required for the faithful performance of the work.

Blank proposals, specifications and all information as to the work and contract may be obtained at this office.

The right to reject any or all bids is reserved.

By order of the Board of Contract and Apportionment.

THOS. J. LANAHAN, Clerk.

CHAMBERLAIN'S OFFICE—CITY OF ALBANY—FEBRUARY 19, 1889—NOTICE OF SALE.

By virtue and in pursuance of section thirty-seven, title nine, chapter 258, laws of the state of New York, passed April 23, 1883, as amended by section eight, chapter 212, laws of 1887, for non-payment of apportionments and assessments.

Whereas, the city of Albany, pursuant to the statutes in such case provided, has passed laws directing the making of certain improvements and under and by virtue of which the accounts and for such expense as may have been incurred in making such improvements have been duly apportioned and assessed upon the houses and lots of ground and other real estate intended to be benefited thereby, which said apportionments and assessments have been duly approved and confirmed by said city of Albany.

And, whereas, the assessments and apportionments made and confirmed as above mentioned upon the houses and lots hereinafter mentioned and described, have not been paid by the owner or owners, occupant or occupants of the respective lots after demand upon them and the Common Council having directed the same to be sold for the collection of such apportionments and assessments; now, therefore, notice is hereby given that the owner or owners of such lots respectively, are thereby required to pay the same so charged upon said lot or lots, being the amounts forming part of said apportionments and assessments with the interest thereon from the time of confirmation, the charge of advertising and costs, to the chamberlain of said city, at his office in the City Hall, in the city of Albany on or before the 25th day of March, 1889, and if default be made in such payments, such lot or lots will be sold at public auction under the direction of the undersigned, at his office in the City Hall, in the said city of Albany on the 25th day of March, 1889, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, for the lowest term of years, not less than one year, shall offer to take the same, in consideration of advancing the sums charged on the said several lots respectively, for the expenses aforesaid, with the interest thereon, the charge of advertising and costs.

CHAS. A. HILLS, Chamberlain.

O'CONNELL ST. DRAIN. EXCAVATING, & CONFIRMED SEPTEMBER 4, 1888.

O'CONNELL STREET.

West side, between Second arc. and Garden street.

Maria W. Slingerland..... lot No. 82.....\$27 1/2

do do do do 31..... 27 1/2

John Snyder..... do 42..... 27 1/2

do do do do 41..... 27 1/2

East side, between McKown and Garden street.

William Nichols and wife..... lot No. 83.....\$27 1/2

THIRD STREET SIDEWALKS.

Confirmed August 6, 1888.

THIRD STREET.

North side, between Quail and Ontario streets.

Thos. Dermotley..... lot No. 473.....\$17 1/2

Henry Diehl..... do 476..... 28

do do do do 477..... 17

do do do do 479..... 17

do do do do 481..... 17

do do do do 483..... 17

South side, between Quail and Ontario streets.

Wm. Morgan..... lot No. 474.....\$17 1/2

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William Conger..... do 480..... 17

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THE VENDOME
Commonwealth St. & Dartmouth Street
BOSTON

Manager of City Sadler Saloon *
to Walter H. Hanson

* card of Deland Mayford

A NOVEL BY SWINBURNE.

WHAT MARRIAGES ARE IN ENGLAND AND WHY THE DIVORCE COURT COLLAPSED.

THE CAREER OF LORD CHEYNE, THE NOTED PHILANTHROPIST, AND OF HIS NOTED DESCENDANTS.

[FROM THE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE WORLD.]

LONDON, August 25.—Mr. Swinburne has made an experiment in which I dare say many of your readers will be interested. He has begun a prose work—a novel—in the columns of a paper called the *Teller*. I do not know whether you receive the *Teller* or not—at any rate I will "make assurance sure" by sending you the first instalment of Mr. Swinburne's work, which appears in to-day's number. It is called "A Year's Letters," professes to be by "Mrs. Horace Mann," and begins with a severely ironical note to the author upon the morality of the day. In the "prologue" we are introduced to Lord Cheyne and his son, the former a philanthropist, the latter a youth, who, but for his tender years, "would assuredly have figured as President, as member, or at least as correspondent of the Society for the Suppression of Anatomy, the Society for the Suppression of Sex, or the Ladies' Society for the Propagation of Contagious Disease ('unlimited')." I think you will agree with me that this is rather a startling beginning. There are some other members of the Cheyne family introduced to the reader, but as I send you the entire first part you will use your own discretion as to placing it before your readers, who will, no doubt, be glad at least to get rid of me for the day.

THE STORY OF LORD CHEYNE.

[From the *Teller*, August 25.]

A YEAR'S LETTERS.

BY MRS. HORACE MANNERS.

To the Author:

DEAR MADAM: I have read your manuscript with due care and attention, and regret that I cannot but pass upon it a verdict anything but favorable. A long sojourn in France, it appears to me, has vitiated your principles and confused your judgment. Whatever may be the case abroad, you must know that in England marriages are usually prosperous; that among us divorces are unknown, and infidelities incomprehensible. The wives and mothers of England are exempt, through some inscrutable and inflexible law of nature, from the errors to which women in other countries (if we may trust the evidence of tradition) are but too fatally liable. If I understand aright the somewhat obscure drift of your work, you bring upon the stage at least one married Englishwoman who pretends to her husband another man. This may happen on the Continent; in England it cannot happen. You are not, perhaps, aware that some years since it was proposed to establish among us a divorce court. In a very few months it collapsed, and the jeers and hoots of a Christian and matrimonial people. There were no cases to be tried. Taglioni danced through the furnace of this experiment, and came out pure. Tested by the final and inevitable verdict of public opinion, the Divorce Court was laid supine and impotent. Look in the English papers and you will see no reports, no trials, no debates on this subject. Marriage in England is, as a law, sacred, is fortunate in every instance, is a few happy to a very few—perverse and fanciful persons still venture to imagine or suggest that a British household can be other than the chosen home of constancy and felicity. We know, if you do not, that all husbands, all wives and all children, born or bred or married within the boundary of the three seas, are in consequence good and happy. We do not expect foreigners to understand, to believe or to admire. We do not aspire to the sufrage or emulation of inferior races. We are hurt only when any one born among us so far forgets the duties entailed by that singular privilege as to speak or write of England as though its men and women were no better and nobler than the rest of the world. And this I cannot but feel you have here done. Let me request you to reconsider your work. It appears to me doubtful whether or not you have any sufficient sense of moral beauty. Without this you can achieve no success, you can perform no work worthy of an earnest thinker in a Christian age, and our own time, you must know, will most surely in the long run tolerate nothing that falls short of this standard. I recollect you, therefore, to suppress, or even to destroy, this book, for two reasons: It is a false picture of domestic life in England, because it suggests as possible the chance that a married lady may prefer some stranger to her husband, which is palpably and comically absurd. It is also, as far as I can see, deficient in purpose and significance. Morality, I need not add, is the soul of art; a picture, poem, or story must be judged by the lesson it conveys. If it strengthens our hold upon fact, it heightens our love of truth, if it relaxes our ardor for the right, it is admissible as good; if not, what shall we say of it? I remain, Madam, yours sincerely,

PROLOGUE.

In the spring of 1849 Lord Cheyne, the noted philanthropist, was, it will be remembered by all those interested in social reform, still alive and energetic. Indeed, he had some nine years of active life before him—public baths, institutes, reading rooms, schools, lecture halls, all manner of improvements, were yet to bear witness to his ardor in the cause of humanity. The eagle eye of philosophy has long since observed that the appetite of doing good, unlike those baser appetites which time effaces and enjoyment allays, gains in depth and vigor with advancing years—a cheering truth, attested alike by the life and death of this excellent man. Reciprocal amolation, he was wont to say, was the aim of every acquaintance he made—of every act of benevolence he allowed himself. Religion alone was wanting to complete a character almost painfully perfect. The mutual moral fiction of benefits bestowed and blessings received had, as it were, rubbed off the edge of those qualities which go to make up the religious sentiment. The spiritual content of this truly good man was so hardened by the incessant titulations of charity, and of that complacency with which virtuous men look back on days well spent, that the noblest and truest emotions of faith and duty had no effect on him; no stimulants of doctrine or provocation could excite his fancy or his faith. No clearer reason than this has yet been assigned in explanation of a fact so lamentable.

His son Edmund, the late lord, whose regretted death is yet fresh in the memory of a large and sorrowful circle of friends, was nurtured at the above defect. Educated in the lap of philanthropy, sucked at the breasts of all the virtues in turn, he was even then the worthy associate of his father in all schemes of improvement; only, in the younger man, this inherited appetite for goodness took a somewhat singular turn. Mr. Cheyne was a socialist; a Democrat of the most advanced kind. The father was quite happy in the construction of a model cottage; the son was beset with plans for the equalization of society. The wrongs of women gave him many a sleepless night; their cause excited in him an interest all the more commendable when we consider that he never enjoyed their company in the least, and was, in fact, rather obnoxious to them than otherwise. The fact of this mutual repulsion had nothing to do with philanthropy. It was undeniable; but on the other hand, the moral sublimity of this young man's character was something incredible. I like his father, he was much worked by religious speculations—certain phases of belief and disbeliefs were private to him, and of course, which were privately printed under the title of "Aspirations," by a Wayfarer. Very strange sonnets they were, leaving in the mouth a taste of chalk and dust, but the genuine stamp of a sincere and single mind was visible throughout, which was no small comfort.

The wife of Lord Cheyne, not unnaturally, had died in giving birth to such a meritorious potent. Management persons, incapable of appreciating the noblest virtue of the part of her husband. It is certain that less sublime samples of humanity did find the society of Lord Cheyne a grievous affliction. Reform, emancipation, manure, the right of voting, the national banner, the adulteration of food, mechanics, tarantulas, however, be it said, and the loftiest morality formed each in turn the staple of that excellent son's diversion. If an exhausted visitor sought refuge in the son's society, Mr. Cheyne would hold forth by the hour on divorce, Church questions, cantilism, socialism (Christian or simple), the equilibrium of society, the duties of each class, the education of man, the balance of ranks, education, development, the stages of faith, the meaning of the age, the relation of parties, the regeneration of the priesthood, the reformation of criminals, and the destiny of woman had far more date allowed it—but stern theology forbade—he would assuredly have figured as president, as member, or at least as correspondent of the Society for the Suppression of Anatomy, the Society for the Suppression of Sex, or the Ladies' Society for the Propagation of Contagious Disease ('unlimited'). But these arduous associations, with all their potential benefits to be conferred on mankind and perverse humanity, were as yet unprofitably dormant in the sluggish womb of time. Nevertheless the house might have been decidedly livelier than it was.

Not that virtue wanted its reward. Lord Cheyne was in daily correspondence with some dozen of associates for the propagation and suppression of—Heaven knows what. Professor Swallow, Dr. Chubbins and Mr. Jonathan Blomson were among his friends. His son enjoyed the intimacy of M. Adrien Laboussière, secretary of the committee of a minor democratic society; and Mlle. Clémence de Massigny, the too-celebrated authoress of "Romance et Poésie." "Confidences d'un Fantôme," and other dangerous books, had, when in the full glow of her brief political career, written to the young son of pale and brunettes Albion, "pays des libertés tronquées et des passions défilées," an epistle of some twenty pages, in which she desired him, not once or twice, to kiss the paper where she had left a kiss for him—"baiser chaste et frémissant," she averred, "étréinte altière et doree de l'esprit dégrégé des pièges hideux de la matière, ténion et seau d'un amour fatal." "O poster," she exclaimed elsewhere, "versons sur cette triste humanité la rosée rafraîchissante de

l'eau bénite; répandons sur nos lèvres la rosée qui console ou soufre qui rayonne. Chaque barmine de ton bon-petit-touche dans une pluie qu'il te soulage les voluptés acres et sévères de l'abstinence-sentimental. Valent l'un le plaisir orange d'un sens allumé." All this was astonishing, but satisfactory to the recipient, and worth at least any two of his father's letters. Chubbins, Blomson and the rest, practical men enough in their way, held in some contentment definite and the ideal, and were incapable of appreciating the absolute republic and the forces of the future.

Love and virtue of the two chiefs was not common to the whole of the family. Mr. John Cheyne, younger brother to the noted philanthropist, having at a great rate 101 years; born in the regency period, he had grasped the reading skirt of politicians; he had made friends with his time, and sucked his orange to some purpose before he came to the end. He married well, not before it was high time; his fiancée, inherited from his mother, and originally not bad for a younger son, was related to the last screw that kept both ends together; he was married at forty; and his wife had a decent fortune; she was a Miss Banks, rather bandy, corpulent and quick in a good-natured way. She brought him a daughter in 1836, and a son in 1840; then, feeling no doubt that she had done all that could be looked for from a model wife, completed her good work by dying in 1841. John Cheyne consoled himself with the reflection that she might have done worse; his own niece, the wife of a much younger man, had eloped the year before, leaving a boy of two on her husband's hands. For the reasons of this we must go some way back and bring in a fresh set of characters, so as to get things clear at starting.

A reference to the Peerage will give us, third on the Cheyne family list of the last generation, the name of Helena, born 1800, married in 1819 Sir Thomas Midhurst, Bart., by whom (deceased) she had one daughter, Amelia, born 1820, married in May, 1837, to Captain Philip Harewood, by whom she had issue Reginald Edward, born April 7, 1838. This marriage was dissolved in 1840 by act of Parliament. And we may add, Mrs. Harewood was married in the same year to Frederick Stanford, esq., of Ashton Hill-road, county Bucks, to whom, in 1841, she presented a daughter, named after herself at the father's desire; the same, we need scarcely say, who in 1859 married the late Lord Cheyne, just ten months after his father's lamented decease. Lady Midhurst, then already widowed, took up her daughter's cause energetically at the time of the divorce. Her first son-in-law was her favorite abhorrence; with her second she had always been on the best of terms, rejoicing, indeed, now for many years past with him and his wife, an honored inmate for the term of her natural life, and in a quiet though effectual way mistress of the whole household. It was appalling to hear her hold forth on the topic of the unhappy Captain Harewood. She had known him intimately before he married her daughter; at that time he thought fit to be delightful. After the marriage he unmasked at once, and became detestable. (Fan and foot, clapping down together, used to keep time to his keen-voiced declaration.) He had used his wife dreadfully; at this day his treatment of the poor boy left in his hands was horrible, disgraceful for its stupidity and cruelty—such a cruel little fellow the child was, too, not the least like him, but the image of his mother and of her (Lady Midhurst), which of course was reason enough for that ruffian to ill-use his own son. There was one comfort she had leave to write to the boy, and go now and then to see him; and she took care to encourage him in his revolt against his father's style of training. In effect, as far as she could, Lady Midhurst tried to instil into her grandson her own views of his father's character; it was not difficult, seeing that father and son were utterly unlike and discordant. Old Lord Cheyne (who took accidently the Harewood side, and used sometimes to have the boy over to Lidcombe, where he revelled about the stables all day long) once remonstrated with his sister on this course of tactics. "My dear Cheyne," she replied, in quite a surprised voice, "you forget Captain Harewood's estate is entailed." It was an exacting; his elder brother and before he had paid court to Miss Midhurst, and when he married, the captain had had to side on. As a younger brother, Lady Midhurst had liked him extremely; as a man of marriageable income, she gave him her daughter, and fell at once to hating him. Ask any wife novelist whether caprice is not the soul of woman.

Captious or not, she was and is a beautiful old woman to look at: something like her brother John, who had been one of the handsomest men of his day; her daughter and grand daughter, both women of singular beauty and personal grace, inherited their looks and carriage from her—clear-skinned, with pure regular features, and abundant bright white hair (it turned suddenly some ten years after the date, in the sixtieth year of her age), she was a study for old ladies. People liked to hear her talk; she was not unwilling to gratify them. At one time of her life, she has been known to say, her tongue got her into some trouble, and her style of smugness involved her in various unpleasant little differences and difficulties. All that was ever said against her she managed somehow to outlive, and at fifty and upwards she was generally popular, except, indeed, with religious and philanthropic persons. These, with the natural instinct of race, smell out at once an enemy in her. At sight of her acute, attentive smile and reserved eyes a certain world would become hot and inhospitable to the last. For the worldling's sneer may silence religion, but philanthropy is a tough fox, and dies hard. The picture may subside on attack into actual scolding, and there into a dumb agony of appeal against what he bears—the impotence of an over-drawn; but infinite coarse chaff will not shut up the natural lecturer; he snuffs sharply at all tangled objection, and comes to time again, grasping, verbose and recalcitrant.

END OF PART I.

TOM PAINE'S BIRTHDAY

SPEECH BY WALT WHITMAN AT THE PHILADELPHIA CELEBRATION.

PHILADELPHIA, January 28.—At a public meeting held here to-night in memory of Thomas Paine's 110th birthday, Walt Whitman made the following remarks:

Some thirty-five years ago in New York City, at Tammany Hall, of which place I was then a frequenter, I happened to become quite well acquainted with Thomas Paine, his perhaps most intimate chum, and certainly in later years a very frequent companion, a remarkably fine old man, Colonel Fellows, who may yet be remembered by some stray relics of that period and spot. If you will allow me, I will first give a description of the Colonel himself. He was tall, of military bearing, aged about seventy-five I should think, hair thick and white as snow, clean-shaven on the face, dressed very neatly, a tall-coat of blue cloth with metal buttons, buff vest, pantaloons of drab color, and his neck, breast and wrists showing the whitest of linen. Under all circumstances, his manners; a good but not profuse talker, he was still fully about him, balanced and lively and unimpaired as ever. He kept pretty fair health, though so old. For employment—for he was poor—he had a post office constable of some of the upper courts. I used to think him very picturesque on the fringe of a crowd holding a tall staff, with his erect form and his superb, bare, thick-haired, closely-cropt white head. The judges and young lawyers, with whom he was ever a favorite and the subject of respect, used to call him Aristides. It was the general opinion among them that if manly rectitude and the instincts of absolute justice remained vital anywhere about New York City Hall or Tammany, they were to be found in Colonel Fellows. He liked young men, and enjoyed to leisurely talk with them over a social glass of toddy, after his day's work (he on these occasions never drank but one glass), and it was at reiterated meetings of this kind in Old Tammany's back parlor of those days that he told me much about Thomas Paine. At one of our interviews he gave me a minute account of Paine's sickness and death. In short, from those talks I was and am satisfied that my old friend, with his marked advantages, had mentally, morally and emotionally gauged the author of "Common Sense," and besides giving me a good portrait of his appearance and manners, had taken the true measure not only of his exterior but interior character.

Paine's practical demeanor, and much of his theoretical belief, was a mixture of the French and English schools of a century ago, and the best of both. Like most old-fashioned people, he drank a glass or two every day, but was no tippler, nor intemperate, let alone being a drunkard. He lived simply and economically, but quite well—was always cheery and courteous, perhaps occasionally a little blunt, having very positive opinions upon politics, religion and so forth. That he labored well and wisely for the States, in the trying period of their parturition, and in the seeds of their character, there seems to me no question. I dare not say how much of what our Union is owning and enjoying to-day—its independence—its ardent belief in, and substantial practice of, radical human rights—and the severance of its government from all ecclesiastical and superstitious dominion—I dare not say how much of all this is owing to Thomas Paine, but I am inclined to think a good portion of it decidedly is.

But I was not going either into an analysis or eulogium of the man. I wanted to carry you back a generation or two, and give you by indirection a moment's glance—and also to ventilate a very earnest and I believe authentic opinion, nay conviction, of that time, the fruit of the interviews I have mentioned, and of questioning and cross-questioning, clinched by my best information since, that Thomas Paine had a noble personality, as exhibited in presence, face, voice, dress, manner, and what may be called his atmosphere and magnetism, especially the later years of his life. I am sure of it. Of the foul and foolish fictions yet told about the circumstances of his decease, the absolute fact is that as he lived a good life, after its kind, he died calmly and philosophically, as became him. He served the embryo Union with most precious service—a service that every man, woman and child in our thirty-eight States is, to some extent, receiving the benefit of to-day—and I for one here cheerfully and reverently throw my pebble on the cairn of his memory. As we all know, the season demands—or rather, will it ever be out of season?—that America learn to better dwell on her choicest possession, the legacy of her good and faithful men—that she well preserve their fame, if unquestioned—or, if need be, that she fail not to dissipate what clouds have intruded on that fame, and harnish it newer, truer and brighter, continually.

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and son, born upon the 1st of

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Burnham
and son, upon the
Maine

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Burdett
and son, born upon the 1st of
May 1840, in the city of New York.

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A Ballad of François Villon.

Bird or the bitter-bitter golden moon
Scarce risen upon the peak of dolorous years,
First of us all and swiftest singer born,
Whose shrill note the world of new men hears
Cleave the cold shuttles of the shade as twilight clears;
When song new born, the old world's attire
And felt its tune of changed lips expire,
Writ foremost on the roll of them that came
Fresh gift for service of the latter life,
Villon, our sad bad glad mad brother's name!

Alas! the joy, the sorrow, and the scorn
That clothed thy life with hopes and sins and fears,
And gave thee stores for bread and tares for corn,
And plume-plumed jail-birds for thy starveling
peer,
Till death's light close their flight with shagreened
shells,
Till shafts came short and loves were hard to hire,
When life of song nor twitch of twangling wire
Could buy thee bread or kisses; when light fame
Spurned like a ball, and hailed through brake and
brier,
Villon, our sad bad glad mad brother's name!

Poor splendid wings, all ruffled and soiled and torn!
Poor kind wild eyes so dashed with light quick
tears!

Poor perfect voice, not broken yet not worn,
That rings a-hwart the sea where no man steers,
Like joy-bells crossed with death-bells in our ears!
What far delight has cooled the fierce desire,
That like some ravenous bird was strong to tear
On that frail flesh and soul consumed with flame,
But left more sweet than roses to respire,
Villon, our sad bad glad mad brother's name!

ENVOI.

Prince of sweet songs made out of tears and fire,
A haunter of the purse, a god of the fire,
Shame soiled thy song, and assailed thy shame,
But from thy feet now death has washed the mire,
Love reads out first at head of all our quire,
Villon, our sad bad glad mad brother's name.
[A. C. Swinburne.]

FAREWELL.

Summer is fading; the broad leaves that grew
So freshly green when June was young are falling;
And all the whisper-haunted forest through
The restless birds in saddened tones are calling
From rustling hazel copses and tangled dell,
Farewell, sweet summer,
Fragrant, fruity summer,
Sweet farewell!

Upon the windy hill, in many a field,
The honey bees hum slow above the clover,
Gleaning the latest sweets its bloom may yield;
And, knowing that their harvest time is over,
Sing half a lullaby and half a knell,
Farewell, sweet summer,
Honey-laden summer,
Sweet farewell!

The little brook that bubbles 'mid the ferns,
O'er twisted roots and sandy shallows playing,
Seems fain to linger in its eddied turns,
And with a plaintive, purring voice is saying
Sadder and sweeter than my song can tell,
Farewell, sweet summer,
Warm and dreamy summer,
Sweet farewell!

The fitful breeze sweeps down the winding land
With cold and crimson leaves before it flying;
Its gusty laughter has no sign of pain,
But in the hush it sighs in gentle sighing,
And mourns the summer's early broken spell,
Farewell, sweet summer,
Rosy, blooming summer,
Sweet farewell!

So bird, and bee, and brook, and breeze make moan
With melancholy song their loss complaining;
I, too, must join them, as I walk alone
Among the sights and sounds of summer's waning
I, too, have loved the season passing well—
So, farewell summer,
Fair, out faded summer,
Sweet farewell!

—George Arnold.

NOVEMBER.

When thistle-blows do lightly float
About the pasture-height,
And shrills the hawk a parting note,
And creeps the frost at night,
Then hilly ho! though singing so,
And whistle as I may,
There comes again the old heart pain
Through all the livelong day.

In high wind creaks the leafless tree
And nods the fading fern;
The knolls are dun as snow-clouds be,
And cold the sun does burn,
Then ho, hullo! though calling so,
I cannot keep it down;
The tears arise unto my eyes,
And thoughts are chill and brown.

Far in the cedars' dusky stoles,
Where the sere ground-vine weaves,
The partridge drums funeral rolls
Above the fallen leaves,
And hip, hip, ho! though cheering so,
It stills no whit the pain;
For drip, drip, drip, from bare branch-tip,
I hear the year's last rain.

So drive the cold crows from the hill,
And call the wet sheep in;
And let their stamping clatter fill
The barn with warming din,
And ho, folk, ho! though it is so
That we no more may roam,
We still will find a cheerful mind
Around the fire at home!

—Atlantic Monthly.

A Trifle.

They loved and laughed, they kissed and chaffed,
They threw the happy hours away;
That's the way the world goes round—
That's the story of Yesterday.

They talk of fate, and calculate,
And keep accounts, and measure, and weigh;
That's the way the world goes round—
That's the story of To-day.

They'll see on high in yonder sky
The God whose power destroyeth sorrow;
That's the way the world goes round—
That's the story of To-morrow.

—Portimer Collins.

IN MEMORY OF JOHN THORP MOTLEY.

William Cullen Bryant (in *The International Review*).
Sleep, Motley, with the great of ancient days,
Who wrote for all the years that yet shall be.
Sleep with Herodotus, whose name and praise
Have reached the isles of earth's remotest sea.
Sleep, while, defiant of the slow decays,
Of Time, thy glorious writings speak for thee,
And in the answering heart of millions raise
The generous zeal for Right and Liberty.
And should the days overtake us, when, at last,
The silence that—ere yet a human pen
Had traced the slenderest record of the past—
Hushed the primeval languages of men—
Upon our English tongue its spell shall cast,
Thy memory shall perish only then.

"When the Grass Shall Cover Me."

When the grass shall cover me,
Head to foot, where I am lying;
When not any wind that blows,
Summer blooms nor winter snows,
Shall wake me to your sighing;
Close above me as you pass,
You will say, "How kind she was,"
You will say, "How true she was,"
When the grass grows over me.

When the grass shall cover me,
Hidden close to Earth's warm bosom;
While I laugh, or weep, or sing
Nevermore for aytting;
You will find in blade and blossom,
Sweet, small voices, odorous,
Tender, pleading in my cause,
That shall speak of me as I was—
When the grass grows over me.

When the grass shall cover me!
Ah, be over, in my sorrow
Very patient, I can wait—
Knowing that or soon or late,
There will dawn a clearer morrow;
When your heart will moan, "Alas!
Now I know how true she was;
Now I know how dear she was,"
When the grass grows over me!

[From "Songs of Three Centuries," author unknown.]

"Call Me Not Dead"

Call me not dead when I, indeed, have gone
Into the company of the ever-living
High and most glorious poets! Let thanksgiving
Rather be made. Say—"He at last hath won
Rest and release, converse supreme and wise,
Music and song and light of immortal faces:
To-day, perhaps, wandering in starry paces,
He hath met Keats, and known him by his eyes.
To-morrow (who can say?) Shakespeare may pass,
And our lost friend just catch one syllable
Of that three-centuried wit that kept so well,
Or Milton,—or Dante, looking on the grass,
Thinking of Peatrice, and listening still
To chanted hymns that sound from the heavenly
hill."

[R. W. Gilder, in Scribner's for November,

WE confess that this is altogether a new view of a
woman's mouth, but perhaps it is the correct one:

Tell me not a woman's radiant eyes
Can the marvels of her soul betray;
For in trembling of a lip there lies
More of passion than a glance can say,
Speech should be divine
From a mouth so sweet, so sweet as thine.

In the lids down drooping you may hide
Sign of inner tempests that may reign,
But a chiselled sadness will abide
On the face of one who fathoms pain.
Speech should be divine
From a mouth so sad, so sad as thine.

Ah! as night intenser dark doth show
After flashing of the lightning's red,
Smiles that cover a majestic woe
Sadder are than wildest tears were shed.
Speech should be divine
From a mouth so sweet and sad as thine.

Translation from Helene.

"Dis Jungfrau schlaft in der Kammer."
The girl is asleep in her chamber,
The moon looks quivering in;
Outside there is humming and strumming,
As of tunes when the waltzers spin.

"I'll look out of my window, and see who
Is disturbing my rest there below."
And there stands a skeleton fiddling,
And he sings, as he jerks his bow:

"Once you promised to dance as my partner—
You broke your word; and to-day
There's a ball going on in the churchyard,
We'll dance it out there—come away!"

The voice strikes home to the maiden,
It wiles her out at the door;
She follows, as, singing and fiddling,
The skeleton strides on before.

It fiddles, and skips, and cut capers;
Cap, clap! go it bones; and its skull
Keeps gruesomely nodding and nodding,
In the eerie moonshine dull.

[Blackwood's Magazine.]

--From that cleverest of ephemeral sheets, the Pellet, we reproduce this waddy which is only one of the hundred of original good things which have adorned the pages of its ten fair numbers. We are sorry to be obliged to withhold the name of the author:--

LUMPS OF DIRT.

BY W. W.

I have come! I! I! I!

I! in the first person singular!

Boom cannon! (Clash bell!)

Fireworks (of the best quality) off!

For I have come.--W. W.

I see nothing in this world but myself.

Nothing is of any value but I myself.

I am the soul in everything.

I reckon no one is like me, or ever will be.

I have seen all things. I see them, but they dare not see me.

I even see the Fifth Avenue Hotel--

The inkstand and pen-wiper--the tooth-brush--

Sugar-candy which little children desire--

The editor writing in his room--the printer's devil waiting for copy--

The naked corpse lying in the Morgue--

The man running to the railroad train--

His eight-cylinder press--telegrams from Europe--

Paya baskets in shop windows--robins whistling in the spruce-trees--

The Northern aurora--the school girl studying her grammar.

All these things I have seen.

No one ever saw them but myself.

For I see what all men see.

And I, moreover, see what no one sees; not even myself.

I am inspired. My inspirations Webster's Unabridged!

I am the poet laureate of the new America in the vest-pocket!

I call black, white; and black I also call black;

For I see what I choose, who shall hinder me?

If I celebrate dirt, who shall complain?

I lie about loose.

Why not? I am W. W.

The Death of Socrates by

Rev Robt Burrows Dean of St Finbar's
Cathedral Cork.

1. The night before Larry was stretched,
The boys they all paid him a visit;
A bit in their sacks, too, they fetched —
They soaked their duds till they 'ris' it;
For Larry was always the lad,
When a friend was condemned to the s^{queez}er,
But he'd pawn all the tops that he had,
Just to keep the poor boy to a freezer,
And master his gob 'fore he died.

2. The boys they came crowding in fast,
They drew their stools close round about him,
Six ylims round his coffin they placed, —
He couldn't be wile waked w^othout 'em.
I axed if he was fir to die,
With^out having duly repented;
Said Larry "That's all in my eye,
And all by the clergy invented,
To make a far bit for themselves."

3. Then the Cards being called for, they played,
Like Larry found one of them cheated;
Quick he made a hard rap at his head —
The Lad being easily heated.
"so ye chates me because I'm in grief!
O! is that, by the Hoys, the reason?
Soon I'll give you to know, you d-d thief!"

We trust that Mr. Damrosch will read this letter—and know what it means.

The musical critic of the Boston Post signs his articles. It is, therefore, permissible to say that Philip Hale is the name of one of the keenest and most discriminative critics in the country. It is pleasant to read the writing of a man who has no delicacy about using plain English in regard to pretentious humbuggery and who has no hesitation about uttering warm praise when he believes it to be deserved. The subjoined remarks called forth by a recent piano recital by Franz Rummel in Boston are from his pen:

"It would be impertinent here to speak of Mr. Rummel's technique. For the word technique is too often used in a narrow sense, and, provided a player plays difficult pieces smoothly and accurately, it is said of him that he has an 'admirable technique.' But one pianist's technique differeth from another's even as one star differeth from another in glory. In Mr. Rummel's case it may be justly said that his fingers simply serve as the willing and eager instruments of the expression of his intellectual and sensuous musical wishes; they obey his call without ostentation; like well-trained servants, they are never noticed, and yet it would be unjust to make no mention of the grace with which he uses them. In brief, his technique shows the highest development of pianoforte playing of the modern school. It would be a pleasant task to speak of his cunning tone production, and, in connection with this, of his exquisite management of the pedals; to speak in detail of his octaves, scales, arpeggios, his seemingly endless gradations of tone, and his unerring sense of dynamic values. Perhaps the very essence with which he plays is in itself the highest tribute paid by his inner self to his own mechanism. And his playing of last evening shows that he has a right to regard himself as his best and sternest critic.

"Yet this perfection of mechanism, not so rare in these days of technique as in former years, would be

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worth but little were it not controlled by the musical individuality of the man. In the first place, he knows his composer. He plays Bach with superb breadth, yet every detail is most carefully finished. He recognizes the fact that the passion of Schumann is not the same as the passion of Beethoven. The sentiment of Chopin is never mawkish to him, and the heroic nature of the great Pole, as seen in the Polonaise played last evening, is not tampered by absurd sentimentalism, as some pianists like to think. For Chopin was made of flesh and blood; he was a man of passions, not built out of sugar and rose leaves and moonshine. So Rummel enters into the individuality of each composer, and yet preserves his own. Now this is seldom seen.

"The playing of Mr. Rummel, then, is marked by intense thoughtfulness, or, if you prefer, intellectuality. He does not play, however, like a pedantic schoolmaster. He is fiery, robust, passionate; but his passions are under control. He is sensuous, not as the languid, heavy-eyed man of the East, but as the strong man of the North, whose frame is racked and soul is torn when passion comes upon him. This combination of keen intellectuality and noble sensuousness is also seldom seen in pianists of the day. And seldom are all these qualities, technical and musical, so united and bound together as in this pianist, Franz Rummel."

Pietro Mascagni, the composer of "Cavalleria."

city of the college has been determined.

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

MIDDLETOWN, Conn., Feb. 7.—Mr. A. P. Burbank, the reader, was entertained Wednesday evening by the Gamma Phi Chapter of D. W. E. In the evening he read at a reception given to their friends, and later was the recipient of a supper in the society hall by the members of the chapter.

The semi-annual examinations will begin Monday and last through the week, during which time recitations will be suspended.

A committee has been appointed to inquire into the feasibility of holding a banquet on Washington's Birthday instead of the usual musical and literary entertainment in the chapel.

Prof. C. T. Winchester goes this week to Johns Hopkins University to deliver a course of lectures on English literature. He will be absent two weeks.

AMHERST COLLEGE.

AMHERST, Feb. 7.—The Glee and Banjo Clubs are rehearsing three times a week in preparation for the Western trip the latter part of this term in Boston, Springfield, Northampton, Holyoke, and Amherst. The Western trip will begin Saturday, March 23, with a concert in the Berkeley Lyceum, New York, and end Saturday, April 11. Concerts will be given in Pittsburg, Cleveland, Columbus, Chicago, Buffalo, and points further West. The Alumni are aiding the club financially and arranging for concerts.

The Junior "prom" was the social event of the week. Fully 250 attended, and Pratt Gymnasium was prettily decorated for the occasion. In the afternoon the Alpha Delta Phis gave a tea to their friends.

Prof. Neill's health is much improved, and he will be able to continue his classes in two weeks. At

MAY SHORTEN THE COURSE

A MAJORITY OF HARVARD'S FACULTY FAVORS THE CHANGE.

SOME INTERESTING MATTERS BROUGHT UP IN PRESIDENT ELIOT'S RECENT REPORT TO THE BOARD OF OVERSEERS—THE GRADUATE SCHOOL.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Feb. 7.—The annual report which President Eliot of Harvard University has just submitted to the Board of Overseers again brings into prominence two subjects which have long engaged the attention of leading educators, and which are of supreme importance to the general public as well as to college men. These are the proposed shortening of the college course and Harvard's new position with regard to advanced study and special research. Both of these matters must directly affect all interested.

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The Music Committee of the First Religious Society, Roxbury,
invite you to attend an

ORGAN RECITAL

BY

MR. PHILLIP HALE,

AT THE CHURCH,

Monday Evening, Jan. 28, 1889.

PROGRAMME.

1. Toccata and fugue in D minor *J. S. Bach*, 1685-1750
2. *a.* Adagio in F *L. A. Bourgault-Ducoudray*, 1840-
b. Andantino *Alexis Chauvet*, 1837-1871
c. March of the Three Kings . . . *Théodore Dubois*, 1837-
3. Aria, "How many hired Servants," from "The
Prodigal Son" *A. S. Sullivan*, 1842-
MR. GERRISH.
4. *a.* Canon in F *Théodore Salomé*, 1834-
b. Intermezzo, }
c. Scherzozo, } *J. Rheinberger*, 1829-
5. *a.* Fugue in G major,
Dedicated to Mr. Hale, }
b. The Manger, } . . . *Alexandre Guilmant*, 1837-
c. Scherzo Symphonique, }

The Recital will begin at eight o'clock.

FRANZ RUMMEL'S PLAYING.

A CRITICAL ANALYSIS.

In the Boston *Herald* there appears from the pen of Mr. Philip Hale, a thoughtful analysis of Franz Rummel as a pianist, which, in conveying to our columns, we heartily indorse:

"It would be impertinent here to speak of Mr. Rummel's technique. For the word technique is too often used in a narrow sense, and, provided a player plays difficult pieces smoothly and accurately, it is said of him that he has an 'admirable technique.' But one pianist's technique differeth from another's, even as one star differeth from another in glory. In Mr. Rummel's case it may be justly said that his fingers simply serve as the willing and eager instruments of the expression of his intellectual and sensuous musical wishes; they obey his call without ostentation; like well-trained servants, they are never noticed, and yet it would be unjust to make no mention of the grace with which he uses them. In brief, his technique shows the highest development of pianoforte playing of the modern school. It would be a pleasant task to speak of his cunning tone production, and, in connection with this, of his exquisite management of the pedals; to speak in detail of his octaves, scales, arpeggios, his seemingly endless gradations of tone, and his unerring sense of dynamic values. Perhaps the very ease with which he plays is in itself the highest tribute paid by his inner self to his own mechanism. And his playing of last evening shows that he has a right to regard himself as his best and sternest critic.

"Yet this perfection of mechanism, not so rare in these days of technique as in former years, would be worth but little were it not controlled by the musical individuality of the man. In the first place, he knows his composer. He plays Bach with superb breadth, yet every detail is most carefully finished. He recognizes the fact that the passion of Schumann is not the same as the passion of Beethoven. The sentiment of Chopin is never mawkish to him, and the heroic nature of the great Pole, as seen in the Polonaise played last evening, is not tempered by absurd sentimentalism, as some pianists like to think. For Chopin was made of flesh and blood; he was a man of passions, not built out of sugar and rose leaves and moonshine. So Rummel enters into the individuality of each composer, and yet preserves his own. Now this is seldom seen.

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1891.

CHICKERING HALL,
Tuesday Evening, March 3, 1891,
THIRD CONCERT
OF THE
NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC CLUB.

SOLOISTS:

MR. W. H. RIEGER, Tenor.

MR. ALEX. LAMBERT, Piano.

MR. CHARLES HEMMANN, Violoncello.

MR. MAX LIEBLING, Accompanist.

Reserved Seats \$1.50. Admission \$1.00.

For Sale at EDW. SCHUBERTH & Co., 23 Union Sq.

It is said that E. E. Rice, with a number of costumes in his possession, has started for Australia, under engagement with a local manager to produce all his burlesques in that distant land. Mr. Rice, after his disasters with the "World's Fair," tried a comedy called "Never Happened," which was also unsuccessful. Despite his disasters and unpaid salaries, there is in the profession a very friendly feeling towards Mr. Rice.

Steinway Hall—the small room going by that name—still preserves for us the title of the place which was for half a century famous in our musical history. For light concerts it is highly convenient. Several good entertainments have been given there this week, the Heckle and Brittings concert among them; and among coming concerts are those of Conrad Behrens (March 5) and Signor Dusenzi (March 12). Much good music will yet be heard in Steinway Hall.

The coming Italian opera season continues to be a fruitful topic of talk in musical circles. It is stated in London that Abbey has engaged Melba, Van Zandt, and the De Reszke; and hopes to secure Albani, Richard, Stahl, and the Ravogli sisters; and possibly M. Lassalle. All these artists have sung together. The high prices which Mr. Abbey will charge for seats is also a matter of gossip; and this feature of the enterprise is not viewed with favor by the mass of amateurs who wish to hear Italian music.

Bernhardt and Davenport are having a contest in the newspapers over "Cleopatra" and Sardou's conception of the character of the great Egyptian queen. Bernhardt does not conceal her dislike of

and so we burn upon the
the old

A Tribute to Philip Hale

To the Editor of MUSICAL AMERICA:

To Philip Hale

To find the heart of Thackeray beneath
A Yankee's shirt, to feel the human glow
Of that great pulse that ever lilted slow—
That kept in every throb true manhood's

faith:—
That through all tides of ministry till
death
With hope, with joyance, bravely did
bestrew

His life's broad page with blossomings
that show
In fair, strong flowers fed with immortal
breath.

The broadest laugh since Rabelais, and
the best,
The keenest point since Junius trimmed
a quill:—

O Attic delver 'mid our brawling West,
In thee we hail this rare succession still;
Like him, lives in thy prose's cadenced
chime

At once the wit, philosopher, and mime.

JOSEPH LEWIS FRENCH.

New York, May 5, 1923.



ed Arts on Riverside Drive, New York. Inset:
Nicholas Roerich (Right)

t he is coming closer to things artistic and
e is supporting art and education more
l than ever.

"As Nicholas Roerich has written in
his article on Beauty and Wisdom, 'The
time for the construction of future cul-
ture is at hand. Before our eyes the
revaluation is being witnessed. Amid
the ruins of valueless banknotes, man-
mu

LIMA, OHIO, FORMS NEV

Kiwanis Will Send Singers to Eisteddfod—School Festival

By H. Eugene Hall

LIMA, OHIO, May 14.—Much interest
has been aroused by the organization,
by Lima's Kiwanis Club.

Mass. Bay
April 22
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HALE WILL BE HAILED HERE.—It is rumored that Mr. Philip Hale, the Boston critic, is to be one of the faculty of the National Conservatory of Music of this city next season. Mr. Hale will be hailed here with pleasure.

They are missing a rare opportunity to be instructed.

As a program maker Mr. Arthur Nikisch is a failure. Study his last program and see if it is not so. We have no fault to find with the manner it was played, for it was in the main superb.

Mr. Philip Hale has expressed his ideas so well in the Boston *Post* concerning this concert, that I refer to it, because he says it so much better.

JAMES M. TRACY.

CHICAGO, ILL.

love veal very much."

So saying he advanced upon the unhappy cutlet, who was too terrified to cry out, and gobbled him up in a trice.

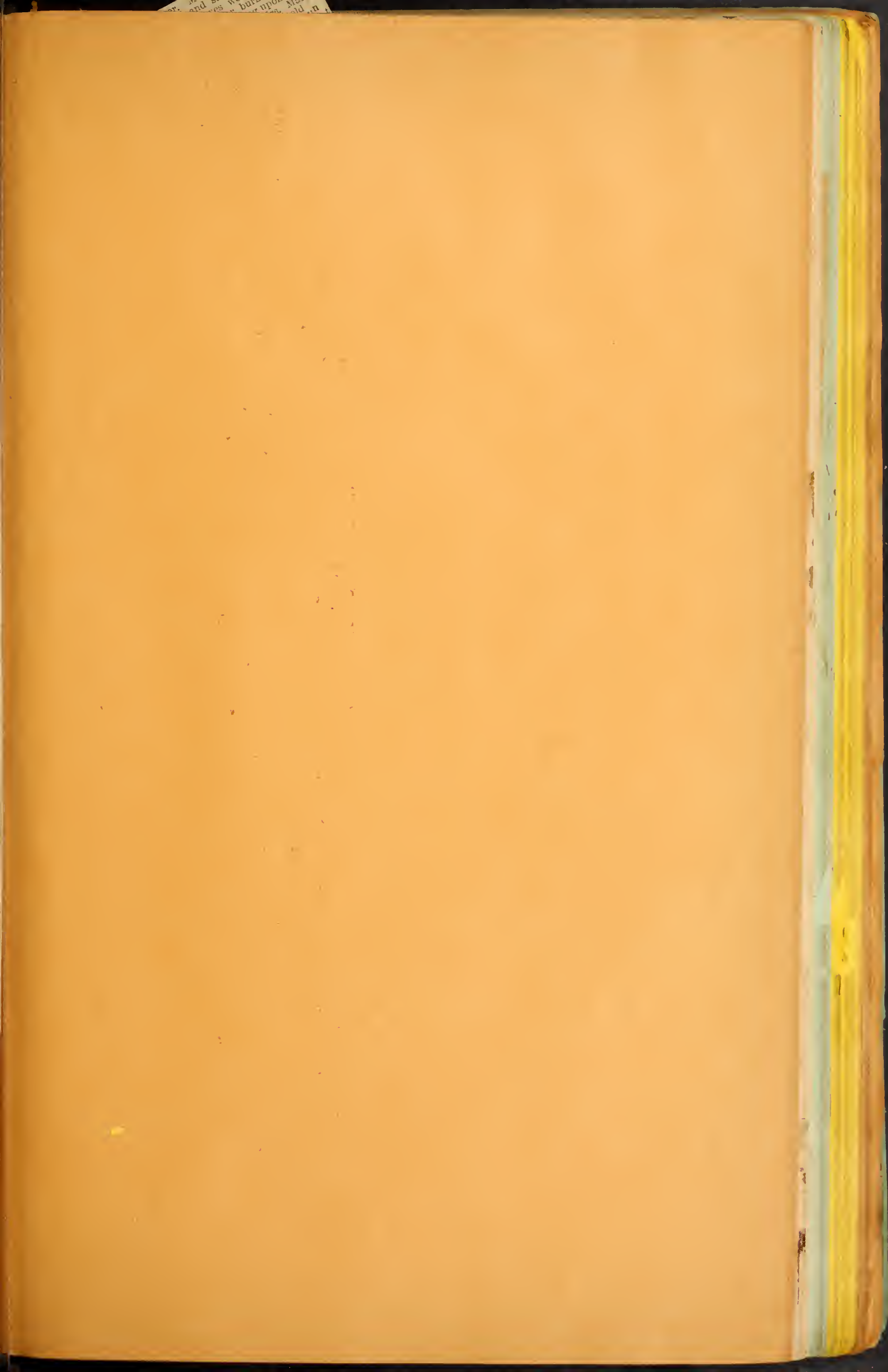
Then the etude and the cold veal cutlet resumed their travel, only the cold veal cutlet went the same road as the

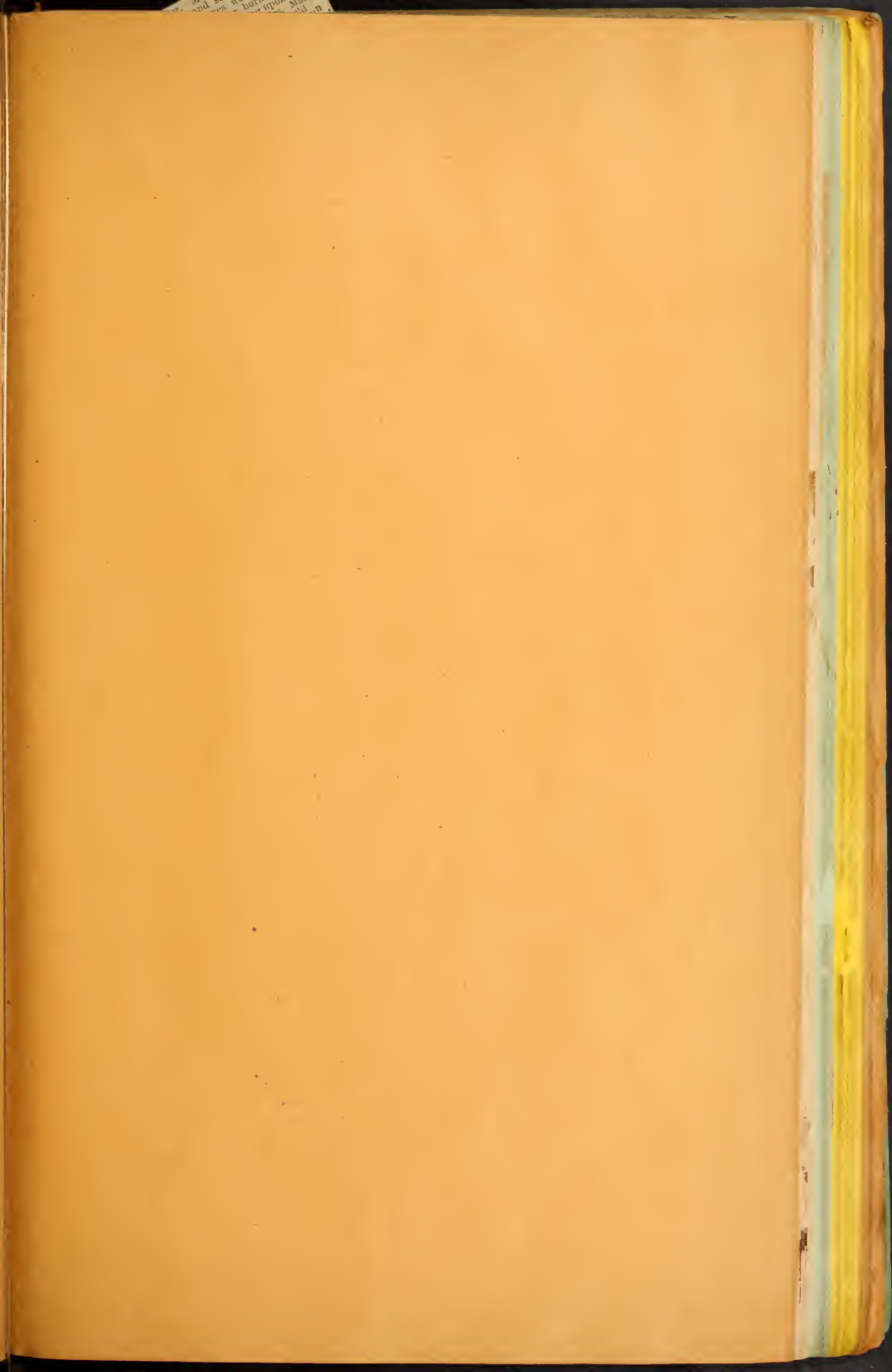
Derram, who was present, and Pender even had the American nerve to make a speech to the audience, explaining that the lion was worked by machinery.

* * *

I was at a meeting of members of the Press Club the other day, when one of the speakers drew a distinction between newspapers (meaning daily pa-

... and ... we ... upon ...
... and ... we ... upon ...
... and ... we ... upon ...







Clara Morris, Article 47, at the

Leland.

Clara Morris, the mistress of hysteria, ap-

peared last night at Corn, in "Article 47,"

that disagreeable play of Adolph Belot.

Disagreeable, not necessarily on account of

its "mold," but because of the utter drud-

gery of the conduct of George

Dubmell from the beginning to the

end. The other characters who revolve

about the sensual and cruel Cora are

without individuality, and serve merely

as pegs upon which the heroine carefully

hangs her assorted and tickled emotions.

Even the pure Marcelle in the last act for-

gives her husband his sin the moment he

says he could not love a disgraced woman.

even though the hideous scars were the

work of his own hand. The scene where

George tears away the veil which hides the

wounds, and taunting his former mistress,

points them out to his wife, is well

worthy of the author of the Saphic

fantasy of "Mlle. Giraud, ma femme," and

the sodomite caprice of "La bouche de

Madame X."

All the scorn and contempt and secret

envy the demurest of the more for-

time of her sex is incarnated in Clara

Morris when she breathes upon the marion-

ette of Belot, and makes it palpitant and su-

per. She in her own life has been cruelly tor-

mented by nature and disease. To her the

paradox of Diderot, that the comedian

should not feel what he pretends to feel,

is only a paradox, not to be realized by her.

With Walt Whitman, she can shriek out

"I am the man, I suffered, I was there."

Even it may be queried whether she could

run over so deftly the gamut of emotions

had she not herself been stretched upon the

rack. She takes this ordinary and vulgar

story of an abandoned creature, who is dis-

figured for life and raises it into an embodi-

ment of the eternal struggle between the

woman who suffers at man's hands, and the

man who will marry the man and spurn

his victim.

The melancholy wall of her voice, now

like the viola, now as though it came from

a great distance and from no earthly

lips, the grace of her movements

suddenly seen slide by side with grotesque

attitudes; but at times absolute disregard

of the dramatic perspective, exaggerating

portentously all these are nothing to an oc-

casional Native Moment when she sweeps

everything before her as in the great scene in

the first act where she taunts her lover with

cowardice. Fortunately for herself and her

hearers, they are only moments, flesh and

blood could not stand the strain were the

instrument steadily tuned to so high a

pitch and the strings themselves would

break.

With the exception of Mr. Everham who

took the part of Dr. Coombs, the players

who surrounded her were below mediocrity.

Mr. De Belleville, the fiery lover who in

jealous rage shoots his mistress, went in

him with the pliegm of a Yorkshire farmer

waiting at his leisure his customary "much

of turnips."

The walls were long, and the evident

physical suffering of Miss Morris intensi-

fied the gloom and horror of the play.

To-night a new play will be given. Renee

de Moray. To-morrow Article 47.

THE REIGN OF BOY CHOIRS.

HOW IT HAS AFFECTED THE SER-
VICES IN NEW YORK.

Pure Voices of Women Versus Squalls
of Dirty Boys--Ridiculous of the
Families of New York Opera
House Stockholders.

There has been lately published in New
York a book called the Metropolitan

Church and Choir Directory. It contains

the names of the various clergymen and

the name and location of the churches to

which they are attached; and in its pages

are the names of every organist, chorister

and chapel within the limits of New York

and Brooklyn. The first thing that strikes

the reader is the remarkable increase in the

number of boy choirs and the tendency of

the Episcopal churches in that direction.

Take for example such a church as the

Holy Spirit in Madison avenue. The regular

choir is a mixed quartette at the morning

and evening services. In the afternoon,

however, there is a vesper service and for

this Mr. Le June's boys are hired. How

long will it be before the entire service is

sung by the boys? For a mixture such as

is now at the Holy Spirit cannot remain.

Ultimately the boys or the quartette must

carry the day.

The arguments made by the advocates of

a choir service rendered by boys are man-

ly whatever that may mean. The boys,

it is said, such a service is more church-

ly--whatsoever that may mean. The boys,

robbed in spoils while are vaguely said to

bring to mind the cherubim and seraphim.

Their voices being colorless and devoid of

passion, are supposed to be more suited to

divine worship. Scandals, such as occasion-

ally arise from familiarities indulged in by

the men and women of a mixed choir are

of course impossible. And mingled and

sanguine recollections who really believe, in spite

of history, that the Protestant Episcopal

church is lineally descended from the twelve

apostles and was from the beginning of

England's history its national church, see

in this an overwhelming reason for the in-

roduction of boys in full cathedral service.

If a church has large revenues, it can

afford to spend much money upon its choir,

make it part of its daily life, educate the

boys both musically and religiously as in

the English cathedrals; and so in Trinity

Parish, New York, we see in America the

system at its best. But for the ordinary

Episcopal church to attempt any thing of

the kind is musically ridiculous. Take a

city like Albany for example. Here we

have three boy-choirs. Now we have not

enough material for more than one good

one, and no church here has money enough

to educate them as they should be educated.

No matter how faithful and devoted and

intelligent the choir-master may be, he can

not create voices, he can not re-create the

feeble ears; and in the ordinary churches

throughout the land we hear boys squalling

out of tune. If a church is poor, it can

nevertheless have simple, respectable music.

Why should the impossible be attempted?

When the Lord in his infinite goodness has

given to his people that most beautiful of

all instruments, a woman's voice, why

should his gift be so contemptuously re-

jected?

In New York city the result of this
and feature of the negro-mania which has
been poured upon us--worse than the con-
tests of the seven vials--is that many a good
woman singer is without employment, and
the prices paid for soprano and alto in
churches which still regard a boy-choir as
the abomination of desolation have fallen.
A girl who has naturally a good voice and has
studied, hesitates about going through the
drudgery of choir work for the small sum
which she will receive, and she turns in pre-
ference to wards opera and the hideous
musical-farce-comedy. To be sure the dread
musical-farce-comedy, is a detestable many, or we
should hear better and fresher voices; but
this dread sometimes gives way to proud
consciousness of physical charms.

This same city of New York boasts of its
musical advantages and pulls itself up in an
unusually manner. It boasts of its "German
Opera," which, financially, is in a bad way,
and decent conventionalities; as independent-
out as Tobias Smollett's ode to "Independent-
ence" itself; and indeed these same women
could exclaim with him though in a more
feminine sense, "They steps I follow with
my bottom bare." Nor are the orchestral concerts successful
in a pecuniary view. The Steinways lost
money on Rosenzweig. The amount of it is
that the market is overstocked; there is a
surfeit of music; and way down in the
hearts the New Yorkers as a class do not
care for it. It does not appeal to them. An
early education in the art was not granted
to them. True, because it was the fact they
have yawned through Wagner's works and
praised third-rate singers; but they have
become tired of the whole thing. And can
there be any more grotesque sight than a
typical New Yorker pretending to enjoy the
mystical works of the giant Wagner--R. H.

Just as the boy's voice under the instru-
tion of a skilled man shows the benefit of
careful instruction it breaks and the labor
has been spent to no avail. And how can a
boy of immature body and mind sing intel-
ligently words so fraught with dramatic
meaning as those found in the canticles and
anthems of the Episcopal church? The
the magnificent for instance, that triumphant
and song of a woman. Can whining boys
interpret that glorious inspiration? No.
Certain passages in the Te Deum can only
be truly sung by women to whom either
the joys of maternity are either a bitter-
sweet recollection or a longed-for possi-
bility.

But the boy-choir is part and parcel of
the millinery which covers the dry bones of
so-called christianity. The people of a
church certainly have a right to engage
boys or women, as they see fit. The music
is for their gratification and it is not com-
business of the outsider who is not com-
pelled to listen with tortured ears. If the
pump and ceremony be enhanced by boys,
let the sports proceed.

Berlin, April 25, 1883.

What was there to do?

At the Opera House Lohengrin was to

be sung, or rather shouted, according to

true German operatic tradition; facial con-

tortions and spasmodic gestures being called

"dramatic action," false intonation and the

singing. The National Theatre offered as an at-

traction a blood-curdling play called "The

Secrets of New York;" the Residenz was watered

with the tears of Fedora and her sympathizers;

there was "The Beggar Student," a new comic

opera, written in the Strauss-Schuppe vein; and

there was "Fedora," a spectacular play; and

which had a long run and filled nightly the im-

menes Victoria Theatre. Everybody was talking

of the magnificence of the scenery, of the comic

powers of the low comedian; and a white-

haired physician, with gold spectacles, almost

burst into tears when speaking of the ballet.

Yes, I will go to this great play, I said to myself,

after having ascertained from a poster that the

evening's performance was at half the usual rate

of admission. This last inducement like truth,

was mighty, and it prevailed.

The theatre was crowded; the attention was

axed; the applause was uproarious. And pray,

what was this play which has so long delighted

the cultivated Berliners, and is still on the

boards?

An incomprehensible jumble of words, a sen-

der plot, serving as the means of introducing

cleverly painted scenery and a big woman with-

out clothing. The scene changes as rapidly as

in the great play of "And the villain still pur-

sued her." Now it is the market in Cairo, now a

scene in India, and which the curtain rises upon

a fancy sketch of the bowels of the earth, fol-

lowed by the eruption of Vesuvius. The big

woman who takes the part of Venus is ubiqui-

tous, but the scenes change so rapidly that she

is, apparently, unable even to fill a small hand-

bag with a pair of stockings and a chest pro-

cessor. She is much admired by the Berliners,

and her photographs are to be seen at every

corner. She is a fine example of the effect of

perspiring with aplomb; his shirt front was ex-

posed and sadly crumpled; his collar was ex-

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The play was over; the apotheosis of Venus

had taken place with the proper amount of sea-

foam, pink lights and retortatory calcium lights;

and as I stood in the corridor the face of a man—

an American—who is here to improve his mind—

glowered upon me. "Bum show," wasn't it? I

have had enough of these theatres. Do you

improve book?" I agreed with my earnest

friend as to the merits of the performance,—

but an awful question comes up.

What is an improving book?

An "improving" book is one generally written

in the position of the unhappy man with

weak eyes who has "the light come over the left

shoulder," etc.—(see any Journal of Health).

A week or two passed by. Angry, sleepy, slopp-

ily, Wagner's operas were still boiled,

—Fedora still wip, and mightily were "The

Secrets of New York" disclosed to snuffing

audiences. Still did Frau Venus show her porcine

chams. The world was too much for us.

Gripsack in hand I started for the Stern.

For travelling companion as far as Munich I

enjoyed the society of a Jew. Fiercely articles

against his race had lately appeared in the news-

paper, influenced by which I at first kept one

hand on my watch, the other on my pocket book,

which contained a few pieces of gold, pass-

port, and certificate of membership in the Order

of the Band of Hope, wherein as a child I had for-

sworn the use of tobacco and all other intoxicat-

ing drinks. At the first stopping place the

Hebrew alighted, returning with two gigantic

sauces. My fears were allayed; my loved

and that I was safe. Under the genial influence

of the sausage he became confidential. Yes, his

business was good; business in Munich was al-

ways good. He talked of various matters for

half an hour or so, then suddenly asked, "Are

you married?" I allowed that I was not.

"I loved her," he exclaimed, "and she loved

me—we loved each other—but the parents were

unwilling and we are separated." The hand

holding the last remnant of sausage fell heavily;

the sausage dropped unheeded to the floor.

Food and business were alike forgotten. No

more words were spoken; a snore fell upon the

night air. The Jew slept.

O, Munich Jew, for an hour live in the columns

of a far distant newspaper! We, too, have loved

and suffered; we, too, have known moments of

trampling heart the father's heavy avenging

tread—

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reasons which would inevitably prevent its being an Ostend or Boulogne. It is far out at sea, and faint at stomach. There is no beach. There is not a great variety in the food, though after the first day I had no trouble in getting daily fresh haddock and plaice and lobsters, deliciously cooked; and yet the visitors often deplore the loss of the variety of food tried early and different combinations of pork which at home load down internal arrangements and baffle their minds. (Can one doubt but that the German diet must inevitably influence their art, their music and literature? (Can one feed his imagination on such diabolical messes as are found in the *Opéras-Comiques* of every German restaurant; though I believe Rusch is said to have eaten heartily of raw pork whenever he was to paint a portrait) shooting sea-gulls, sailing and bathing are the only recreations. To be sure, there is a band which plays twice a day, dealing out Strauss waltzes, and an occasional overture with deadly effect. One detects the new-comer by the suddenness with which he leaves the vicinity of the music stand; the fishermen and the old hands and the townspeople. Nor is Heligoland particularly favored by Nature. Although it is a solitary dot in the ocean—a mass of rock which year after year grows smaller and smaller by the action of the waves—it has not the characteristics of savage grandeur or the charms of

sort in any sense of the word. Many of the Germans are prejudiced against it on account of the crowds of Jews found there; but there are other

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gation. The preacher's words, shout though they may, fall upon their sleepy ears unheeded—as unheeded as the swash of the sea upon the sandy shore below which lies a hollow is now.

in the graveyard by its side—"rest in God," the simple tombstones say. They are beyond the clergyman's care, beyond the clergyman's obitu-

him and went into the cool night. Opposite was the old church, keeping guard over sailors and fishermen who, with wives and daughters, rest

dent ; do you dash, do you save a life or two ?
The clergyman sat by his Bier mug ; We left

water, and vanderdecken, wiping the fog from his grizzled beard, exclaims, "Heiligland!"

the Governor of North Carolina to the Chief Magistrate of South Carolina. What do I think, you old blow-hard? I think your occupation is probably not so useful as that of the honest man

they behold any man they slay him anon with
the beholding, as doth the Basilisk. And now
we pass something rising like a mist from the

that, sir ? Etc., etc."

that seen by Sir John Maundevile, where there are cruel and evil Women of Nature, having precious Stones in their Eyes, of that kind that I

nothing but fish, save a life or two, and drink. It a fisherman in a year earns 800 or 900 shillings, he spends 300 in drink. What do you think of

land, why not sail out the voyage? We have
through the heavy fog many a port; but why
passed many an island—that of the seven cities—

women are famous for their chastity; we have to be moral, our island is so small, we are so cut off from everybody. But, I repeat, our men do

I have sailed in the flying Dutchman for many a year, and it is too late to leave the restless ship. Captain Kidd helped me on board; at

the continent and the product sent back. What since everything would have to be brought from the continent and the product sent back. What clean they do, I repeat, but fish, save a life or two, and drink. They are honest and truthful: the

deeken in his mouldy ship, the same ship in which the author of "True and I" once took his memorable sail.

Ground for them to till; the scanty pasturage with difficulty feeds the few sheep you see; manufacturing of any kind is out of the question,

din, the three one-eyed Calendars, *Alys la Chate-
laine*—they never lived, you say. But I have
seen them; they were cruising with Vander-

slides ; but only the women and children came ; the men preferred to stay away and drink. But what else can they do besides fish ? We have no

and Juliet, Don Juan, Pocahontas, Humold Sing-
 uf, who drove out the rats and charmed the
 maidens, and then the children, long ago; Alad-

London a magic lantern, which was duly exhibited, and he brought from London tried to interest them, and he brought from London

and all the old stories, the legends of heroes, the tales of lovers—these have been tried in the balance and found wanting. William Tell, Romeo

...They do nothing but eat and drink in summer; and in winter save lives and drink. They do not come to church; they are not vicious, they are simply lazy. Our Government

From the lurid sky.
But perhaps you do not believe in the Flying
Dutchman. This is the age which believes in

peare, and some Frenchman written the best biography of the poet. What interested me was his account of the islanders.

captain wishing once more to test the fidelity and devotion of a woman, in hope of salvation from the dreadful doom thundered against him

are not to the point; I cheerfully yielded to him when he made the dogmatic statements that the Germans had discovered, if not invented, Shakes-

lean idly over the parapet of "Up-Stairs," or lounge by the pier, have strange, unearthly faces; as if the Flying Dutchman had put into port, her

German did he spout. In glowing words did Longfellow's Evangeline. But his literary criticisms and personal reminiscences

And poked up with rent sides, and caught therein
A strange-haired woman with sad stinging lips;
Cold in the cheek, like any stray of sea,
And sweet to touch."

who, having accumulated plunder at Bonn, was evidently a man of learning, this clergyman, stranded by some accident upon this island, which did he found and propagate in English.

double if the inhabitants have wild traditions,
poetic superstitions, or ballads, such as
"The Duke's son, some boy made aces back,
A sort of drag-nets hauled across the wart seas,

the shape of a mug of beer, and for one blessed hour he poured forth information by the quart, only breathing for purposes of irrigation. He

beauty, for instance, of the Isles of Shoals; it is a sort of neutral ground—a compromise. It is not a place to inspire the poet or painter. I

until a whale of a man, weighing about 250 pounds, sat down by me and hailed me as if he were a ship in distress. I fired off a rocket in

the picturesque. It has none of the desolate

Favorite seaside resort, "I sat in moody silence

LES ORMONTS.

WITH HINTS AT THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE INHABITANTS.

BILLY GOATS AND ENGLISHMEN.

And a Digression Concerning a Curious Folio of Clergymen.

[Special Correspondence of the Evening Union.]

Paris, 17th Dec., 1853.

This is to be a moral and instructive letter.

I hear that citizens of Albany have commended

ever upon former letters written by me and

have depicted a dismal hippy, irreverent,

and, indeed, immoral tone which ran through

the descriptions like a sewer through a beau-

tiful landscape.

And yet it is a question whether immorality

in literature has not been provocative of much

good. Such, at least, was the opinion of

Reuben, the renter in Thomas Hardy's

"Under the Greenwood Tree." "Well, now,"

said Reuben, "that coarseness that's so unplea-

sant to Anne's feeling is to my mind a

recommendation; for it do always prove a

story to be true. And for the same reason, I

like a story with a bad moral.

"My sonnie, all true stories have a coarse-

ness or bad moral, depend upon't. If the

story teller could have got decency and good

moral from true stories, who'd ha' troubled

to invent parables?"

Lee Ormonde is the name given to a valley

in the Canton de Vaud, a valley which runs

from the Col de Plon to Sepey. The moun-

tain proper to the valley are, though not

imposing, yet extremely picturesque, often

heavily wooded and studded with houses and

castles. The only snow covered mountains

in sight are the curiously jagged and distorted

Diablerets, about 10,600 feet high. The

rounding hills form the stream which is

known as Grande-Ban, which empties into

the Rhone. The villages with the exception

of Sepey are merely a bunch of houses with a

country graveyard and a country store or

chapel. The village of Vars [Villars], for

instance, looks at a little distance as if it

could be easily covered with a soft broad-

brimmed hat.

The most striking feature of the landscape

is the green of the hill slopes—an intense,

vivid uncompromising green, such as I have

only seen in Vermont and Ireland. It is

almost unnatural, theatrical, worthy of inspir-

ing the strange ballad of James Clarence

Mangan.

"I walked entranced

"Through a land of morns;

The sun, with wondrous excesses of life,

Shone down and glanced

Over seas of corn

And through gardens alert and right,

As in the climate

Of resplendent Spain;

Beams no such sun upon such a land;

But it was the time,

"Twas in the reign

Of Cabal Mor of the Wine-red Hand.

Anon stood nigh

By my side a man

Of princely aspect and port sublime.

He quivered

"O, my Lord and King,

What climate is this, and what golden time?"

When he—"The climate

Is a climate to praise,

The climate is Spring, the green and bland;

And is the time,

"These be the days

Of Cabal Mor of the Wine-red Hand!"

But unlike Commaught in the 13th century

Les Ormonde has no "seas of corn,"—for

neither wheat, rye, corn, oats nor barley are

grown; and the ground is chiefly used for

pasturage.

The people of this village are a hard work-

ing saving class. They are very poor, as a

rule. A good workman is content with two

francs for a day's work, and many a laborer

work as hard as the men, and the children

are not idle. I have seen a girl six years old

swinging a full sized scythe for a half hour at a

time. But poverty has not made these peo-

ple boorish or sullen. They have that in-born

courtesy, that grace of manner, which seems

to belong as by right to those speaking

French as a mother tongue. They seem

happy in their home life, though their enjoy-

ments are few, and times to take pleasure few

and far between. The family, and family

ties are dear to them. One man was pointed

out to me as an accomplished wife beater,

"but, then you know," said the old peasant

in a contemptuous tone, "he is a German."

Sundays the Protestant church is filled with

old and young; the women wear black silk

bonnets with a wide black lace trim around

the face—the everyday head-gear being a

little white cotton cap. A few of them are

pretty, with dazzling white skins, but the

greater part show the marks of their toilsome

life in their faces, and look prematurely old.

The men wear their "best clothes;" black

trousers and black coats, ruffled shirts with

high, stiffly starched collars; and often looms

in sight a vest of purple, damask and

gorgeous, such a vest as that worn by Theo-

phile Gautier that famous night when he and

his young companions cheering the day of

"Hernani!" broke the rule of Rache and the

classiest.

The church itself is a little wooden building

—meeting house or conventicle, as our week

and holy brethren the "philosophicals" would

call it. It is not a Cathedral. I doubt even

whether there was a long and heated discus-

sion as to its location, or whether each

member of the parish had a vacant lot to sell

hoping that his adjacent property would rise

with the value of the sacred edifice. It is

neither of the "pointed trouble nor open car-

riage" order of architecture; it has no re-

duced, astragal, million, narthex,—no nave,

transept, cross-aisled vault,—no triforium,

galleries, cross-aisles, "soft toned and deep

medieval altar cloth" (whatever that may mean).

It has only one inscription; rudely written

over the door is:

"This is the House of God."

The cantiques are sung by the people with

honesty if not always in an "artistic" man-

ner, and a sunple choir is badly mislead.

The village priest curiously enough seems in

earnest; he does not drawl the service, nor

does he intone it with that whine which now-

days often passes for "religious elevation."

He is not affected; he does not claim to be

any better than his flock; and the people who

sit there,—the storekeeper who is the rich

man of the village by the side of the poor

berdsman who lives in a wretched little chalet

with humility, thank the Lord for the daily

bread, and take care of their widowed and

fatherless.

After all the goat is the most important of

the valley. She is not, however, the terrible

animal known in America as the "volary"

goat, the devourer of circus posters and old

junk, the intimate and well approved friend

of the Walpurgis Night. The goat of this

Canton is a Rosa Bonheur goat, such as Geo.

Sand loved to write about, and Meyerbeer

gave to his crazed heroine Dinorah for a com-

panton. She is the friend and supporter of

the family. Everywhere you see them on

the hill-sides; every where you hear the tink-

ling of their bells. She is the playmate of the

little child, and his nurse. The old crone sits

on the grass, her knitting in her hands, warm-

ing all day her corpse-like body in the sun, the

goats feed in the distance and near by; as the

woods they wind their homeward way.

Occasionally the goats admit to their society

a black sheep, a poor outcast conscious of its

lack of moral worth, cursed as from its birth.

But they do not reject it; nor do they allude

even in the most distant manner to its dis-

graceful color.

Mr. John Hampton, Mr. Andrew Marvell;

names more illustrious by dubbing them with

a title?—Mr. John Bunyan, Mr. Baxter—were

two well known clergymen. But in these days

Brown is a professor, even though he be only

a good barber, or a dancing teacher of ability;

and so too every fiddler, piano powder and

singing teacher is a "professor." All honor

to Dudley Buck, in that when Yale College

offered him the title of "Professor of music"

or "doctor of music" (I have forgotten which)

he refused it, giving good and sensible

grounds for the rejection.

How hard it is for many men to be content

with merely the title of Master or father

Master, as it was formerly written. And yet

it is the noblest of all titles. Mr. John Milton

to his elbow? No respect or reverence

to his elbow? Does it add any real grease

to his elbow? No respect or reverence

to his elbow? No respect or reverence

to his elbow? No respect or reverence

to his elbow? No respect or reverence

to his elbow? No respect or reverence

to his elbow? No respect or reverence

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"I think I could go and live with the an-

gles, singe Walt Whitman, and in such a

valley as this, surrounded by these simple

people, watching the animals, "not one of

them demented with the mania of owning

things, not one of them industrious or re-

spectable" can one truly "loafe and invite

the approach of bot weather."

like of Geneva and who take to the hills at

from July to September. Les Ormonde is full

the soul." No wonder that in the best season

of young men, chiefly they who dwell along the

lake of Geneva and who take to the hills at

rule, pleasant people, not aggressive tourists

who crowd over you because you failed to see

the picture of some six-penny esalt which

they have seen and bore you with the telling;

but expectorates with their wives and children,

thired out school teachers and clerks, simply

wishing fresh air and a breathing spell, will

ing to live and let live. The American is in

rarely seen here; but the Englishman is in

full force and on constant exhibition. His

law tennis nets are pitched under the shadow

of the Diablerets; he has built his church

here—the established church mind you, none

of your inferior churches, but the true, simon-

pure Apostolic article, the same church as

the one in which Paul thundered and Peter

took up the collection.

You meet him everywhere, dressed in white

Dannel, black Kniekerbockers, bugth white

well, and with a six foot Alpstock in hand.

He gorgonizes you as you pass him; he seems

to say "What the devil are you doing here?"

His wife and daughter—British matron and

British daughter putting in father's wake—

they, too, stare at you. He passes his vaca-

tion in alternately cursing the country

where he happens to be, and damning

"that blackguard, Gladstone, sir." I met

a fine specimen the other day, in an ad-

mirable state of preservation. He was

an Oxford graduate, a man of prominent

family, who would be received anywhere

as an English gentleman. He gave me the

following information: That the Church of

England was the oldest church in the world;

that Pope Gregory, the Great, was a Catholic

bad never ruled in England; that John Bright

was a scoundrel and Gladstone—here he grew

purple in the face; that the last house of

commons was made up of abopkeepers and

atheists; that the English had never taken

possession of any foreign land save for the

purpose of advancing the cause of Christianity;

and that every nation feared the roaring of

the British Lion. It is needless to add that

he regarded our Government as a wretched

and necessary failure. I should have thought,

to use the vernacular, he was stunning me,

had I not met within the past six months,

more than one Englishman who sung the

same tune.

THE METEOR IN MOURNING.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY THE KICK OF JARBEAU.

THE GREAT SUCCESS OF BLACKBURNED, DEAR OLD TROVATORE IN THE VERY STRONG-HOLD OF MASTER WAGNER--DIS-

CAUSES OF THE POPULARITY OF MANTELL--A SHARP LETTER FROM KURSCH-STADT TO LILLIE LEHMANN--THE

SUBBERT PROGRAM--A NAUSEA WAS UPON THE LEAND OPERA HOUSE STAGE THE FIRST OF THIS WEEK, AND ITS MORE SPECIFIC NAME WAS "ZIG-ZAG." IT BE-

LONGED TO THAT SPECIES OF PLAY KNOWN AS THE MUSICAL FARCE-COMEDY, WHERE AS A RULE THE PERFORMERS CANNOT SING AND THE FUNNY PEOPLE

DO NOT CATCH THE TRAIL THAT BRINGS THE BAG-GAGE AND THE REST OF THE TROUPE. WE HAVE

SUFFERED SEVERELY OF LATE FROM THIS EPIDEMIC; BUT "ZIG-ZAG" WENT BEYOND THE FOREBODINGS

OF THE GLOOMIEST. THE JOCKS, BOTH SPIRITUAL AND MECHANICAL, HAD BEEN EXHAUSTED FROM THE RECESSES OF

EARLY GEOLOGICAL DEPOSITS, AND THE YOUNG WOMAN WHO NOW APPEARED AS APOLLO AND

NOW AS THE KING OF THE MASHES, HAD NOT ENOUGH CLEVERNESS, DASH AND NAUGHTINESS TO

MAKE THE SHOW ENDURABLE OR ENTICING, OR EVEN SHOCKING. NO, NOT EVEN THE GRAND

MYTHOLOGICAL MINUT COULD SAVE IT!

AND THEN CAME MR. ROBERT MANTELL WHO

PACKED THE LEAND, THE PLAY BEING "MON-

BARS." HIS COMPANY WAS ONLY A LITTLE

THOUGH IT IS ALWAYS A PLEASURE TO SEE MR.

KLINGOLD, AND MISS CHARLOTTE BOHMAN WHO

PLAYED DIANE WAS GRACEFUL AND OF MORE THAN

ORDINARY INTELLIGENCE. THE AUDIENCES

THOUGH VERY LARGE WERE BY NO MEANS ENTHU-

SIASTIC. I DO NOT MEAN TO SAY THAT THEY DID

NOT ENJOY THE PLAY FOR MANY AFTERWARDS

LOVED UPON CLOSE QUESTIONING THAT THEY

WERE MUCH PLEASED. POSSIBLY THEY THOUGHT

IT IL-IBTERED TO SHOW THIS EMPLOYMENT TO THE

NAKED EYE; POSSIBLY THEY WISHED TO REMOVE

THE STIGMA OF IGNORANCE FOR SO LONG A TIME

AND THERE ARE MANY REASONS WHY

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THE SENATE CHAMBER AT WASHINGTON

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RESEMBLE THE BOOMERANG MORE THAN THE

"DREAD MESSENGER OF HEAVEN" AND THE

SENATOR FROM KANSAS IS THE ONE WHO

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THE SPEECH OF MR. INGALLS CONTAINED

NOTHING NEW, EVEN IN FALSEHOOD OR VITU-

PERATION. HE WENT OUT OF HIS WAY TO INSULT

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES AND

MR. JUSTICE TAMAR, AND BE PRANCED AND

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NOT TO BE OUTDONE, GAVE AN EXHIBITION OF

WHAT HE COULD DO IN THE BLACKGUARD LINE.

TRY AS HE DID, HOWEVER, HE COULD NOT RIVAL

THE SENATOR FROM KANSAS: HE HAS NOT THE

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THE TESSON OF A LIFE.

The late Jacob Sharp believed that the chief end of man was to make money. He did not believe that his fellow beings were provided with the organ called conscience. He thought with Robert Walpole that every man had his price. Possessed with the idea that it would be a great scheme for himself to build a railway in Broadway he bribed with one hand and robbed with the other. When put on trial for his crime, he could not understand why he should be molested. Like the southern confederacy at the beginning of the war, all he asked was to be let alone. He did not see why the newspapers or honest people should find fault with his conduct. And he died, believing himself to be a deeply outraged

Curiously enough, when he died there was sympathy shown for the old man not only by certain editors but by people who should know better. It is not rare to hear even in this city remarks such as, "poor old man! he had a hard time of it." Some even go so far as to say that the newspapers were in the wrong, and that they brutally killed this unfortunate million of more dollars; that they persecuted him, and "hounded" him to his death.

This shows conclusively how thoroughly debauched is the public sentiment as regards the making of money. "Put money in thy purse," is the advice given to every young man starting in life. No matter how you acquire it, no matter whether you steal it or you earn it, and for you have made a man; but in this mad pursuit, all else that cultivates, that truly enriches life, that

ennobles and prepares for another world is forgotten. Love and friendship are but words, sentiments possibly realized in Arcadia in days of old, but foreign and out of place in America. And this money does not mean simply enough to provide comfortably for self and family; it means an endless accumulation, the possession of which ennobles the life of the man who fights for it and whose name after death becomes merely a party to a suit. McAlister assured us that a million of dollars is only respectable poverty.

Walt Whitman, in his famous preface to the 1855 edition of "Leaves of Grass," summed up the whole matter: "Beyond the independence of a little soul laid aside for burial money, and of a few clap-boards around and shingles overhead no boards are to be put, and the easy dollars that supply the year's plain-clothing and meals, the melancholy independence of a man is to be lost and belong to a man as a man's pallor and grey hair belong to him all his schooling days and nights, and all his life."

and notwithstanding the great fraud upon modern civilization of a death without serenity or majesty is tion or native, and the ghastly character reveal at the close of a life without cleavage and the assuring sickness and desperate have to do with youth or middle age, taste of the men and women you pass or there and of the sea and of the true phase and odor of the blow and atmosphere of others slaves, to parents, or

of great which civilization undeniably diffuses and moistening with tears the immense features it spreads and spreads with such velocity before the reached kisses of the soul."

Go on young man; put money in thy purse; even Jake Sharp could not be put in prison, for the law shielded him; and now that he is dead he is an object of comp — on.

But know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.

GRANT AND BADEAU.

Adam Badeau is well known as a newspaper man. He has written chieflly of Adam Badeau; Badeau in England surrounded by the aristocracy; Badeau in the civil war; Badeau in Washington. He has written out with much gusto and with interesting detail the interviews which he has granted to such men as Bismarck, Gladstone and Melancthon. Above all he has planned himself upon his long and firm friendship for Grant.

And was he grateful to Grant for his kindness? He showed his gratitude in a generous way, by offering to assist him in the preparation of his *Memoirs*, and for this assistance, which he calls in a letter "drudgery," he demanded \$1,000 a month.

to be paid in advance, until the work would be done, and afterward 10 per cent. of the entire profits. This was when Grant was poor and needy, fighting against death.

The letter of Grant in reply is a masterpiece: It is not with exaggeration that the Star calls it "a bit of rough-hewn portraiture that exceeds the vitriolic epistles of Pope or Swift."

"I said I would like your assistance," wrote the dead hero, "because I had never written a book, and there was much work connected with such an undertaking."

[illegible]

help me arrange it and to criticise my work, so that I could correct. I knew how much disappointed you had been in the reception by the public of your own work. I know that you depend upon my support, and I was suffering greatly in body as well as in mind."

of authorship. I do not want a secret between me and some one else which would destroy my honor if it was divulged. You ask for a contract and I cannot demand \$1,000 per month in advance until the work is completed and 10 per cent of the net profits arising from the sale of the work after it is put upon the market. This would make you a partner with my family as long as the book found a sale. This is preposterous. Not for one moment has your proposition been entertained by me. This, with the statements committed in this letter and others contained in yours, makes it impossible for me to be associated in a work which is to bear my name. It would be a degradation for me to accept honors and profits from the work of another man, while dedicating to the public that it was the product of my own brain, and hand.

You say, no one but myself can destroy my own book. If I don't help you it will retain its place, for you have neither the physical strength, etc. In answer to this I have only to say that, for the last twenty-four years I have been very much employed in writing. As a soldier I wrote my own orders, plans or battle instructions and reports. They were not edited, nor was assistance rendered. As president I wrote every official document, I believe, usual for presidents to write, bearing my name. All these have been published and widely circulated. The public has become accustomed to my style of writing. They know that it is not even an attempt to imitate other literary or classical style—that it is just what it is and nothing else. If I succeeded in telling my story so that others can see as I do what I attempt to show, I will be satisfied. The reader must also be satisfied, for he knows from the beginning what to expect.

And here is a pen portrait of Badeau :
Here, now, is where I understand you
better than you do yourself. You are
impetuous, your anger is easily aroused
and you are a good earbeater, even to me, at
times, and always with those for whom
you have done or are doing literary work.
I think of the publishers and others you
have quarreled with. As an office-holder
you quarreled with your superiors until
you lost your office. You say that your
novel has not been published because the
publishers would not take it. You have
said several times and they would not take it
on account of the theme. If I had done
everything the publishers would work upon
you to complete, with \$1,000 a
year.

month in advance, you would have been so arrogant that there would have been a rupture between you and my family before many days had elapsed. I will not notice at length any of the other statements contained in your letter, but you dwell upon the "drudgery," the absence of fame, the "sinking from sight" the work of your life, if my work is completed, &c.; the better you do my work the deeper you sink yourself or your honor.

use. naturally withdrew from Gen. Grant's receipt of this letter, Mr. Dadaun to call attention to it. * * * upon these matters. The fact is, if book affects yours in any way it will be growing moody by too much reflection of a disordered mind that has work of a disordered mind that has that this is all bosh, and is evidently a mere obscenity, &c. Now we to

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor discoloration and a small dark spot near the center. A faint horizontal line is visible near the top edge, possibly indicating a fold or the binding edge. The overall tone is warm and off-white.

The Independent Presbyterian church of Savannah, Ga., has dismissed its pastor, Rev. L. W. Bacon, for political reasons. Dr. Bacon is one of the well known and aggressive family of Connecticut, a man of marked ability. Last fourth of July he preached a sermon in which he compared Lincoln and Lee. His remarks did not meet with the favor of many of his church, and after much discussion, he was dismissed last Sunday, a majority of 66 declaring against him out of 304 voting. This incident gives the republican newspapers an opportunity of hoisting the bloody shirt. From their articles, the quiet subscriber in the country would infer that the southern states were ripe for secession, that mysterious meetings of masked men were held, with dark lanterns, names written in blood, and all the usual melodramatic surroundings. Dr. Bacon was guilty of extremely bad taste, in making in the pulpit any such comparison. He was preaching in a southern city where men had fought and suffered for a cause which they firmly be-

lieved honest, and for which they gave up life and property. Dr. Bacon is a member of a family famous for obstinacy, aggressiveness and radicalism. His opinions as expressed were, without doubt, well founded and correct; but in a southern city, in a christian church, as an ambassador of peace and good will toward men, he had no business to vent toward them. Supposing a southern clergyman was called to a northern church, and in a sermon extolled the political conduct of Jefferson Davis. How long would he be allowed to administer to the spiritual wants of his northern flock? The trouble with Dr. Bacon is, that in common with many clergymen who are his intellectual inferiors, he is not content to simply preach Christ and Him crucified; he must needs dabble in politics. To many clergymen believe that their opinions on political subjects are of value, they cannot refrain from taking them out and airing them; and so we see men, for instance, enlisting that good old republican party by a skillful manipulation of the liquor question. Then, too, the Bacon family enjoy daying the part of the martyr.

Another of those delightful little episodes which enliven the dull monotony of American ecclesiastical history occurred in New Jersey last Sunday. The scene of action was the Emmanuel Episcopal church on Jersey City Heights. The meeting was called for the purpose of electing two wardens and five vestrymen, and there was much interest manifested in the result of the election, as upon it hung the fate of the pastor, who rejoiced in the name of Walter Winderger, a name of alliterative charm. This reverend gentleman attempted to call the meeting to order, but hisses and cat calls arose on one side of the house, and others cheered him and said "Let her go, Winderger," or words to that effect. With prudent forethought each side of the divided congregation had engaged two lawyers; so there were four present, eager for the fray and costs. As soon as the minister was hissed down, E. S. Cowles, one of the lawyers, got up and proposed that they agree upon a chairman. Neither side would agree to this, and the result was that one man from each side went up to the platform and each wanted to act as the chairman. Vestryman Thompson was the one who took the chair for the pastor's side, and James McMurray, one of those opposed to the pastor, went up for the others. The scene was an extremely amusing one. The portion of the flock that stood by the pastor recognized the vestryman, while the other side addressed all remarks to Mr. McMurray. It was finally agreed that Rev. Mr. Gallagher of Brooklyn, who was a non-combatant, should take the chair. Whether this was the original and only his friends say they have overwhelming proofs in his behalf. A telegram from Bishop Nicholson was then read amid groans and hisses and applause. When order was partially restored Vestryman De Freytagas said: "The pastor of the church has repeatedly gotten up in the pulpit and called us all a lot of loafers and tramps to our faces, and we do not propose to stand it any longer." Then came the balloting, with two tickets in the field. All votes were to be open and subject to challenge. The third man to come up was Zachariah Tuley. He said that he had not attended the church for the past four months because he could not stand the preaching. Mr. Thompson got up and said that Tuley had in no way contributed toward the support of the church. Then Mr. De Freytagas shouted: "Why," said he, addressing his remarks to Mr. Thompson, "you have not been in this church in four months. All you

have done was to come around here and stick your nose through the door." "That's a lie," said Mr. Thompson. "I have been here as often as you have." (Does not this remind Albanians of a scene that once took place in St. Peter's, where religious "repeaters" were introduced? Or, still later, of a scene in a State street church, where there are two heads of the church. Behold, how blessed a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.) Then the people began to cry "Shame," and the ministers who were present could do nothing towards quieting the excitement; no, not even The Gallagher himself. And then the babies, taken there by the mothers, began to cry. Challenged, speeches, hisses and applause went the night air. During the heat of the fight, the report of the treasurer for the past year was read, and it showed that the pastor had drawn \$92 salary, and the balance of the receipts, about \$13, had been expended for light, fuel, etc. And this church election took place in a so-called Christian church, a church which pretends to be the church. What would an austere Brahmin or a dignified Turk have said had he seen the scrimmage and learned that the people were Christians electing officers?

OUR PAUPERS.

The telegraph announces that the Washington subscriptions to the fund for Mrs. Waite already amount to upward of \$10,000. Among the largest are: Justice Blatchford, \$1,000; Secretary Whitney, \$500; Secretary Fairchild, \$250; Justice Strong, \$100. It is understood that the New York subscriptions already amount to \$25,000. Fifty thousand dollars will probably be secured, and possibly twice that amount. Not only has this subscription list been opened, but Senator Seward of Nevada will introduce a bill giving the widow Waite a pension of \$5,000 a year. One would think that the late chief justice had left his wife in the most abject squalor, and that the sheriff was at one door and the wolf at another. No; not at all. She was left in comfortable circumstances; that is, in the opinion of all except people like Ward McAllister, to whom a million is only respectable poverty. But \$50,000 or \$75,000 is not enough for a widow, so we a subscription opened. There is not the slightest objection to this opening of a subscription for the family of a man who dies leaving only from fifty to a hundred thousand dollars; it is merely a mark of the foolish extravagance and degeneracy of the times. It is another mark of our gross materialism — this everlasting cry of "Boodle, boodle," As for the pension proposed by Senator Stewart, we have now an enormous pension list, on which are found the names of the just and the unjust. Why should Mrs. Waite's name be added? She is not poor. She is not pressed for money. Why should she be given a room in the national poorhouse? Formerly it was considered a glory to serve the republic without reward. Now it is the ambition of men to serve the republic that they may become rich. And it is a shame and a reproach!

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

The snow has brought good luck to the merchants whose trade for the past few weeks has been poor. Now the shops are crowded with people there with one in-

tempt, to find something suitable for a Christmas gift to their friends.

Christmas gifts are too often like wed-

dling presents, given grudgingly and from a feeling of obligation. There is too

much reciprocity about the whole busi-

ness. Mrs. X gave me last year that handsome little token, says Madame Y,

and I must be even with her this winter;

so the husband is dead, that the wife may

have pleasant social relations.

As for the children, they are young

pirates, who demand everything and re-

pay too often by childishness and in-

gratitude. Frequently the father is un-

able to supply the brood with what they

really need on account of this senseless

giving of presents at a stated time. His

money has gone for a doll that winks, or

a fine engine that squirts spasmodically

and generally into the eye of the applaud-

ing relative; but there are boots and

trousers to be bought and there is a bill

at the grocery.

The proof that we love Christmas and

look forward to it so, is the general sigh

of relief when it is over.

The joys and amusements of the season

grow less and less as the child grows

older. Faces which formerly graced the

Christmas table have disappeared forever

and even their outlines grow dim. The

circle of old friends grows narrower each

year, and as Emerson says, the horizon

itself seems to contract with the death of

a gift, no matter how rare

or precious it may be, is a shabby ex-

change for a manly hand grasp or the

light of a woman's eyes.

To the reflecting man, or woman here

lies the mockery of a holiday. The family

so happy a year ago, is now sad and

buried in grief; and the one so riotous in

its happiness this week,—who can tell

what fate has in store for it a year from

now.

And so each holiday is a perpetual me-

mento mori.

SUNDAY JOURNALS.

It is an open question whether the enormous number of pages printed by a few prominent newspapers in their Sunday

editions is not an unmixed evil.

The Union does not propose to discuss

the question of whether church members

should buy, sell or read a Sunday journal.

Many foolish denunciations have been

levelled against the selling of papers on

Sunday by clergymen who seem at a loss

for texts and ideas. The old idea of the

Puritan Sabbath, which followed the

larks laid down to the Jews under the

Massachusetts constitution, is happily for man-

kind fast passing away. The term, a day

of rest, does not necessarily mean a day

of self-mortification or a day passed with-

out relaxation. So, if a man can amuse

himself with a Sunday newspaper, it

seems a harmless pleasure, better for the

body than the gormandizing too often

attending a Sunday meal and the conse-

quent bodily sleep.

The question is this, do not some of

the great New York papers injure the

minds of those addicted to buying and

reading them.

These gigantic sheets—such as the

Sunday World and Sun are for New York

comparatively a new thing. The honor

of first printing such a mass of news,

made up of facts, lies, gossip and twaddle,

belongs to Chicago; but New York has

gone far beyond her sister in wealth of

illustration and variety of reading matter

offered to the public.

THE ART TARIFF.

One tariff should be abolished at once, and that is the thirty per cent. duty on

works of art.

Two reasons have been given for this

ridiculous tax. One is that the westerners

demand it in revenge for the restrictive

tions on pork: that is, that the hog must

be preserved, never mind what happens

to art. The other is that by this duty,

American art is encouraged and Ameri-

can painters produced in great numbers.

This is a delusory piece of logic; as

if art, like salt or sugar, could be pro-

duced.

The result has been that the American

artists abroad have labored under disad-

vantages in obtaining recognition of

their talents, as foreign juries are

naturally prejudiced against a nation

which alone has shown itself pig-headed

and stupid in introducing sectional poli-

tics into the great republic of art. The

feeling, for instance, at Paris is intense

against the injustice of the whole affair;

for the French have always been most

generous in giving advantages to every

man of talent desirous of study at their

capital, whether he was a Russian or an

American, Japanese or Zulu.

The American artists whom a paternal

government thus seeks to protect are

loudest in demanding that this tariff be

repealed. Neither does the public nor

the government need it.

The result is that, besides the injury

done to our students abroad, the cost of

every painting or piece of statuary which

an American wishes to buy, is increased

thirty per cent.; and to what end?

In matters of art we are still more or

less barbarians. Look at the majority of

statues that disfigure our parks and

squares. Look at the hideous dabs

bought by congress at an enormous price,

and so long as the tariff stands, so

long will our name in connection with art

be a hissing reproach in every civilized

country.

But the "true American" says, what

does that matter, we are all right. An

answer just as senseless as the tariff

itself.

TO CLERGYMEN.

The following extract from Puck is

recommended to the prayerful attention

of some of our Albany clergymen: "As

the mumps is, in a quiet way, a

patriotic, he can not help being somewhat

depressed at the prospect of Blaine's

nomination. The part of him that glim-

ses is not at all cast down, but the part—that

reflects, and with reason. For it is a

miserable sight and most damaging to

public morals to see editors and ministers

of the gospel all over the land teaching

that lying is not lying, and that stealing

is not stealing, and that a rogue is not a

rogue if he is "smart" and that to swag-

ger is "American" and that a tricky

charlatan is a statesman. Still, looked

at in that way a Blaine campaign is not

altogether deplorable. It is worth while

occasionally to show how awfully hard

the way of the transgressor is."

"There was a clergyman who once lived

in Maine, and lived so near him that ac-

cording to his own sweet metaphor he

could have "tossed a doughnut into

Blaine's back yard," and therefore he

knew Blaine was an honest man. Ah!

little soft sinner and a dollar put on the

plate when it passes the family pew, a

warm commendation of a Thanksgiving

sermon, or a pressing invitation to tea;

when these good gifts come from an emi-

nent man, no wonder that the clergyman

touched in his weakest points, is a firm

believer in the great man.

Now, this doughnut-throwing clergy-

man has been for some time removed

from the magnetic spell of J. C. B. Is he

still faithful to the latitudinarian, or, like

Saul of Tarsus, coming down from Maine

to Albany, has he at last seen a bright

light?

Now there is a class which is educated

by the Sunday papers; a class which will

tell you, "We do not care to read a book;

we learn everything from the Sunday

Sewer or the Sunday Junk Cart." And

what do they learn? A mass of mis-in-

formation, a false idea of the morals and

conduct of life of what is dubbed society:

stunt of such infinite variety that when

the paper is finished, the the mind of the

reader is exhausted and he remembers

vaguely such important facts as that a

certain actress drinks a glass of gin with

her dinner or that the genial third wise-

man of one club will probably be sold to

the manager of a rival club.

It is not too strong a statement, to say

that this debauch of the mind does in-

finity more harm to the man or woman

throb out by the week's work than two or

three hours spent in a pleasant beer house

where a little good music could be heard.

an impossibility in this eastern land of

ours. Nor is it too much to say, that

every ill of value or permanent interest

could be boiled down and printed in the

columns of a newspaper of the ordinary

size. But we are a great people and we

must have great newspapers; and we

count greatness by the size; forgetting

that is generally at war with flavor

and quality.

In the streets of Albany by yelling and

important newsboys.

Let us look at a copy of a New York

paper of yesterday. What do we find?

Three columns of European gossip; two

columns of a description of a day passed

by the emperor of Germany, two-thirds

of it being merely an exhibition of the

imaginary power of the writer; a little

news of what happened in this country

Saturday. Then follows a mass of com-

plete and utter trash, column after column

being clipped from other newspapers. We

find a long winded account of a murder,

when the story could have been told in a

few lines; vulgar rubbish called doings

of society; a minute biography of a gen-

leman who has been a "drummer" for

over thirty years with portrait; a descrip-

tion of the life of a hotel clerk (two

columns), written in realistic style, promi-

nent man being introduced in the sketch;

three columns about nightcaps, as many

more about corsets, and three columns of

twaddle and lies spiced with a dash of

indecency about famous or infamous

women; travels of non-observant people

to uninteresting places; rules of conduct

for young ladies just entering society,

telling them how to cultivate a graceful

bow and a smile which is flattering, and

that to pertness should be used by them

except possibly "a box of oriental orris

linen;" book notices, base ball news and

"colloped" poetry, and the Lord knows

what else besides, all sold for five cents

in the streets of Albany by yelling and

important newsboys.

Miscarried.

The guests at the Fort Orange club

the following circular

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of early hominoid material to the journal such a description of the dress of the

to having published?

rais had been expelled from the house,

For they entered the house," according to

methods to which the Journal resorts to

Argus, was, we understand prepared for the Express, but here personal friendship

North yearned for Jonathan Slesher and he said, "No, this cannot be. Kill it."

offensive circular was signed by the well known contributor to Judge Mr. Wal-

many an otherwise stupid page. Where

never left his beloved lair in Beaver street and yet look at the beautiful ac-

was so complete that it even contained an

With commendable economy the

furnish paper and pencils to the guests.

and dresses of the ladies, but to possess

of the paper on a controlled by such men

Waldron's little jokes which was not

Houses have lately been built in Albany upon the "flat" system; and it was said that greater comfort could be given to prospective tenants at a less price than by putting up small tenement houses. Many of these flats have all the modern improvements, and are heated by steam, which method, however, it may be criticized from a sanitary standpoint, saves the lodgers much trouble and bother, that is when the steam apparatus works satisfactorily. Many women prefer to do all their household work on one floor and save the weary task of running up and down the stairs. At the same time some object to the lack of privacy, for, if there are three or four families in one building, each one knows what the people above or below have for dinner, whether the washerwoman has been paid, and whether Mr. X. comes home with a very breath early in the morning or remains at home surrounded by loving children and wife, as a decent husband should. For the gossip of servants is terrible and the flat system gives them many a chance to tell the secrets and manner of life of their masters and mistresses, after the fashion of the amiable domestics in Zola's "Pot-Bouille." There is force in this objection. A man's house ceases to be his castle. A young girl practicing the piano in the room above, or a lover of the slide trombone below can easily intrude upon and mar a quiet nap or pleasant conversation. It "was" an old reproach to Americans that they lived in hotels under the "international" sway of a hotel clerk, alternately bullied and flattered upon by waiters. This idea which lying travelers have spread abroad was not well founded, though it has been accepted by foreigners; but it would be interesting to know whether we are not all drifting to such a fate.

Here in Albany it is hard work for a young couple, with or without children, to find a comfortable home at a reasonable price. Not that the cost of actual living is great; it is, perhaps, cheaper than in other cities; but the greater number of boarding houses are to be avoided, from the fact that they are boarding houses and not necessarily things of evil; and for married people there is no home in such a place, though the motto "God Bless Our Home," may grace a wall of the dining room, the plecty displayed not atoning, however, for the quality of the coffee. Room rent is high, absurdly high; the restaurants are few where one can eat in peace. If a house be hired, it must be finished, and then eaters in the difficulty of finding a good servant. It is a serious problem, this of How to Live in Albany.

If the flats will in any way be of help in solving this problem, the more of them the better. For to the stranger, Albany today seems a city without homes.

INDEPENDENCE IN POLITICS.

Can any one clearly define the difference between the two parties which have so long fought for the offices? The war issues are a settled except in the minds of unpatriotic demagogues, such as Gov. Foraker and a few men of his stamp. Is it the question of protection or free-trade that divides them? But there are free-traders among the republicans and protectionists among the democrats? Is it in regard to silver coinage? No; for there has been as much foolishness and cowardice shown on one side as the other. Party platitudes mean nothing; party speeches are but wind.

We have then two parties.

The Ins and the Outs.

The first impulse of a young man when he comes to vote for the first time is to vote as his able and esteemed father has always voted; for religion and politics are melted in these days to judge for themselves; even the cry to support the party and not the man has lost much of its force. The youth asks why should I vote for X whom I know to be a thief, and Z whom I know to be an ignorant man, because they have a pull and have been nominated. King Caucus is losing his power. The Seratchner multiplies in the land. Party lines are fast breaking up.

And this is so for the reason that neither the republican nor the democratic party has the courage of its convictions. Even if it have any convictions.

New parties will arise. The questions to be solved, the great questions, are the relations of labor and capital and the question of the tariff. There is now no south, no north, no east, no west with its sectional issues; these questions, however, will rock the whole country, and it is upon these questions that the coming parties will be formed.

The old parties are dying. The republican party in its corrupt old age babbles of the great deeds of its childhood. The democratic party with a strong man at its head follows him with reluctant steps, constantly looking backward. What real hope of purer politics rests in either?

The new parties are even now upon the threatened threshold. Will they solve these stern problems?

MR. BLAINE AS A CRITIC.

The versatility of the great Blaine from Maine has never been more strikingly displayed than in an interview lately held with a World reporter. Last week his gigantic mind wrestled with grave financial and economic problems that have thrown many statesmen and baffled many scholars. But now having satisfactorily settled them and thrown havoc into the democratic ranks (as he thinks), he has familiarly and lightly upon minor topics of the day.

And every where and every time he is a versatile American. How he disposes of the French to know! Blaine's knowledge upon any point. Take geography, for instance, in which branch of science Mr. Blaine is deeply versed, particularly in the location of the richest guano beds and favorite coal mines. Hear him: "One of my daughters is finishing her education at a French school, and one thing that I have noticed about the French educational system is what I may describe as its somewhat narrow path of travel. The geography of France appears, for instance, to be the only geography that the French teachers seem to think worth knowing, and according to them, the eighty-seven departments of France are far and away more important and worthy of study than the thirty-two states."

Mr. Blaine is offended with the French for keeping the statue of Strasbourg in the Place de la Concorde: "The French seem to forget that they originally took these countries from the Germans, that the language, customs, ways of thinking and even names of these people are German. Moreover, that it is to the fact of their having the plodding, industrious go-ahead character of the German race that they owe their prosperity and wealth. It is my opinion that in three generations, at the most, the people of Alsace and Lorraine will once again be Germans, heart and soul."

It will be remembered that the German vote in America is heavy, quite heavy. But it is as a literary critic that Mr. Blaine rises to his full height. His views upon the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy are luminous, though concise: "My own opinion on the question is that it is unfair and practically impossible to argue as to the authenticity of the works of a man who died 300 years ago."

And then dropping into French, of which he is a perfect master, speaking in fact, just as well as English, if not better: "Yes, we are returning to simple poetry. It is a reaction, a *revirement* from the intense passionate dramatic poetry of Swinburne, for instance. It is the soda after champagne."

These are but a few jewels of the interior. Unfortunately our space is limited.

The Rev. Hugh Pentecost, clergyman, labor reformer and rising anarchist, has resigned his position as pastor of a New-ark church. He says that he is no longer in sympathy with the church as an organization and adds in a burst of confidence, "As Christ led Abraham, so will he lead me." Sanguine man, this Pentecost.

Hammon, Indiana, must be a pleasant little town. A paper called the Evening Echo has been very personal in its reference to affairs of local interest, whereupon its hated rival, the Weekly Tribune published the following: "The editor of the Evening Echo evidently imagines every one but himself to have a silly brain. He is nothing but a mass of conceit, and if you will but notice you will perceive that he belongs to the club-toted race. The secret of this is, he has a soft spot in his head, and his brains have sunk into his heels. R. B. J." The authors of this were easily identified as Misses Belle Gatlone, Bertie Hammon and Julia Polier, all of the best families here. Editor Towle yesterday devoted two-thirds of a column in the Echo to a reply. He did not mention names, but he asserted that the girls as things, said they were long dresses to hide their big feet, and were homely enough to stop a clock. Seven young ladies then called upon Editor Towle, carrying rawhide whips of the cowboy pattern. Mr. Towle's face blanched and he turned to run, but the girls threw red pepper in his eyes and then soundly lapped him. Leading citizens are said to be making up a purse to get some jewelry to present to the three girls who used the whip.

THE ICE QUESTION.

Now comes along Dr. Mitchell T. Prudden, director of the college of physicians and surgeons in New York, with a theory and this theory is that "typhoid fever and possibly cholera, might easily be spread among the consumers of ice which is formed on the Hudson." According to his analysis, a pint of melted ice contains about 500,000 living and energetic bacteria of all natures and descriptions.

Our ice comes largely from the Hudson river. This river is shallow and a sedimentary deposit is formed, largely made up of filth of various cities. Dr. Prudden says, that Troy empties daily 8,000,000 gallons of sewage into the river. Add to this the generous contributions of Cohoes, Lansingburgh and Albany and we have a rich, frothy fluid, which when frozen and in the shape of ice, presents the germs and bacillae in a simple form within reach of the humblest.

If these theories of the learned Dr. Prudden are correct, and he probably knows as much or as little as any other doctor, there is but one remedy, and that is to abstain from ice.

We, as a nation, have long been famous for taking hot foot and lead water into our stomachs simultaneously and without regard to the consequences. Even if the ice were free from foreign and injurious matter, our health suffers; and now a new evil is added to the old.

Cautious people will therefore do well to abstain from ice water, and desist from the habit of putting it upon the butter dish. Experienced frequenters of bars and rooms will take their liquor straight; iced drinks. All sensible people will by one give up the pernicious habit of drinking water.

That is if the theories of the learned Dr. Mitchell T. Prudden are correct.

A singer pleases his audience by inter-
polating at the end of the piece he sings
a bright note upon which he dwells and
lingers, testing the power of his lungs
and bronchial apparatus. He finally
stops and goes off the stage, or in opera
he goes on with the stage business. The
audience, however, insist upon seeing
and hearing him do the same thing
again, and to manifest their pleasure they
clap their hands, stamp upon the floor,
found vigorously with umbrellas or canes
and, if sufficiently skillful, whistle in
various keys, until the singer comes out
and repeats his little performance.
This means of conveying in a forcible
manner the good will of the hearer to the
singer is called "an encore," or one says:
"Mr. Higgins sang in his own inimitable
manner and was encored several times."
This word "encore" is not English, and
it surely is not French, at least as used
in this connection. The French, when
they demand the repetition of a song—
and, by the way, it is a rare occurrence
in a concert at Paris, cry "bis." It was
the cockney Englishman who invented
the absurd use of this simple word.
Now whether it be that the Albanians
who attend the theatre are like the
daughters of the horse-leech who cry
"give, give," whether they are afraid
if they do not hear every member in a
comic opera twice, whether they think
that by "encoring" they approach in
resemblance the people of large cities; or
whether it is because they too, wish to
take an active part in the performance,
it is a fact that this "encore nuisance" is
becoming unbearable here in Albany.
There are several reasons why this
unmeasured and indiscriminate ap-
plause is a nuisance.

First, it is not necessarily a compli-
ment to the performer, for it is generally
the "falter" or the pretender who re-
marked years ago by Francis Bacon who
speaking of praise calmly says: "If it be
from the common people, it is commonly
false and nugatory; and rather followeth
vain persons than virtuous; for the com-
mon people understand not many excel-
lent virtues; the lowest virtues draws
praise from them; the middle virtues
work in them astonishment or admiration
but of the highest virtues they have no
sense or perceiving at all."
Second, in serious opera or in the play it
distracts all sense of dramatic propriety.
The musical world owes much to Wagner
for insisting that at Bayreuth there should
be no applause until the end of the last
act.
Third, the singer seldom sings the same
thing the second time as well as at first.
Fourth, it is an imposition upon every
true artist, whether he be tragedian, first
tenor at the grand opera, low comedian
or elocutian.
Fifth, it protracts the show to an un-
necessarily late hour.
In last night's performance at the Le-
land nearly all the songs were rede-
manded. Now, none of these songs were
of any musical merit whatever. No one
of them was particularly well sung. They
were looked upon by the greater part of
the audience as a rest for the clever come-
dians of the company. But the gallery
was not to be denied the pleasure of an
"encore."
And, in this matter, often the performer
is as much to blame as the audience. It
is a sad sight to see a singer anxious to
receive a recall. It is like the idea of
Margaret, as conceived by Miss Ellen
Terry. She is too willing.

THE PARSON IN POLITICS.

Yesterday, a prominent clergyman of
Albany in his sermon took occasion in-
cidental to introduce a few remarks
upon the subject of special legislation.
He announced himself opposed to all
special legislation as being the bane of
our modern civilization. He alluded to
the manner in which every man who had
a pet scheme rushed into the legislature
with influence or money at his back for
special legislation in support of his pro-
ject.
Now this no doubt is all true, but is the
pulpit the place to indulge in political
harangues? Is it becoming for a pastor to
give vent to his feelings upon this or that
subject of legislation? Besides, our dear
spiritual leaders cannot always be
trusted in affairs of the world. This
same pastor was very sadly taken in by
one James G. Blaine, whose cause he
championed with open mouth and uncon-
trolled pen. No doubt he was sincere in
this; but it made the ungodly laugh and
the judicious weep: while Mr. Mulligan
did not know whether to laugh or cry.
The pastor should not be devoid of po-
litical preferences and political convic-
tions, however; only it is not his duty to
lug them into his Sunday's discourse.
A true clergyman should be a mugwump,
always voting for the best man, no mat-
ter whether he be a democrat or a re-
publican, a gold water drinker or a quiet
and steady absorber of gin. But human
nature is weak, and the parson is just as
firm in his convictions that Mr. D. would
make a good president, as he is that he
has a peculiar knowledge of the workings
and intentions of Providence.
Still the political parson in the pulpit
is not a pleasing or profitable sight.

THE CONGRESSIONAL MILL.

Saturday's democratic caucus was en-
livened by one of those delightful little
episodes which formerly attracted so
often the wonder and admiration of
foreign critics of our form of govern-
ment, but which have been rare of late.
The gentlemen who took part were Mr.
Breckenridge, of Arkansas, and Mr.
Blount, of Georgia. Mr. Blount was rash
enough to make a statement when Mr.
Breckenridge, turning toward him, said
with warmth: "The gentleman impudently
me dishonest motives." In the excitement
and confusion Mr. Blount misunderstood
the remark and struck his antagonist,
who carried away with the passion of
the moment, returned the blow, striking
Mr. Blount in the cheek. Before other
blows could be passed the gentlemen were
separated and Mr. Breckenridge retired
to the cloak room, probably for a cooling
drink. The circumstances were then ex-
plained to Mr. Blount, who instantly,
upon learning of the misapprehension
under which he had labored, requested
that Mr. Breckenridge return to the floor
in order that he might tender to him an
apology for his action.
This scene recalls an incident in the
life of the late Col. Yell. "It is true,"
said the immortal eulogist of Col. Yell,
of Yellville, Arkansas, "that the late
deceased Col. Yell had a difficulty with
Mr. Jones in a barroom and shot him;
and, in the enthusiasm of the moment,
scalped him, but Col. Yell's heart was al-
ways true to his native land."
This event happened even before con-
gress has met, leads us to believe that
the next session will not be of the usual
business. The weapons used in debate
ers, disks and pocket knives; the chap-
lain should see to it that stung, shot and
dynamite bombs are ruled out.

CREMATION.

As our population increases, as greater
and greater attention is paid to sanitary
matters, the question of proper burial
must necessarily be more and more dis-
cussed. Everything points to cremation
as the inevitable solution of the problem,
Superstition has prevented many from
looking upon it with favorable eyes; and
others shrink at the idea of the body of a
dead one being consumed by fire; yet, if
they should give imagination full play
and really see the future state of that
same body when it has rested a few years
in the ground, the purification and enno-
bling by fire would appear at once far
preferable.
Cremation is meeting daily with more
favor, and only Saturday the united
society for the relief of the sick and the
burial of the dead, which pays its mem-
bers' relatives \$150 in case of death, met
for the purpose of considering the ques-
tion of joining the United States Crema-
tion company, through a purchase of
stock, and thus enable each member to
be indemnified for \$25, saving the relatives
\$125 of funeral expenses. Eighty mem-
bers signed a paper asking to be cre-
mated. A committee was appointed to
advise the society further concerning the
purchase of stock.
In London last week the body of a
Hebrew stock broker was cremated at
Woking, which is a mortuary suburb of
London, being the first instance of
a Jewish cremation in England. A
delegate from a synagogue was present,
and Rabbi Marks will conduct services
over the incinerated remains tomorrow,
which will establish the precedent of a
Hebraic sanction of cremation, which has
hitherto been withheld.
All those incidents show that the idea
of cremation is now not only less repul-
sant to many people who have formerly
frowned upon it and denounced it as a

"pagan" proceeding, but that it is being
seriously thought worthy of adoption.
Still no doubt there are many worthy
people who will object to it, as making it
more difficult for the body to rise in a
proper manner when the last trumpet
shall sound; but a self-sacrificing mis-
sionary who has been eaten by hungry
cannibals would be in a still more awk-
ward predicament. Besides, these
speculations have nothing to do with the
problem of how shall our dead be dis-
posed of without the consequent poison-
ing of the living. No one wishes to be a
corpse until it is a necessity; and if such
sanitary precautions, the question of
going up in the air will solve itself when
the time comes to make the flight.

THE KING OF MOUNTAIN.

In another column we publish a letter from a well-known, eminently respectable and public spirited citizen in reference to the King Mountain.

What he states is known by every one to be true. The facts as he calmly announces them one by one are succinct and sad.

For what man of us wishing to do a kindness of a public or private nature, can die, sure that his wishes will be carried out.

Two men out of their love for Albany left sums of money intended to adorn their home. The name of Hartmanus Blocker is nearly forgotten and Judge Parker reigns in his stead. How long will it be before the name of Henry King shall be forgotten and even the memory of his intended kindness?

Other little reproaches brought up against him are unworthy of notice; such, for instance, as that in a great hurry to catch a milk or a butcher cart, he went out of his house on State street in his shirt sleeves, which Abraham Lincoln said was his own coat of arms. Such miserable foolish attacks only reflect upon the disconcerted ones who make them.

The people of the first church like and respect Mr. Nicholas; they are grateful for what he has done for them and they do not propose to allow a weak minority to oust him.

X.

A Few Words in His Behalf.

THE REV. MR. NICHOLAS.

Sir—The Presbytery meets today to consider the case of the Rev. Mr. Nicholas, against whom certain charges have been circulated, not so much openly as covertly and by innuendo.

Mr. Nicholas came here at the earnest call of the great majority of the congregation. He has worked hard and the fruit of his labor is seen on every side. The congregation has increased, the Sunday school is in a healthy and flourishing condition. He has given money to the church, and in no small sums. He has been devoted to its interests in every way.

And now what are the causes of this commotion and rage?

One prominent member of the church is sore because there was trouble about his son, who attempted to play the organ, to the distress of all in the church who loved music. Another is a mischievous maker, who for a pretext makes long prayers. Another—but why go through the list? Every one of these malcontented thinks more of self and his vanity than of the interests of the church and of Christian unity.

On the other hand some of the most influential members of the congregation strongly object to certain peculiarities of the reverend gentleman. They charge him with cruelty as a sportsman; as on his vacations he does not content himself with shooting birds upon the wing, but butchers them indiscriminately, seeming to delight in the mere slaughter, whether the shot be difficult or easy. They find that he is too devoted to sports of all descriptions and at times apparently regardless of his sacred calling. The most liberal minded accuse him of too narrow views, showing more of the spirit of Calvinism than Christianity; and people of refined taste object to his treatment of religious subjects, describing it as often coarse and provocative of smiles; that he seems to be on intimate terms with the Devil and speaks of the Saviour as if He lived around the block. To many such good Christians, the Rev. Mr. Nicholas is a thorn in the flesh, and only old memories and weak associations keep them in the church where their fathers and mothers were devout attendants.

A Sporting Pastor and his Rebellious Flock.

CHRISTIAN UNITY.

It will be remembered that not long ago the Rev. Walter D. Nicholas was the pastor of the First Presbyterian church across one Sunday morning and church arose on Sunday morning and called for an expression of opinion as to whether he was a great and good clergyman; and for the moment the church was converted into a species of religious bazaar garden. However the painful scene was luckily of short duration, and for a time peace has reigned in Willelt street, but And now war breaks out and tomorrow for then probably at noon, the Presbytery of Albany will take up the matter of the disension in the church upon a memorial to be presented requesting that a committee be appointed to investigate the relations existing between the pastor, the church mentioned and its pastor, the Rev. W. D. Nicholas. It is expected that the memorial will be met with a numerously signed protest against the appointment of the committee, on behalf of the pastor. The conduct of Mr. Nicholas will be looked into, and he will be subjected to a rigid examination as to his propriety in the game of base ball. Three experts will be present from New York, and Mr. Nicholas assuming the duties of an umpire will be asked baffling problems and cunningly devised hypothetical cases as to double plays and base running. Although he has been requested to bring his shotgun with him, it is doubtful if he will be required to shoot at glass balls or a wooden pigeon, as ladies will be present, and the concussion in a small building is inevitably severe.

The opponents of the reverend gentleman admit that his followers outnumber them two to one, but assert that they have the pillars and the bone and sinew of the church on their side, and that if the pastor should come out at the top of the heap they will split off and organize a new congregation, build another church and secure a pastor to their liking. Now his two chief opponents are Mr. Nicholas and Mr. Mills, the lawyer. They may both be "pillars" as they claim; but it would be interesting to know which of these gentlemen takes the part of the "bone," and which the "sinew."

OUR BAD WATER.

At the advice of Dr. Baleb, Mayor Thacher has written a letter, published in this paper, in which he calls attention to the fact that there are cases of typhoid fever in the city, and that in the present low state of the Hudson river, our city water should be boiled before using it. Were the artesian wells driven and ready for use, we should not be dependent on the always dangerous water of the river.

There are still many estimable people who prefer water as a beverage, to either beer or rum and drink it daily. Their wishes should be consulted, and decent water provided.

So long as these people will persist in drinking river water, let them see to it that it be carefully boiled. To be sure the flavor will not be so truly nor its bouquet so delicious, but the different germs, microbes, animalcules and other ingredients of the drink will be destroyed.

THE DEMOCRATIC CAUCUS.

Mr. John G. Carlisle was nominated for the speakership last Saturday in the democratic caucus at Washington, and nominated unanimously, an unusual honor.

This shows a remarkable change and growth in the democratic party, which is now the party of progress and not a fighter over the grave of dead and buried issues. The Carlisle faction is evidently in the ascendant, and Mr. S. J. Randall takes, for the present, a back seat.

There is one office in congress that might well be dispensed with, and that is, the position of chaplain. The gentleman who is chosen to make the prayers and regulate the souls of the legislators, too often makes political speeches instead of invoking the prayer is not one calculated to inspire devotion. Some yawn, pick their teeth, wipe the dust off their boots; others have finally succeeded in making the third cocktail stick, whistle in glee. We are not a reverential nation, and such scenes cannot please either God or man.

THE RAGE OF THE EXPRESS.

The Albany Express prints this morning, an editorial in favor of Henry Russell, in which the rhetoric rises to the boiling point, the words "tactile" and "stencil" being successfully thrown into the same sentence. The Express speaks of the "flood of personal abuse" and gracefully alludes to the "jackals of journalism who are permitted to degrade the opposition of mind" which it characterizes as "mendacious and malicious," and "these carefully chosen adjectives limit the noun of literature.

Is G. P. Williams a jackal? Does G. P. Williams throw "mendacious and malicious mud"? It has been the duty of the UNION to tell the truth about Mr. Russell. Mr. Russell has not denied any of the grave charges made against him.

The mock indignation and heated rhetoric of the Express are out of place. A refutation of the charges we have made against Mr. Russell would be more to the purpose.

THAT KING FOUNTAIN.

A Correspondent's Pertinent or Imperlinet Questions.

To the Editor of the Evening Union:

Several years ago there died a gentleman named Henry King. He was a philanthropist and man of means; in his will he directed that a certain sum of money be devoted to the purchase of a public fountain for the use of the city of Albany. He was in the full possession of his faculties when he signed the will, and the validity of the document has never been questioned. In setting aside this sum of money for the fountain, Mr. Henry King intended to benefit the city he was so fond of, and by the gift, keep his memory green—or rather wet.

This last question is easily answered. It is, very properly, until used in the hands of the pockets, or the safe, or the bank book of the eminent financier, Mr. J. Howard King, a brother of the gentleman who made the will, and a progressive and much esteemed citizen of Albany. But why does he not carry out the solemn wish of his brother? Two reasons are given in his defense: One, that there is not money enough to erect a fountain good enough for Albany; the other is, that no suitable site can be found. These are flimsy reasons. In the meantime Albany is without the fountain that her benefactor thought he had given her; and Hermannus Blescker wandering in the Happy Fields has found a fellow-sufferer.

Albany, November 27, 1887.

Thanksgiving Charity.

To the Editor of the Union:

Sir—I see that a prominent citizen of Albany proposes to attend the little stomachs of the children of the Albany orphan asylum by giving them on Thanksgiving day an abundance of ice cream. He is not content even with letting his left hand know what his right hand doeth, but proclaims it upon the house-tops, that is, through the columns of the Express; and that paper calls upon others to give poultry and fruit, and possibly cigarettes to the same institution.

Now, far be it from me to question the well-known generosity of this citizen or to refuse the poor children any little comfort for Thanksgiving. But in this city are many who on that day will suffer from want of coal, bread and meat. Would it not be well for some of our charitably disposed to find out from the police captains or others who would be apt to know their lot and make them happy for at least a day or two. The trouble with all gifts is that too often they are misapplied. Would it not be better to feed one really hungry than to induce symptoms of colic in a child who will, without doubt, be the better if he have simply the meal already provided for him.

Yours, etc., A. T. T.

MR. MOAK. Mr. Moak is so enamored of his own words that he has made an arrangement by which the Albany Express prints his speech in the Albany case. Why he should have done this is difficult to see. The speech itself is a feeble effort. Its eloquence is trifling, its wit a vulgar horse play. Then, what is the reason without his roar? A poor thing. And so Mr. Moak, with his brazen voice and calliope lungs, despite his legal learning, in this case amounts to nothing. Besides, cold hash is never savory. The plat case is over. Mr. Platt is ousted. Governor Hill and Judge Mayham still go; neither has the jury been stoned by enraged people. And why is Mr. Moak so angry? And does he foam at the mouth, and snort and paw the ground? Why, because Governor Hill did not think he would be a good judge.

SOWERS OF STIRFE.

certain republicans object to the nomination of Mr. Lamar to the supreme court because, as they say he was a when they say that Mr. Lamar was a thorn who by birth and education loved that the rights of his state were more important than the rights of the country at large; and this was the pl of the great majority of southern gentlemen. Therefore when Mr. Lamar separates states has been infringing and a conflict came up between the and nation, they obeyed their conscience and fought the fight to the bitter end. They were brave and sincere; they were not the kind of men who now represent day were then at school. Any of the hysterical editors who now pick out against Mr. Lamar were then Antislavery. I now at this late day republican rogues including dishonest John a man and country editors object to a great man, this eminent jurist, this well known "ex-rebel." A spectacle of republicans at the lying at this late day to awaken a painful strife, to exhumate old prejudices, open wounds which have closed is a shame. It looks as though true patriots and no such split meant in a by paper or in the words of a tyrannical statesman; even the "irreconcilable" Jeff Davis speaks now in a tone.

action on the part of the republicans clearly that they have no doubt about save dead ones.

question to be settled next year or concerning the tariff and not state

high time that the attention of republicans was called to this by the few

men of that party.

A PUBLIC NUISANCE.

How long will the citizens of Albany endure the horrors of the present railroad station where the trains of the New York Central and Boston and Albany railroads enter and leave?

In the first place, the building itself is dingy and uncomfortable. The "smoking room," so-called, is filthy, and passengers are allowed to squirt tobacco juice upon the boots of all who pass by. The other waiting room is too small for the accommodation, is overheated and unventilated; its seats are uncomfortable, and, as everything draws on, it is often not lighted until it is absolutely dark. But uncomfortable as these rooms are and as worthy as are the accommodations for passengers of such a great road as the Central, the arrangement of platforms and tracks is not only inconvenient but dangerous to the lives of the traveling public. Often is one who wishes to take a Troy train obliged to crawl over two other trains, pass between engines and cars. Often are passengers who descend from a platform, wedged between the train and the train, obliged to stand on a narrow platform, wedged between the train and the train, as the station police are, they can not prevent the great danger to which passengers are every day exposed.

At night it is still worse. The lights confuse; trains are easily mistaken; and it is a wonder that accidents do not occur by travelers who avoid one train, getting in the way of another. There is no protection from the rain for those who wish to take the cars upon an outer track. In other words this station is more like a cattle pen than a station for passengers who pay the company money for the privilege of riding upon its train.

The West Shore line has shown what can be done in this state in the way of comfortable and decent buildings. In other states, as in Massachusetts and Connecticut better, even luxurious accommodations are provided; and, at least, the safety of the passengers is provided for. The Albany station is a material embodiment of the famous speech of Vanderbilt. "The Public be Damned." And how long do the Albanians propose to stand it?

MR. INGALLS AND A. WARD.

Mr. Ingalls, who is considered by republicans a witty and sarcastic speaker, pranced upon the floor of the senate yesterday in support of the pension bill. Viewed from the gallery, he must have been like Artemus Ward's kangaroo, "an amoozin' cuss."

His wit was at its keenest when he said: As to himself he would say that the nomination and election of Grover Cleveland had made the nomination and election of any American citizen to the presidency respectable. There was no man so ignorant or mean that he might not aspire to a nomination to the presidency by the democratic party.

This reminds one of Artemus Ward's ironic, Mr. Slinkers, the "polished and sarcastic" editor of the Baldwinville paper. The controversy was over a plank road, and a hated rival had been retained on the other side. "The plank road may be a humbug," said Mr. Slinkers, "but we haven't a sister who is bald-headed and wears a glass eye. Wonder if the editor of a certain paper sees it?" For a gentle homo thrust, says Artemus, Mr. Slinkers has few equals.

THE CAREER OF A PRINTER.

"To-day the body of an illustrious Abolitionist was buried with funeral pomp. The president and his cabinet were among the mourners. The newspapers have contained eulogies in which the dead man was praised and his merits extolled to the verge of fulsome. This day one of the leaders of the democratic party, the man who made the present democratic rule a possibility, a great secretary of the treasury, is thus buried.

Now Daniel Manning was by trade a printer.

There has been a tendency of late to regard a collegiate education as indispensable to great success in life. Parents stretch every nerve and often deny themselves ordinary comforts to give their children advantages beyond their means. Many even forget to ask whether the son has an inclination for such pursuits, whether he will appreciate his chance, and whether he has sufficient mental equipment to be in the true sense of the word a college-bred man. They are not content with the ordinary schooling provided by the state; some wish that the higher branches of education be taught at public expense in our high schools; at any rate, "our boy must go to college." Now what is the result? Not every one is worthy of his opportunities; and every year we see a swarm of graduates with a smattering of knowledge in many directions, and a superficial acquaintance with languages, mathematics and physics. And after graduation, the college man must needs be a lawyer or a doctor; a few become clergymen, and they who are lucky enough to have fathers in business live at home and finally take a share in the business interests. But the sad result is that many become genteel loafers who play at a profession and finally accept some trifling political position obtained by influence, or become dependent upon their parents or relatives. The professions are over-stocked to-day with incompetents who have disappointed their fathers' hopes and are a disgrace to their calling.

Now this is largely the parent's fault. If he had been content, after his boy had received an ordinary amount of schooling, to put him at some good trade, the world and the father and the boy would have been the better. But we have grown extravagant as a nation. Years ago before the great influx of immigration, nearly everybody, at the north, worked. He had some craft, some handicraft, some old idea of Germany, held still that good old idea of Germany, in this country that a man worthy of his salt should know how to make some useful thing. So the present Emperor William was by trade a book-binder, and every one of his family had to serve an apprenticeship.

But now with us every one must be a "gentleman." A man must not be in business for the trifling cares of legislation. In other words, a loiterer, provided he be respectably connected, is better than a shoemaker, or a gunsmith or a machinist. And this state of affairs exists in what we call a republic.

Now Daniel Manning was a printer.

And yet it is with the mass of people of whom the great Lincoln was one, and whom he loved and whom he called "plain people," that the strength and prosperity and safety of this country rests. The truth, the sum, rise to the surface.

And the illustrious career of Daniel Manning is merely an evidence of what a man relying upon his own ability can do in this country and with our conditions of life.

THE POPE'S JUBILEE.

Leo has celebrated his fiftieth anniversary with all the pomp and ceremony of the foster services of the church of which he is the head. Far more flattering to him than the often perfunctory homage of the faithful, must be the gifts from Protestant rulers, for they show the personal good will entertained by all and they are indirectly a recognition of the enormous power of the Holy Catholic church.

The gift of President Cleveland, a luxurious edition of the constitution of the United States, was in the best of taste as is confessed even by his opponents. For an American president to vie with European monarchs in their costly presents would have been absurd and contrary to our traditions.

This sending a remembrance from America, shows how much more liberal and sensible in certain ways religious feeling is than it was in former days. Thirty or forty years ago, it is safe to say, a storm of indignation would have swept over the country had the ruling magistrate so treated the pope of his time. It is delightful to see that even the most narrow minded and insanely bigoted Protestant, Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, Christian the successor of Peter as a bloodthirsty despot, plotting against the liberties and lives of heretics, and in imagination parting the thumbscrews and the rack and branding the fires of anotherquisition. They recognize in the present pope a sincere and devout christian, a shrewd diplomat, a man of exemplary life, a citizen wishing universal peace and good will to all the nations.

And so all thoughtful men recognizing the great good done by the Catholic church, although they may not subscribe to all its tenets, unite in wishing many years of peace and happiness to his Holiness Pope Leo.

SENATOR RUSSELL.

Mr. Henry Russell after toil and passion and more or less wear and tear to his purse, is finally elected and exchanges the hour barrel for the senatorial chair. We do not doubt that in private life Mr. Russell is an estimable man who looks after his family and has done many kindnesses towards others; that in his mercantile life he is respected for his probity and intelligence. So are hundreds of other men.

But, men and brethren, because a man does not beat his wife and kick about his help, and because he is an excellent judge of flour, has he therefore just claims upon his fellow men for a senator's chair. The people and judges have answered this question in such a manner that Mr. Russell now exchanges the amenities of business for the irksome cares of legislation.

If you had foreseen all these rows and squabbles and this mass of perjury, would you have consented to run Mr. Russell, that fine day the nomination was pressed upon you?

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

We have exalted George Washington above humanity and he is practically today a myth; just as Lincoln's memory is undergoing the same process. The famous picture of Stuart where the great general and spotless statesman appears in the full majesty of his imposing figure and with the calm impassive face of a demigod has contributed largely to this, though the irreverent Oliver Wendell Holmes has called attention to the teeth ready to fall "like a portulaca," yet in his day this father of his country was lampooned in the most brutal manner. Abuse was poured upon him, he was called an aristocrat, he was accused of dishonesty, he was charged with flagrant immorality. Such was then, as now, the bitter recklessness of party feeling. Even to this day in Virginia there is a tradition that his death was caused by exposure in pursuing an unworthy rendezvous.

Many remember the cries of indignation raised against Herndon and Lamont when their books about the early life of Lincoln appeared; so fierce were they that the latter was unable to find a publisher for his second volume. And yet there is no doubt but that these accounts were true, nor was it any way degrading to the memory of Lincoln that he was a man and that his early life with all its course and rude surroundings should be faithfully portrayed. Life in the west and southwest when Lincoln was a boy was hard, and crude and unrefined. Why conceal and eliminate as Hay and Nicolay have done in their colorless and often inaccurate life now appearing in the Century?

Let us not be misunderstood. There is not the slightest evidence against the purity and grandeur of Washington's military and political life. They were merely the inventions of his enemies. But he was by no means the saint of so many of his biographers and let us be thankful he was not. He "was a man of blood and passion with a fiery temper generally under control. He was at times profane, but at such times righteously, neither, if tradition can be believed, was he unsympathetic to the charms of woman. Thackeray has been severely censured for his portrait of the great general in "The Virginians," but there is no doubt that is a faithful and realistic one, as true as the wonderful portraits of John Churchill and Webb, Addison and Steele in "Henry Desmond."

Washington, however, is easily the first of Americans. What we are today owe to his great force of character, his unflinching courage, his iron determination. His words and deeds as president are today a rebuke to the small breed of politicians who play at statesmanship and juggle with words. The great Virginian can never be dethroned from his proud eminence; not should the day of his birth ever be allowed to pass unnoticed. Nor should it be celebrated with noisy carousings, but in quiet, in contemplation, as one enters into some solemn, religious ceremony.

CHIEF JUSTICE WAITE.

Morrison R. Waite, chief justice of the supreme court of the United States, died suddenly at Washington this morning.

The late chief justice was in no respect a brilliant man, nor one to be compared in profundity of learning, acumen or quick wit, or varied mental equipment to his predecessors who made the bench of this country famous the world over. He was a Yale graduate, who became a lawyer; he was one of the representatives of the United States at Geneva, where the question of the Alabama claims was settled by the lawyer's tongue and not by the sword. At college, in his early professional life, at Geneva, and finally upon the supreme bench, he was eminently respectable. Without doubt there were a hundred or two lawyers in the country who would have made as good a judge; many would have contributed more live pages to the history of our jurisprudence.

Nor was Judge Waite a man of any particular force or breadth of view. He was an industrious lawyer, an industrious judge and an industrious politician. His life shows how often plodding and habits of respectability, by fortunate circumstances raise a man of moderate ability to a high position.

His death gives to President Cleveland a grave responsibility. It is fortunate for the country that the stock of good men and of for any office does not grow less, though the brazen trumpets blown upon the people and to cover up the native and inherent weaknesses of the performers upon these instruments lead one to despair at times of the Republic. It is also fortunate that we have a president who when called upon to fill a most important office, has the confidence of the people as no man has had it since the death of Abraham Lincoln.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

The news comes by cable of the death of Matthew Arnold.

To many Americans he is chiefly known as a man who lectured in this country and on his return wrote a study of our civilization in which many just and unjust criticisms were thrown together. As a great literary critic and severe poet, he is not known or appreciated by the mass of our people.

His career in many respects was a remarkable one. The son of Dr. Arnold, the noble master of Rugby school, his first ambition was to excel as an essayist and even at an early date he made him self known by the *Imperial* purity and calm force of his style. As a critic he ranks among the first, both in matter and manner of expression.

Then, too, his poetry is that of a master of metre. Some of his poems, as the "Stayed Reveler," "Rugby Chapel" and a few of his lyrics are of wondrous beauty. But it is as a critic of religious thought that he will be known in the future. His "Literature and Dogma" and "God and the Bible" have given comfort to many tossed upon the seas of doubt, though by the staunch Church of England man he is regarded as a scoffer and an infidel.

The loss of British materialism and Philistinism, the apostle of "sweetness and light," his death comes all too soon. And yet he had passed the zenith of his powers and had spoken all he had to say.

DANIEL MANNING.

Daniel Manning lies at the point of death. Indeed, before the issue of this very paper, his sufferings may be over, his life work done.

The career of this man was distinctly the life of an American, a life pervaded by the conditions which here exist. A poor boy, he became a printer; a printer, and comparatively without education, he became editor and proprietor of one of the most influential newspapers of the state. Circumstances obliged him to assume the position of president of one of the largest banks in Albany, and here without any special training, simply by his wonderful adaptability, he managed the finances of the bank with the same ease as he would have allotted the daily work of his journal. In politics, Mr. Manning at first taking merely a local interest, soon shaped the policy of his party, not only in New York, but in the country at large. The trusted friend of Mr. Tilden, he became the Warwick of the democracy, the president maker.

Called to Washington to assume the functions of the secretary of the treasury, he showed such rare abilities, such broad grasp of the financial situation, that friends and foes alike wondered. The country has had few such officers.

But there is a penalty to all great and deserved success, and Mr. Manning has paid it. Overwork, the curse of American life, attacked the magnificent frame, though the fiery particle, his soul, remained unquenched and indistinguishable, And now, a victim to his industry and devotion, he dies in his own city which he loved so fondly, and where he himself was so loved and respected.

To such a life, death must needs be only a promotion. That restless brain will not, it cannot lie idle. Whatever may be man's future, this seems clear, that as all force remains unspent and even preserved its energy, so the intellect, the soul, the spark, call it what you will, burns on with even clearer, purer light. Else were all toils and labors here a mockery, some puppet-face played for the sport of shadowy, unknown spirits.

Not only for what he achieved for his country and himself, has the life of Daniel Manning been admirable and fortunate. His career is a proof that the principles of American democracy are not merely the verbiage of a rhetorician, the Utopia of a dreamer. In Mr. Manning were they incarnated as in the famous lines of Robert Burns. He belongs to the illustrious class of men who were of the people; the class which founded this government and for which this government exists; the class which has been adorned by the names of Franklin, Roger Sherman, Clay, Webster, Lincoln and Grant.

The American is, what there is no trade, no employment, where a man cannot show himself a hero; that when the occasion needs him, the man is ready, either by the doctrine of chances, or by special providence of God.

And this American idea has had one more example, one more proof in the life of Daniel Manning.

MADAME BOUCAUT.

A remarkable woman died suddenly at Cannes, the other day; Madame Boucaut, the well known heart of the court at Paris. Thirty years ago she was a poor and obscure clerk; at her death she leaves in charity and to the Bon Marche over fifteen million dollars; and during her life time she has given away with lavish hand.

Her life was one of unceasing toil and unflinching doing of good. Some say that Emile Zola in his great romance "Au Bonheur des Dames" sketched her in his character of Denise; however that may be, their lives were nearly parallel. Her first aim was to look after the comfort of her salesmen and shopgirls; 3,500 are employed, and the list of applicants for situations always numbers about 1,500. The house is divided, so to speak, into two classes, those who can attain a competence, and those who must perforce always remain clerks. Among the former a wise legislation obliges the eldest to give way at stated periods to their younger successors. For the second class the founders instituted a relief fund, subscribing at once over \$1,000,000. This allows a pension for each employee after a certain age, besides a partial continuation of his salary.

Her charities are as the sands of the sea. No one knows how much she privately gave away, and her public benefactions would make a long list. At the town where she spent most of her days, she built an asylum for old people, taking upon herself the entire charge of its support. At her birth place she built five schools, endowing them freely, besides building a great bridge over the river Seine, which will cost a million of francs. At Bellevue, where her husband was born, she took charge of forty beds in the hospital. She had already given a large sum to the Pasteur Institute.

Her material monument is the colossal palace of industry known throughout the world. The Bon Marche has absorbed all the petty shops far and near; it has, no doubt, caused no little shop keepers much suffering, and often absolute ruin. It is an embodiment of the idea that the individual loss counts for nothing, provided society gains.

There will probably be no change in its working, as it is run by an administration of 300. It is now closed and in mourning; for the noble woman who so long controlled it is this day buried with public demonstrations of grief and respect, such as are generally awarded by the French to the hero, the poet, or the statesman.

MR. WILLIAMS' OPINION OF HENRY RUSSELL.

Mr. C. P. Williams, president of the National Albany Exchange bank, has for years been a faithful republican. He is known throughout the city as a man of the keenest sense of honor; and when he has formed an opinion, he is not afraid to let that opinion be known. In a letter, which we print in another column, Mr. Williams tells his fellow citizens what he thinks of Henry Russell.

He had purposed to vote for him, and not only to vote for him but to urge others to vote for him. He now believes that Mr. Russell has been deceiving both parties to secure for himself votes.

He has given him ample opportunity to correct this impression, but Mr. Russell has preferred to remain silent. And, as an honest man, Mr. Channing Williams can not, and will not, vote for Henry Russell, whom he regards politically as a dishonest man.

And Mr. Williams brands the republican candidate for senator as the only candidate who tries to play a double part.

The Dickinson Lecture.

The first lecture of Mr. Sidney Dickinson, on art was given last evening at Ferman Hall before an audience which should have been much larger. The subject of the lecture of last evening was the Paris Salon of 1887, a subject fascinating in itself and affording many opportunities for interesting digressions. The lecture was illustrated by pictures thrown upon a screen; all of these pictures were of interest to lovers of art, and many were very beautiful. The assistant managed the changes and the light very successfully, and there was no suggestion of "Mike, turn the crank."

Mr. Dickinson, as a lecturer, has a clear, agreeable voice which he uses without attempts at elocution, saying what he has to say in a pleasant, conversational manner. He began with a rapid but happy characterization of the art atmosphere of Paris; then speaking of the purposes of the Salon, he gave the audience an idea of many of the most remarkable pictures of this year; examples of the work of Breton, Adam, Haquette, Dupre and others.

In a lecture of this nature, Mr. Dickinson was obliged to condense and often express himself epigrammatically. The temptation in such cases is to run to short, pithy formulas and concise, and often startling statements. Very few painters for instance, would agree with Mr. Dickinson in calling Ruysdael the greatest of the world's landscape painters: they would say at once there was an utter absence of light and air that barred him from this title, admirable as his work in other respects. Again Mr. Dickinson, in speaking of the wonderful statue of the "Gorilla," asked the audience "is it 'Art?' would you have it in your house?" These questions smack a little of the Philistine. The great Frenchmen whom Mr. Dickinson admires—so earnestly would have said "In art we demand strength and truth. The subject is immaterial whether it be a gorilla, a woman operated upon for cancer of the breast, or a calm, clear landscape."

Mr. Dickinson deserves the thanks of every man, woman and child for his remarks upon the Nude in art. His indictment refutation of the statements of prurient prudes who see in every picture of a nude woman "something 'smutty'" and who cry "Ry," should be printed at public expense and sent to every household. The examples shown of the nude last evening were exquisite in themselves and as specimens of photography, particularly the naked model in the sculptor's studio with her unconcerned innocent look and utter unconsciousness save in the womanly interest in the modeling of her leg.

Mr. Dickinson must have been exceedingly annoyed at the athletic sports practiced in the gymnasium. Bodies and weights fell at stated intervals with a "dull, sickening thud" and now and then walls of psalmody from a neighboring room rose upon the night air. The managers of the hall should see to it that their guests should not be so wantonly disturbed.

The second of these exceedingly interesting and valuable lectures will be given November 21st. The subject is "The Galleries and Palaces of Northern Italy." There ought not to be a vacant seat.

MUSIC.

Presbyterian and Episcopalian, Baptist and Roman Catholic alike celebrate the day. Yet it was not always thus. As a boy, the writer remembers how in a little New England town, the decoration of the meeting house would have appeared as a picture of idolatry to the stern faced, hard working people, who took so little pleasure in life; and no services were held if the day of the Nativity fell on a weekday. Now it is all changed, and Catholic and Protestant vie with each other in

should assail the institutions of your native country? To fear God, I must suppose to be less meritorious than to build steeples, and embroider surplices, and compose chants, and blow the bellows of organs? To which the great deity makes this noble reply: "It is not because God is delighted with hymns and instruments of music, or prefers bass to tenor or tenor to bass, or Handel to Giles Hollo way, that nations strive to celebrate in their churches his power and his beneficence; it is not that King or Christopher Wren could erect to him a habitation more worthy of his presence than the dumbest cottage on the loftiest moor: it is that the best feelings, the highest faculties, the greatest wealth, should be displayed and exercised in the paternal palace of every family united. For such are churches, both to the rich and the poor."

With the first of the year changes take place in some of the choirs, and the choir director has the agreeable task of finding suitable singers to fill the vacancies. Then comes one first really see how poorly many are taught and how superficial is musical knowledge in this part of the country. In a neighboring city, the writer had occasion to try thirty-five voices in one afternoon, and the depths of ignorance revealed were incredible. One girl, with a noble voice, and by no means devoid of intelligence, had been taking lessons of a well known singer in the city. She upon trial was unable to tell the difference between a quarter and an eighth note, and she confidently asserted that any composition having three flats for its signature was always in the key of B flat. Others, whose voices had not been placed, brought the most difficult of compositions which had been given them by teachers who should have known better. But this subject of church singers is one so full of thought that it must be at present passed over.

A New York correspondent of a western paper evidently has a low estimate of the mathematical genius of the Metropolitan Opera house box-holders as he writes: "And within the house the box-holders who pay \$4000 a year in loss of interest and outlay of principal for the privilege of posting before another and who care less for music than a cat does about religion, are sitting about the upper halls in rich opera cloaks or bare necks and daubing here and there at the box doors in clay hammer coats, exchanging wits, bonbons, and small talk."

The Hartford Courant is responsible for this piece of advertising on the part of Miss Clarence Louise Kellogg, the only Clara Spaulding of her marriage the Courant says: "It seems that it is an old affair and that the lady would have consented long before, but that she is like St. Theresa of Spain, in that she hates to be asked "Why?" To avoid the queries of friends, she therefore put herself in the condition that no one could question her. It seems that her mind was made up one evening last summer, when rowing on a lake in Western New York. A storm came up and the boat overturned, but the bold Stratosch was near, leaped into the water and rescued her, let us hazard, as she was going down for the third time. He is of German extraction, and is said to be about 25 or 26.

John R. G. Hassard died this week. He was for many years the musical critic of the New York Tribune and was admirably equipped by nature and study for that position. Long ago he was one of the first to foretell the commanding place which Wagner would eventually occupy in musical history. Theodore Thomas has summed up his critical life, and it is a description of an ideal critic. "His rare talent of reproducing the emotions of the concert room so that the people who were present lived their experience over again was of great educational value. It made his concert reviews interesting even to those who were not present at the performances. I have always considered his work very valuable in educating the taste of the public. He explained to people why they enjoyed the best music, and thus created in them a continually growing desire to hear more of it. Above all, his most striking characteristic was his absolute truthfulness. While he could feel music so keenly that it carried him to great heights of enthusiasm he never departed by a hair's breadth from strict veracity of statement in giving expression to his emotions. He also had great reason to his emotions. He also had great liberality of taste and judgment. His admiration for one school of music never interfered with his just appreciation of other schools and composers. He saw the merits of each and estimated them without prejudice or partiality. He had in every high degree, quickness of perception, a faculty which enabled him to grasp, from the slightest hints, the full meaning of technical points in music, and could set them before the public in a way which even the most unprofessional reader could understand. It is possible, he always found something to praise, and even when he blamed his criticism was never unkind."

A New Hymn and Tune Book.
Mr. Edwin A. Bedell, the organizer and choir-master of the Madison Avenue Reformed church, has been at work for the last three or four years upon a Hymn and Tune Book, and his collection is now nearly ready for publication. Mr. Bedell has already, as is known, compiled for the extensive use of his church an admirable Sunday School Hymnal, much needed book, and he has succeeded in cultivating the taste of the children so that they not only sing good music, but enjoy and appreciate it and are not content with the vulgar dance tunes which disfigure so many collections. Now if the children in a large church are thus musically educated, it is favorable to the congregation, and each year the congregational music in the church services grows better and better. And just as the work done by the children led to the gratifying results seen every Sunday in the congregation at large, so this Sunday school hymnal was the germ, the sketch of the elaborate work now ready for the printer.

Some idea of the labor involved in its preparation can be gained when it is known that Mr. Bedell has carefully examined over a hundred books of similar nature, besides innumerable hymn tunes printed in sheet form. The publications of all the English and American houses have been looked upon; and thus it has often been embarrassing to make a judgment as to which of them say a dozen to twenty tunes which have been expressly written for a particular hymn. And here is at once seen the taste of the compiler.

The book will contain about fourteen hundred hymns and seven hundred tunes, and the collection of hymns is so catholic that the book can be used by a church of any denomination. Many of the choicest English hymns which are distinguished by a sort of sentimental mysticism or by an almost amorous tone in dealing with the relation between the Christian and his Lord and Master, have been improved by cutting out the objectionable verses. Some of the later English hymnals, notably the one edited by Arthur Henry Brown, contain page after page of hymns that are absolutely unadaptable in their sentiment and remind one of the cantiques so mercilessly ridiculed by Alphonse Karr in *Les Femmes*. In the collection of Mr. Bedell, however, there is nothing objectionable to the belief or taste of any sect, though, as it is compiled from a Unitarian standpoint, of course it could not be used in a Unitarian church.

The selection of tunes proper for congregational singing and acceptance alike to layman and musician is a most difficult task. The melody should not be vulgar or trivial; at the same time it should be so written that the intervals do not present serious difficulties to the congregation. Above all the music should have a certain swing. The harmonies, although intended to be sung by the choir, should not be so sought out and involved that the effect of the whole be lost in the complicated detail. This is why there are so few good hymn tunes written. It seems to me on careful examination that Mr. Bedell has displayed a cultivated taste and great common sense in his selection. He has had practical knowledge of the wants and necessities of a congregation, and at the same time he knows what assistance a well drilled choir of skillful singers can be to the men and women who in their pews wish to worship the Lord by praise in song. His hymnal is pre-eminently a modern book, including the latest contributions to this branch of church music. Some, it is true, may miss old tunes, such as *Dundee*, *Martyr*, not only grand in themselves, but interesting in a historical point of view; but few such will be sought for in vain.

Mr. Bedell may well be pleased with the result of his toil and necessary drudgery. He has compiled a hymnal at once modern, musical and practical. His work is alike an honor to the church which has so faithfully and generously supported him, and to Mr. Bedell himself.

THOMAS HARRIS.

There is little of note in the musical world to speak of this week. In New York they have brought out at the Metropolitan opera house Weber's opera of *Euryanthe* and the oratorio society there has given the *Messiah*. The famous work of Handel has met with a shabby treatment at the hands of the critics. For instance the New York Herald says, "in its choice English, 'to speak of 'the Messiah' as one would speak of other musical compositions, coldly and critically, can hardly be done without giving offense. This much, however, may fearlessly be said—that those who attend these performances not in a religious but in purely a musical frame of mind and with each recurring year that the foot of time is restless at work gnawing and gnawing and gradually determining in the most remorseless way, what was once considered an indelible structure. For truthfulness of expression especially when a subject is so grand and sacred as this, has become of greater importance than mere melody, however, beautiful it may be. Better were it did the oratorio society consider the religious portion of the community a few months later and devote itself in future to an annual performance of Bach's passion-music, which though no less old, is nevertheless more in consonance with the thoughts and feelings of our own epoch." The accomplished critic of the New York Star expresses himself as follows: "A performance of 'The Messiah' such as that of Wednesday afternoon—with an immense chorus and orchestra and the best soloists to be had for love or money—is a terrible waste of good material, but to say so is to waste breath.

"Only the natural growth of good musical taste can open the eyes of the world, especially the English musical world, to the dealness and worthlessness of much of this famous oratorio, which is brought out with a few due choruses and many platitudes just within the musical grasp of the multitude. Probably England will stick to 'The Messiah' for many years to come, and perhaps no better proof of the lack of musical feeling in England can be had than this very worship of an oratorio which has long since been laid aside in Germany, and has never been heard of in France."

Now this last statement of the Star critic is absolutely false. The oratorio of *Messiah* has been given in Paris with great success, and Moussart Arthur Pougin wrote a brochure upon the performance. Handel is to this day a great name in France, as in the entire musical world and all the editors of a few well educated, Germanized New York critics cannot drive him from his throne. It shows the superficiality of the present American school of writers upon music that they insist upon comparing musicians of the 18th century to musicians of the 19th century. If it were not for the former, the latter could not exist. But even the Star critic is just enough to say "The *Messiah*," is still so prime a favorite with our public that a fair performance is certain to attract a large audience; and when, as at the rehearsal, the performance was sure to be notable one, the audience was sure to be correspondingly large. Every good seat in the opera house was occupied, notwithstanding the downpour of rain, and scores of persons stood up throughout."

The London *Picador* says of the musical season in that city: "Good concerts will always draw, if entrepreneurs will only take the trouble to consult the higher tastes of the middle classes, who are not only the best judges of music, but the best paymasters."

Advocates of boy choirs for church service when called upon for their reasons for preferring little nubes who sing or rather squeal out of tune and out of time, say a boy choir is more accurate; but this is merely a word meaning nothing, a part of the verbal-
age used alone by Episcopalians as in their eyes the buildings dedicated to the worship of God by other sects are merely meetings-
houses or conventicles. They again allege that the musical effect is better; this imposes upon musical people who having no opinions of their own are content to echo the opinions of any dogmatic man clothed in
sacred vestments for a few minutes to a service. O, do they! Let us take the case of young Alfred Miller, of Burlington, who joined the choir of St. Mary's which is said to be the cathedral church of the diocese of New Jersey. (A sort ecclesiastical editor has just stepped out to attend a meeting of the Diocesan League, we are unable to verify this statement.) But listen, O parents and readers, to the tale of Alfred Miller, who
donned the surplice for a small stipend,
Alfred Miller, a young chorister of St. Mary's church, is now seriously ill at his father's home on account of a shock received during an initiation ceremony at the hands of fellow-members of the choir. Young Miller was recently made a singer by a solemn ceremony. He was then vested with a cassock and joined the procession of the twenty-five vested singers who proceeded Dean Hills to the chancel at each service. At the next weekly rehearsal young Miller was informed that he was to be initiated. After singing the antiphons and chants he was taken by ten of the chorists to a place below the chancel and put through the regulation performance of being carried by hand and feet and buried against a tree. Young Miller was taken sick next day and has been confined to his bed ever since. Chorismastermaster Allen, said: "I have no jurisdiction over the choir boys beyond their service in the chancel and rehearsals. I have frequently warned them that they must behave in a manner becoming choristers. I have done all I could to break up this initiation, as they call it, but the boys insist in disobeying me." Young Miller is quite ill. The custom of initiating new choir-laters is an old one at St. Mary's.

Mr. Albert Niemann has been sued by Mr. Frederick Wolf for \$10,000 damages. Mr. Wolf says Mr. Niemann, the German tenor who is chiefly interesting from the point of view of an antiquarian, called him a professional gambler, and thus hurt his feelings. Mr. Niemann says he did not think Mr. Wolf's house a true gambling house because he never lost there more than twenty-five dollars.

A so-called oratorio, "Christ and his Soldiers" was given this week under the direction of Mr. Schreiber. It is to be regretted that that gentleman did not spend his time and talents upon a work of more merit. The cause of music is seriously injured by the public performance of such abominable trash; and as such was the nature of this composition, no criticism of the work itself or the singers engaged in it is to be hoped that Mr. Schreiber the next time will employ his energy and enthusiasm upon something better than a farago of badly written "Sabbath" school tunes.

It must be encouraging for a society such as the Troy Vocal club to sing to such an audience as filled the beautiful hall last Tuesday evening. Seats were reserved for the sum of twenty-five cents and enough was cleared in this way to pay the expenses necessary for the engagement of two soloists, one Miss Aus der Obe, the other Miss Burt of this city. This is the fourth year of the organization which has always been heartily supported and is today one of the "instincts" of Troy.

Madame Bliska Gersler is in America again. She says she never felt better in her life, and she allows that her voice is just as good now as it was when she made her first appearance in New York. The fact remains that when she sang last in Berlin the critics and people agreed that the freshness of her voice was gone. Still singers die hard and are game to the last, witness Brignoli, Clara Louise Kellogg and Niemann. The artists engaged to support her are Mme. Haskeller, Carlotta, Borksten, tenor; De Anna, baritone; Carboni, basso; Mme. Sacconi, harpist and Miss Nettie Carpenter, violinist.

The Begum at the Leland.
The low comedians of Mr. McGaull's opera company amused a large audience last evening at the Leland. Nothing funnier has been seen for a long time in Albany than the quips, gags and antics of Messrs. Digby Bell and DeWolf Hopper who were cleverly seconded by De Angellis and McDonough.
The opera itself is the work of two men named Dekoven, Reginald Dekoven and Harry B. Smith.
The music was written by Reginald, rest his soul; for he is presumably dead; a person of the most robust constitution could not long survive such agonies as must have accompanied the Begum's birth.
The fun of the dialogue springs from the nimble thoughts of Hopper and Bell; for the wit of Harry Smith, the author of the libretto, is only from fat to maddling.
The plot is hazy, the situations undramatic, the music inexpressibly stupid; and yet the performance was thoroughly entertaining, and at times excurtatingly funny; thanks again to the comedians.
The scenery and costumes were good, far better than what we usually allowed to see; the chorus sang admirably the stupid music allotted to it; Annie Myers, the Nautch dancer, "broke up" the audience as well as her lover, the prime minister; and the girls of the chorus did not suggest the need of well fitting masks. Not much is expected from a tenor of a comic opera company; and the tenor of last evening did not disappoint or surprise his audience. Marion Manola sang the opera tonight is the "Bellman" of Von Suppe. It will be interesting to see the admirable company in this opera new to us.

How hard it is for singers who form a quartette to subordinate self and realize that their work should show results as a whole and not be merely the exhibition of individual voices. Take the quartette of the First street church of Troy for instance. It is made up of singers of experience; the soprano, Miss Baldwin has a beautiful voice which in solo work she uses with no ordinary skill; the tenor is admirable as a first tenor in a male quartette. As a choir however the parts are not well balanced, nor do the voices blend, nor is there always a keen sense of pure intonation. And yet it was a pleasant concert, the one given at Germania hall, last Wednesday. The program was made up of music of intrinsic merit, and all of the singers sang conscientiously and without any attempt to cheaply win cheap applause. There is enough material in this city to have such quartettes come together and give informal entertainments; but alas! the petty jealousies of our singers are a great hindrance to the carrying out of such a plan. Nor is this jealousy confined to our singers; it plays havoc with local attempts at orchestral work. One leader, for instance, will not allow any of his men to play under another conductor, although he could not possibly suffer in reputation or pocket (and this is of course much the more important of the two); he prefers to act the dog in the manger.

MUSIC

musical drama, in which the parts are assigned to a nervous and long-suffering man, to a woman who played the piano and to her husband. The action as represented in a despatch to the New York World is as follows. Please observe the consciousness of the statement, all superfluous details being omitted. The dramatic unities, too, are strictly observed.

At Tusville, Aug. 26, C. R. Cook walked up to a man on the street and asked him if his name was G. R. Hoyt. On receiving an affirmative reply, Cook told him that Mrs. Hoyt kept him awake the night before by playing on the piano at her house until an unreasonable hour. He finished his complaint by telling Hoyt that he would kill him if the occurrence was repeated. Hoyt replied that the piano was the property of his wife's sister and that he could not control it. Cook flew into a rage, said he could not have any more piano playing and shot Hoyt dead. He barely escaped lynching. A change of venue was obtained and he was tried here Dec. 13 and convicted, with a recommendation to mercy. The people of Tusville are indignant that he should have been recommended to mercy.

The surprising feature of the whole case is that Mr. C. R. Cook's only defense was a plea of alcoholism." Mr. Cook's lawyer should have moved for the instant discharge of the accused on the ground that he was a protector and defender of the peace. This might not have been a strictly legal proceeding, but it would have been an equitable one. The name of C. R. Cook should be carved in letters of gold upon the Texas State House. Statues should be erected to him in public squares throughout the land. His initials should be found written on every musician's heart, as Calais on the heart of the dying Mary.

For in the hands of an instrument, very few, the piano is an instrument of torture, which breaks up happy homes, kills neighbors good will and devastates communities. Louis Laperre has written an admirable book on the "Evil Influences of the Piano Music as One of the Arts," but Vernon Lee, in her Studies of the 18th Century in Italy, has expressed in a few words the feeling of every true musician upon the subject.

"An instrument like our piano," says Vernon Lee, "with a loud, thick, muffled tone, or which you could execute, with considerable disadvantage, the music written for other instruments beside the sentimental and thin-dering imbecility written expressly for it, with suggestive power of expression to supersede other instruments, and with power of mechanical dexterity unlimited enough to perform itself—such an instrument, such a compromise, could not have existed in the 18th century, and could not, therefore, usurp all musical privileges, make people lose all notion of adaptation, of sound and style, accustomed them to unlimited noise and to dissonance, and foster that wholesale ignorance of music in general which is inevitable where a party not used aim only at mechanical dexterity; arranged pieces, pedals and numbers having relieved him from the necessity of learning harmony, of studying expression by means of the voice, and of obtaining a correct ear by tuning his own instrument; where, above all, everything has been done for him by others, he has been dedicated to a total want of musical education."

The question was raised by many at the time of the death of Jenny Lind whether the art of singing has gained or lost within the last half century. There is no doubt that it has lost, and many reasons can be given. Rossini in a conversation with Hiller said that with the extinction of many sopranos, the art of singing would die away. For these unfortunates devoted their lives to their art, and shut off from domestic cares or intrigues found consolation in it, and were a class of teachers who could never be equalled. Rossini always spoke half in jest, however, and since his time singing has received a more deadly blow than the drying of castles off the stage. There are two reasons why this art has been neglected of late, first the great and perhaps undue attention paid to instrumental music, and second, the influence of the Wagnerian school.

With the introduction of ventriloquism and the modern family of brass instruments, the orchestra at once received more attention, and more accompaniments became heavier and more independent, and, in a word, modern instrumentation was born, with its gorgeous colors, dramatic contrasts, and utter disregard to the capabilities of the voice, that most beautiful of all instruments. The song writers of Germany as the range and power of the piano were increased, subordinated the vocal part, or at least distracted the attention of the hearer by elaborate accompaniments. Thus many of the songs of Schubert, Franz and Grieg, call more upon the capabilities of the pianist than the singer. The attributes of this school obtain that music has gained by the change: it is true that as musical composition they are often of surpassing beauty, but they cease to be songs in the true meaning of the word.

Then the common use or rather abuse of the piano has had an injurious effect, for these days the singers out of ten use it constantly in practice and, little by little, lose the instinct of intonation.

Wagner says, in one of his books, that a German cannot sing, and recognizing this fact, he so wrote his music-dramas that the voice should be merely an instrument, having a place in the orchestral score; that is, he disregarded all rules of writing for the voice, and showed an utter contempt for what it could and could not do. The result has been that singer after singer has been ruined. Just now, in New York city, are proofs of this assertion. Put in opera the fashion rules, and it is the fashion to extol Wagner at the expense of all others. So blind is the fanaticism of this movement, led by Jews—a race which Wagner spent his life in reviling—that it makes no difference whether the singer be in tune or not. One of the critics, speaking of a performance of last week, said the tenor was superb, although he sang false the whole evening. Here, there is no question, no discussion of Wagner's great genius or his peculiar theories. The fact alone is referred to, that, as a writer for the voice, he has given the art of singing a terrible blow. And the influence of the opera in New York, with the exception of Miss Lehmann and one or two others, is for evil and not for good.

Now the critic of the New York World, who was a friend of Wagner and a translator of some of his librettos for the Carl Rosa company in London, does not agree with Mr. Howland, and his thoughts upon Seidl are touched in such vigorous language that they are worthy reproduction. "All the time Herr Seidl pounded the life out of his brass in his usual fashion, perfectly regardless of the characters which Wagner gave his orchestra as an illustrative organism. The music of the scenes making up the act could not possibly have had a worse orchestral interpretation. In the distressful case that Herr Seidl imitates is Wagner's music we miss the wonderful beauty and poetry which the composer has placed in his score. The chief trouble with Herr Seidl is that he is not gifted with great poetic or artistic sense, and that his alleged Wagnerian traditions as to how the operas of the King should be given are those of the Neumann theatrical company, which for a number of years presented this repurified version of "Goettedaemmerung" that has been presented to New York audiences this season. Wagner said in regard to the music of his operas: 'I give to the orchestra the character of an illustrative or heroic—a high, invisible language, appealing constantly to the audience, revealing, recanting, expounding.' He makes of it the instrument of a beautiful musical language whose mission is to explain the dramatic moods and incidents that are in progress on the stage. This duty given by Wagner to his orchestra is apparently unknown to Herr Seidl." And then the critic of the World gives an instance of the conductor's ignorance of Wagner's intention, and adds, "The rare instance simply to show how little of a Wagnerian score, and how little of the inner significance of Wagner's music has been revealed to us in these performances." He also complains of the forwardness of the imported conductor in putting himself before the curtain in the character of "Wagnerian tradition," when the audience called for the tenor or soprano.

These remarks of the critic of the World betray, Seidl has by no means in Germany the reputation he has here, a reputation given him by boom-creating speculators and ignorant fanatics. He is not to be compared with the conductors of Wagner in Dresden, Carlsruhe or Vienna, and immeasurably inferior to Herr Levy of Munich, to whom it is attempted to direct a Beeboven symphony in New York he succeeded in making the music and himself ridiculous, and in conducting which he showed his glaring incompetence. It is the fashion, and people who are content with the howlings of Neumann and Brandt are no doubt entraptured by Art. A morning paper in speaking of the late concert of the Albany Philharmonic society says, "there is nothing now considered beyond their reach in the orchestral line in the world." As not this putting it a little stronger would the members themselves of this society claim so much? But possibly the morning paper is right, and in that case our citizens may have the pleasure of hearing this winter the great works of Beeboven, Strakosky, Wagner and Brahms performed by Art. Seidl.

AMUSEMENTS.

The Gilmore Musical Festival at the Academy of Music.

In speaking of the musical features of the concert given by Mr. P. S. Gilmore and his band at the Academy of Music last night, it can with truth be said that Mr. Gilmore has his band under admirable control, and that in all the playing among the members of his band several perfect discipline is shown. He has singing the rack in refinement of path and often more brutal in exhorting effect than the Nuremberg Virgin; but when a man obtains such beautiful tones as Liberati, the music should be worthy of the man.

The chorus of over two hundred voices was surprisingly weak. In the selection from Tannhauser it was scarcely heard, and in the Hallejub chorus, although the attack of the different voices was good, the general effect was disappointing.

The audience was large and more enthusiastic than disconcerting.

It is a question whether Gilmore should be taken seriously or not. He is a great band master, so far as the qualities of a disciplinarian are concerned. He appreciates good music, and his men play states good music, and his men play transcriptions of everything written for any or all instruments; whether it be Liszt's "Preludes," or Gottschalk's "Last Hope," a symphony for grand orchestra, or a jig intended for paper and comb. As a man, it is impossible not to admire his energy, pluck and strong will. But there is an element of Barism about him that leads a superficial observer to deny even his good qualities and judge him simply by his display of decorations and importation of anvils.

When Philip II., of Spain, went to Brussels in 1549 to visit his father, the emperor Charles V., the street processions in his honor were of a most curious character. One chariot carried a bear, who played an organ; in place of the organ pipes, however, twenty narrow boxes contained each a cat; their tails clattered by strings, so that when one struck out and were tied to the keys of a clavichord by strings, so that when one touched one of these keys the tail corresponded to the key was so strongly pulled that at each pressure a dismal mail and express to all parts of the world, met upon the page the leaders' glance and compelled admiration even from an Albanian.

There were, however, a few other numbers of the program which call for attention.

The singing of the chorus was as a whole very good, although two of the selections, the ones by Kleiber and Buck were uninteresting and gave no opportunity to the singers. The peasants and the soloist. They have more to do with the evening and tomorrow night, when the program—that is the musical part—will be more interesting; no change could of course improve the literary portions already referred to.

There was not as large an audience as was expected, and the magnificent hall looked a little bare.

Now, much of the music given by Mr. Gilmore has no more worth than that heard in the Brussels procession so long ago. The magnifying of the anvil chorus which serves its purpose admirably in Verdi's famous opera the introduction of red-shirted youths who strike irregularly, only not quite so ingenious. Mr. Gilmore's concert would be just as popular and attractive, and he would make as much money, if he would omit this clap-trap and humbug which prevents his being taken seriously and treated seriously.

THE CONCERT AT TROY.

Rensselaer County Musical Association.

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AMUSEMENTS.

The Gilmore Musical Festival at the Academy of Music.

In speaking of the musical features of the concert given by Mr. P. S. Gilmore and his band at the Academy of Music last night, it can with truth be said that Mr. Gilmore has his band under admirable control, and that in all the playing among the members of his band several perfect discipline is shown. He has singing the rack in refinement of path and often more brutal in exhorting effect than the Nuremberg Virgin; but when a man obtains such beautiful tones as Liberati, the music should be worthy of the man.

The chorus of over two hundred voices was surprisingly weak. In the selection from Tannhauser it was scarcely heard, and in the Hallejub chorus, although the attack of the different voices was good, the general effect was disappointing.

The audience was large and more enthusiastic than disconcerting.

It is a question whether Gilmore should be taken seriously or not. He is a great band master, so far as the qualities of a disciplinarian are concerned. He appreciates good music, and his men play states good music, and his men play transcriptions of everything written for any or all instruments; whether it be Liszt's "Preludes," or Gottschalk's "Last Hope," a symphony for grand orchestra, or a jig intended for paper and comb. As a man, it is impossible not to admire his energy, pluck and strong will. But there is an element of Barism about him that leads a superficial observer to deny even his good qualities and judge him simply by his display of decorations and importation of anvils.

When Philip II., of Spain, went to Brussels in 1549 to visit his father, the emperor Charles V., the street processions in his honor were of a most curious character. One chariot carried a bear, who played an organ; in place of the organ pipes, however, twenty narrow boxes contained each a cat; their tails clattered by strings, so that when one struck out and were tied to the keys of a clavichord by strings, so that when one touched one of these keys the tail corresponded to the key was so strongly pulled that at each pressure a dismal mail and express to all parts of the world, met upon the page the leaders' glance and compelled admiration even from an Albanian.

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The foreign conservatories and academies are overrun by the hordes of Americans who go to Europe to study music. The number of American girls studying the piano in Berlin alone is enough to stir a terror to the stoutest soul when he reflects what unutilized force they will inflict upon their return. A correspondent of the Boston Globe tells me that about a class of girls and young men, who have been the musical wonder and oracle of the little town where they have lived, and who have by hard work and the assistance of well meaning "patrons of music" in the place gained enough money to spend a year "perfecting themselves," when, alas they have no foundation to build upon. She says, "But I wish to speak more particularly of that other, the poor misguided girl, who, with an income of no elasticity, but with fanciful ideas of unrecognized talent and limited funds, goes over to those institutions and wonders at a career of disappointment. The conservatories especially are filled with these students, disappointed and desperate yet working earnestly against fearful odds. How much faster if they would but discover before starting whether or not they possess any true musical talent or only an educated taste for music! At be, in their own little circles, they shine like stars of the first magnitude, but over there they will find the atmosphere alive with brilliant and yet comely, whose very tails will sweep into space. The Germans are born to music. It is in the air. The populations such that far greater riches than the average foreign student are unable to succeed financially, and for that very reason they swarm to our country and demand but a pittance for their services. Look at your one year of conservatory life. If you intend to do earnest work you enter your name in the higher school which is divided from the primary section and devoted only to would be professionals and teachers. You must commence with a "method." That you have played Bach and Beethoven before counts for nothing. Your presumption will be one of your first discoveries. You must even promise to practice none of your old favorite pieces, whose melodies will wait you back to the "land of the free."

Thomas F. Ryder, known as an artist, pianist and composer, died Dec. 2nd, at Somerville, Mass. He was 52 years old. He was a man of industry, and wrote many compositions which were popular and trashy.

There has been a musical event of unusual interest in Pennsylvania, viz: The appearance of the ghost of Ole Bull. The ghost is to be heard in company with other spooks at Germantown, Potter county. On the top of a hill near the village stands what is left of Ole Bull's castle, built by him many years ago. Intended to establish a Swedish colony in Potter county, and for this purpose he bought much land. The castle itself was a curious affair. If the stories told are true. Rooms of curious design, secret passages and odd devices were found everywhere throughout the entire structure. A room was especially designed for each member of his family and for his particular friends and the apartment to be used as his study and practice-room was exceedingly lined with glass for the purpose of more clearly bringing out the rays of his wonderful violin. It was a fairyland castle in stone and masonry—the ideal abode of a dreamer. But the scheme collapsed and Ole Bull went back to Europe. It was no the night of his death that the first strange things were noticed about the old ruin. To use the lurid language of a reporter, "Ghoulish locking lights of various colors were seen at the windows and moving about from room to room, and at regular intervals during the night, strains of the most solemn and pathetic music burst forth from the hollow rooms of the castle and came, floating down on the still night air to the superstitious and terrified ears of the people. On the 18th of last August, just seven years after the first mysterious occurrences, the same performance was repeated. The spectral program is usually opened about midnight by the clearing of the master's violin. Many of the more nervous of the inhabitants have come so far up over the affair that as soon as a guitar comes they lock their doors and closely shade the windows in order that they may be spared from looking up at the dreadful lights and hearing the solemn midnight chant of the ghoulish tenants of the haunted palace.

(One of the Company company dis-
 appointed the audience, signora Isotta,
 whose voice was decidedly unpleasant and at
 times curiously nasal. It may be said in her
 arrival in America, but the quality of her
 voice has not probably been affected by her
 indisposition, though her at times false in-
 tonation may be due to that cause. She
 showed careful training however, and a great
 deal of execution. Her best singing was in
 the duet with Scalzi, but there were those
 present who had heard Patti in the same,
 and the words of Mercury are harsh after
 the songs of Apollo.

The Hungarian Band.

German hall with its uncomfortable seats was completely filled last evening at the entertainment given for the benefit of the Woman's Diocesan League. Although the concert was advertised as beginning at half past seven, the hall was not filled until eight, so that the effect of the first numbers of the program was marred by the continual slamming of doors and tramping up and down the aisles.

After the Hungarians had played three numbers, Mr. R. H. Smith was introduced to the bishop, as an architect, engineer, artist, engraver, humorist and character delineator, but in spite of all this he looked very much like other people, there was nothing out of the way in his costume and he managed his eye glass with apparent ease and considerable grace. Mr. Hopkinson Smith first told the audience about himself, then passed lightly over the details of the life of R. Hopkinson Smith, Mr. R. Hopkinson Smith paid a glowing tribute to Joel Chandler Harris, the creator of "Uncle Remus," and then plunged into a medley of stories, comic and pathetic. Some of the stories told by R. Hopkinson Smith were new, others well known to the chestnut tree. Some were told very well, others were told indifferently. The audience enjoyed the first half hour of R. Hopkinson Smith exceedingly and he was rewarded with honest laughter and applause, but the second half hour of R. Hopkinson Smith dragged a little. When he had spoken for nearly an hour, the Hungarian band was given another chance and played exquisitely. But many of the audience got up about 10 o'clock so as to be at the Fort Orange reception.

The music of the band was most remarkable. Such swing, such effects of rhythm, such alternate fire and pathos are not generally given by eleven men. It is to be hoped that the Hungarian band can be heard again and under more favorable circumstances.

The Kossuth Club Musical Association is doing a good work. Why can we not have a similar organization in Albany county? We surely have as good material if not better, and when the public hall is built, there can be no complaint about the lack of a suitable place for concert purposes. There are no mortifying differences between the two cities. I joyfully support such a society; in Albany when any such scheme is proposed each musician grabs another by the throat and the plan dies amid bickering and strife.

Last Sunday the beautiful cantata of Gallia by Gounod was given at St. Peter's church under the direction of Mr. Mills, the organist. A notice of its performance has already appeared in these columns, written by another hand. Whatever may have been the merits of this particular performance, Mr. Mills deserves credit for bringing forward such compositions, and putting the hearing within the reach of all. It seems a custom peculiar to many of the musicians of this city to prefer to criticize rather than assist. It is so much easier to cure a performance than to take part and go through the drudgery of the many rehearsals which are necessary to success.

There is much musical talent in Albany, and if all the singers should join themselves together and assist men like Mr. Mills, who are willing to undertake the preparation of beautiful compositions as yet unknown to our lovers of music, the winters would not suffer from musical famine. As it is, the take the blindfold and we hope he will get him. As the dyspeptic Mr. Carlyle once said, we are all snakes in a bottle, each one trying to get to the top. Let us hope that Mr. Mills will continue the work he has begun, and acquaint Albanians with the treasures of music which have been too long allowed to grow dusty on the shelves of the Protestant Episcopal church.

At the fourth annual congress of the National Society of Professional Musicians held in London this week, Calixa Lavallee of Boston read an essay on the Advancement of Music in the United States. A synopsis of his address, as given by the New York Herald, is as follows: His address will be a resume of the rise, development and progress of music as a profession in America, with special reference to native musicians and composition and the wonderful development of musical taste among the people, so that while hitherto Americans have formed huge audiences for European artists and composers to profit by, the Americans are sending lyric artists for European audiences, and may soon produce successors of Verdi and other composers now passing off the stage. Now with all due respect to Mr. Lavallee, it may be doubted whether there is any immediate prospect of the rise of American successors to Verdi. The creation of a "national school" and its growth demand time. Other nations have, in the first place, songs of the people, the melodies often going back hundreds of years, and these melodies have a character of their own. Thus for example, it would be impossible to confound a German folksong with a French chanson, an English ballad with an Italian national melody. The character of each is peculiar national "color," so called. Now so far in America we are without these distinctly American melodies. The majority of the old negro minstrel tunes are often reminiscences of airs of other lands, and upon hearing them one does not at once say: "That is American in its nature." In New York of late, however, the actors Harrigan and Hart have, with their musical assistants, Brahm, created a school. The airs in their sketches of low life in New York are, as a rule, original and exceedingly characteristic. In other words, they would find no place, they would have no reason for existence if the scene of their action should be transferred just as London has song belongs to London and not to Paris. "Widow Nolan's Goat," "Miss Moody's Pianoforte," "The Order of Full Moons," and, in fact, the Brahman repertoire deserve the highest praise, and will be invaluable documents to the future student of the growth of music in America, just as the plays themselves of Harrigan are at present the only National Drama we have. Our composers, in mere ambitious vein, talented though they may be, such as Paine, Chadwick, Bird and Buck, are thoroughly Germanized, and their music might as well be written in Leipzig or Munich as here. The present we are imitators, not creators.

The musical event of this week in New York, was the appearance of the boy pianist Joseph Hoffman. He had been well advertised by his manager, and wonderful stories were daily told of him; how for instance, sitting down the other day before a typewriter, an instrument of torture which he had never seen before, he simply said "Ab! There!" and at once wrote letters in four or five languages with neatness and dispatch. But from all accounts this Barnumism was not necessary, for he is admitted by all to be a rarely gifted musical nature. So many of the se producers write above the musical horizon, blaze for a season, and then go out in utter darkness, that it is rash to exult at once upon the appearance of these abnormally developed minds is the byproduct of criticism. An encouraging sign for the future success of this talented boy is that he is said to be fond of outdoor sports, particularly lawn tennis and the flying kite.

The New York Star has an admirable article upon this infant phenomenon, so just and sensible that it should be reprinted in this column. "If we say that his proper place as an object of public curiosity is in a museum of wonders, we are aware that we put a brutal construction upon his marvellous development of intelligence and execution. It we attempt to rate him among the superior pianist of the day, we do so at the submission of our mature judgment to childish precocity."

"We know precisely what we would do with a child of Josef Hoffman's abnormal talent, had he been born to us. We would have removed him as far as possible from the influence of music. We would have surrounded him with dolls, blocks and the little spade and hoe. We would have tempted the small body to grow, and forbidden the fire mind against any but simple tasks. As it seems to us now, this child's growth into an absolutely great musician like Liszt or Rubinstein or Rummel has been dwarfed by the deliberate application of voracity and battery, as the dog rancher uses whiskey and tobacco to stunt the toy terrier. "It is apparent to the careful observer who speaks to Joseph Hoffman or hears him play that he is a manikin in mind as in art. He has been made to put away childish things at an age when his head and heart should be teeming and beaming with the silliest and happiest of notion. He is a musical Tom Thumb, who is far more presentable and acceptable as a baby dwarf than he will be as a middle-aged and mediocre curiosity. There is no evidence, so far as we remember, that nature forgets and forgets an attempt to force her human products. The inborn fire of genius may sometimes break forth from its little fireman in an unexpected manner, but nature pays no insurance upon a blaze that is allowed to consume and waste substance in early youth."

Idea as to music, any way. eight months!" But the English have curious

Concert for Trinity Episcopal Church at Jermain Hall.

certain that was comfortably made
given by the quarter of the First Street
Presbyterian church of Troy for the benefit
of Trinity church of this city. The quarter
is made up of Miss Baldwin of Boston;
Miss Bart of Albany, and Messrs. Impell
and Schoonmaker, Troy.

Of these, the only one calling for notice is Miss Louise Baldwin of Boston, who, it was announced, had volunteered her services. She has a very clear and sympathetic voice which is under admirable control. Her attack, breathing and phrasing are worthy of the highest praise. Her selections were excellent (with the exception of a vulgarly-written song by Mr. Vogteli), and in the singing of them she showed great cultivation and natural musical taste. Unfortunately,

Miss Baldwin at times shows faulty intonation, having a tendency to "sharpen" David, she sang an exquisite Chanson of Godard. She, as well as the others, suffered from the incompetence of the accompanist, who, for instance, mangled the beautiful phrase in the Godard selection in the most shocking manner and at each reprise. This was Miss Baldwin's first appearance in Albany. We trust it is not her last. She met with a flattering

ing receptor, and to the pleasure of the audience sang two more songs than had been allotted to her by the program. She is by all odds the most musical of the singers of this neighborhood, and it is to be hoped that some local organization will secure her services. Why could not the managers of the Schubert club engage her for their next concert?

Mr. Ireland T. Powers volunteered his services, the program said. He was described therein as "the celebrated Dr."

lineator and reader." The greater number in the audience appeared to be pleased with his various readings and the rest sat in their seats with commendable patience and fortitude.

The Theatre of this week has a reproduction of a photograph of Adeline Patti in the role of fourteen. She is dressed in a loose and long waist and short skirt of large plaid, and below hangs large pantalettes. The original poster Jacob Hess.

"The musical novelties of the past week in New York were Wagner's "Siegfried," which was warmly received by the Wagner fanatics; "Dorothy" at the Standard, libretto by Stephenson, and music by Collier, which was not an unqualified success, as Stephenson has been asked to "prune the dialogue of his second act with a censorial saw." Besides these at the Kaufmann Opera House a little new Comic Opera has been brought out; it is called "King Solomon," there are two characters on the programme including two black mothers with a papier mache baby, besides the following supernumeraries: Priestess, Cardinals, Elders of Israel, Levites, Israeli Kings, Egyptian Rulers, Harpichons, King Solomon, Negroes, Herd-boys, Sandalwood People, Shepherds, Egyptian Priests, Egyptian Military, Egyptian Princes, Persians, Mice, Chameleons, Solomon's Wives, Shepherds, Female Slaves, Princesses, Lovers, Monkeys, Elephants, Devils.

DISCUSSION

Albanians this last week have had for musical entertainment the concert of the Roman Catholic Cathedral choir, under direction of Prof. DuMonchel, and the pretty operetta of Tréma, though the representation of the latter can only be cursorily be called a musical entertainment. The singers in Tréma were not, with the exception of Mr. Hilliard, born with musical voices, nor did their "art" make amends. Even in an operetta it is pleasant to hear singing—not great singing, perhaps, nor even pretentious attempts, but as good singing as is heard in a well paid choir. Now in Tréma the voices of several of the company were rank, and one or two were of buz-zaw quality. While the entered into and roundades made matters worse. The two comedians were good, and together with the fine stage setting and costumes pulled the operetta through.

It will be remembered that an English "musician," Mr. Napoleon Bird, played the piano last summer for twenty-five consecutive hours. He has a bated rival, Herr Rameier, who lately in South America, knocked him out by playing thirty-six hours without rest or change of wristbands. Napoleon Bird not only to be outdone, made arrangements to play thirty-six and three-fourths hours, at Stockport, England, October 25th: whether he has done the deed does not yet appear.

of the church in Irvington which day could
 could not be, the origin of the
 attend, not himself this week from fear of
 socialists.

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the papers are not to be put on to any of the main issues of the party. There seems to be no doubt that during the latter part of her life she often showed an envious and spiteful character. A correspondent of the New York Times says: She never went to theatres, balls, or operas. She went to hear Patti sing once but she left the hall before the performance was over, saying that Patti could not sing, couldn't sing. She was rather sensitive of the subject of her rivals. She was at a reception one night at which Nilsson was also present. "There is the Swedish Nightingale,"

remarked one of Christus's admirers, pointing her out in the crush to a friend, "No, I am the Nixatingale," interrupted Lind who overheard the remark. She read religious books, painted, or read Shakespeare to Goethe or Schiller. She did not care for the newspapers. She disliked the French, although she generally spoke their language when conversing with foreigners. Her son, the favorite composer. She also esteemed Handel, Mozart, Gluck and Mendelssohn. Twice a year she gave concerts, at which

artisticness of England were proud to present. Next door to Jenny Lind, in Milton Gardens, lived Adelaide Neilson, the singer, who was a great stiletter for conventional morality could never bear the latent and impulsive actress. When on Neilson's reception days, carriages drove up to the door and fashionable about-town stepped out and mounted her steps, Jenny Lind would go to the window, look out for a moment, and then, impatiently darting her glance, would exclaim in bitter tones: "That creature is holding one of her lions!"

again," "Madame Lind is said never to have had gas in any of her houses, as she thought it injurious to the voice; but in her London home she had a large surface, which was clipped from all parts of the world, and pasted over its entire surface, newspapers, etc. of the great singer. This screen was evidently not injurious.

MUSIC.

There has been nothing of note in the direction of music in New York this last week. Theodore Thomas and young Damrosch have given concerts with orthodox programs. Little Josef Hofman still gives delight to his audiences; and Nessler's Trompeter with its undramatic and popular music, has for the time, pushed the ponderous works of Master Richard Wagner to the wall. Here in Albany we have had the first of the concerts of the Schubert Club and have had the pleasure of hearing the admirable musicians who make up the New York Philharmonic Club. All of our local musicians are busy in the preparation of the services for Christmas.

And what a job it is to find music for that day of rejoicing that will please the musician, the parson and the people. Of these persons who are to be satisfied, the organist or choirmaster is usually the most difficult and severe. He sympathizes with the old clergy-

man who, about to die, remarked to a favorite deacon: "Deacon Hathiway, I have preached many, many sermons in my life. Few have pleased God and none have pleased me."

It is often the case that congregations pre-

for old and familiar anthems to modern compositions, so often filled with reminiscences and then again with attempts at originality. The numbers of the "Messiah," treating of the vision of the shepherds and telling of the coming of the Saviour upon earth are just as new and fresh and religious as when first heard by the people of Dublin. And what is more beautiful or more appropriate or more deservedly popular than the immortal cantata of Adolphe Adam, "O Night Divine?"

MUSIC.

Shafter, "late Lieut. Third Reg. New York Volunteers, 1861-1862; also post after, Island, New York harbor, 1861-62," the gentleman of his experience would not be the blunders which disfigure it. For instance the term *aristocrate* is defined as meaning "light airy manner," whereas it means ing of the kind. The trill in modern does not begin with the note above, this pretence, unless of course it is exp so indicated. "The work of Mr. Safter, orton, seems to be well done and many

also recognize the "Frank Green Q. tick" and the "Quick Match." Drum Major Webb, (as played by him). The book "Whole does much credit to Mr. Sh experience and industry.

The Caipani Operatic Concert
at the Risk.

The unsightly and uncomfortable barn that Muzel was early well filled last night with an audience that shivered with cold, in spite of the country paragon sheep-skin stoves and the indefatigable attentions of the fire-man.

The said stoves were apparently heated to furnace heat, but so far as warmth thrown out the glow was only an illusion, reminding one of the trick story by which Col. Sellers roasted his skins.

Signorina Torticelli first broke the ice with a concerto of De Beriot. In this and in the arrangement of Hungarian airs she showed admirable qualities. Her tone is large, her sympathetic, passionate but under control; her execution generally clean, though in the first movement of the concerto she played at times carelessly. Personally she is most attractive, both in face and figure.

The honors of the evening fell to Galassi, whose noble voice was heard in the selection from Bizet's "Pearl Fishers," in the famous air of Rossini's "Figaro," and in two duets.

The well worn air of the Barber received new life and was sung with a spirit and dash that brought the hearers to their feet. There was not a phrase sung by Galassi last night that did not show his careful training; nothing was slighted or hurried over to obtain a sudden effect; each separate note was a study in tone production; there was no vulgar attempt to "catch" the audience. To hear Galassi is a liberal education to every musician.

And so, too, was the singing of Signora Scatchi an unmixt delight.

Signor Corsini did his best to amuse the audience, and bore accompanied admirably.

Two of the singers who for a time in America ruled the operatic stage appeared last night in concert; they have delighted thousands; they were singers who were richly endowed by nature; they were excellent exponents of the old Italian school of song; they were faithful and conscientious in their relations to the composers whose works they sang and to the thousands who long ago, subject to their spell, gave them the laurel wreath.

Eleika Gerster four or five years ago went back to Berlin after a long absence from the artistic career charmed all hearts. The public, ready to adore, crowded the theatre; they went away sad at heart. The Gerster whom they remembered, the girl of the pure and liquid voice, was no more. Remembering her early triumphs, they were at first moved to silence; and then every now and then hearing the Gerster of old, they cheered, saluting the singing star.

And so it was last night.

There was the same sweet face which seen in "Sommabua" is mirrored in the minds of every one who saw her in that most charming of pastora's. There are traces of the skill, the flexibility and execution, and at times the impid purity of the voice of the Gerster of old; but the voice itself, where is it? Ah! where are the snobs of yesterday? Where are the names of the women singers who in the days of Solomon, king of Jerusalem, brought tears to the eyes of the beauties of the harem and stirred the passions of the smart queens of the castle?

Hector P.illion, in "Les Solitaires de l'Océan," wrote a sketch of the life of a singer, which is as good as a chapter from Victor to the zenith of the artistic dramago describes the star setting in a cloudy sky. That loss means the ruin of an organ marvel in its extent, power, the beauty of its accents, the delicate difference in its timbre dramatic expression and his perfect unity! Ah! I am sometimes moved with profound pity for singers, and I can only pardon the errors, varieties, demands, and unmeasured absurdities of some of them, they live only for a day, and, when they die, they utterly pass out of existence. Scarcely one of the most celebrated names ever survives beyond a half-closed tomb. Enriching with a thousand varied emotions he makes his exit with slow steps; they wish to see him still; they call for him loudly. What sweet and cruel agony for him, this last spasm of enthusiasm, and one should pardon him if he wishes to produce a little. It is his last joy, it is his glory, love, genius, life itself, greatness alive, yet dying. Come, then, poor come and hear the final expression of our loving admiration and our gratitude for the times which you have given us for so long a time; come and taste them, and be happy and proud; you will always remember this hour, and we shall forget it tomorrow. He comes forward pausing, his heart swollen with tears; one great shout bursts forth; the people clap their hands; he is called by the dearest and most flattering of names; the emperor himself crowns him. But the curtain falls at last, as the cold and heavy knife of the guillotine; an abyss separates the victor from his triumphal chariot, an abyss never to be crossed again; the god is dead! time itself. It is finished! The god is dead! Night profound! Eternal night!

The following is the program of last night's concert:

Grand Concerto..... De Bortolo
 Mlle. Tortorelli.
 Artoso—O Nair—Les Pecheurs des Perles..... Bizet
 Signora Gattasi.
 Aria—A Eschini, Donna Caritta, Mercadante
 Signor Scialoja.
 Romanza—O Partido, L'Africaine. Meyerbeer.
 Signor Campanini.
 Aria—"Jewel Song" ("Fanciulla"). Gounod
 Madame Polka (revised).
 Signora Gattasi.
 Grand Duo—"L'aragona Falcotum" ("Harlequin"). Rossini
 Signor Corsini.
 Aires Horgrois..... Tirenelli
 Polka—Glor di Margarita. Arditi
 Madame Gattasi and Signora Scialoja.
 Rossini
 Aria buffa..... Rossini
 Aires Horgrois..... Tirenelli
 Polka—Glor di Margarita. Arditi
 Madame Gattasi and Signora Scialoja.
 Rossini
 Signor Campanini.
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 Madame Polka (revised).
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MUSIC.

In common with the other newspapers of this city the Union printed in its "Tuesday issue a criticism of the performance of the Chinese of Normandy, given by the Albany Operatic association. This criticism was written with care and with the kindest of feelings for the young organization. A prominent member of the company called at this office and complained that it was unjust. He admitted on cross-examination that each separate paragraph was true, but that as a whole the article was unfair; and for this reason, that the first performance was only a rehearsal and that the company did not appear to advantage until Wednesday night. Criticism of the operetta therefore should have been deferred until the third performance. He again remarked that as it was an amateur company, any faults should have been passed over in silence.

Now it was not an amateur performance in the technical sense of the word. Three of the company were out and out professionals, in fact, very much out the greater part of the evening. Another of the soloists was a professional musician. The only amateurs were the men and women of the chorus. Nor was the operetta given for a charitable object by volunteers. The money made was for the benefit of the company and for that alone.

So the performance of the first night was only a rehearsal, was it? Was that fact admitted? Did the people who bought tickets for the first night know that it would be "only a rehearsal?" What rubbish!

And all this member of the association wanted was justice, which to so many is merely another word for battery; and when the truth was told and justice dealt out in liberal doses, he was not satisfied. He admitted that the article in question was true; he admitted that his own singing that evening, to use his own language, was "rotten;" but still he wanted "justice," and justice with a large J.

Now to all such complaining people the Union says that the criticisms of this paper are written with care and deliberation. It is the aim of the writer to speak frankly of the merits and faults of musical performances. If one feature is good, it should be praised; if another is bad, it should be condemned; if other words, the truth should be told, no matter if sensitive people suffer thereby. It may be said in reply that this is unkind; or another may offer as a charitable excuse that the writer suffers acutely from cancer of the stomach; and another may in a friendly way say: "But it doesn't pay, you know. You cannot afford to do it."

This last bit of reasoning seems irresistible to many musicians, who, knowing better, oppose their taste and ability to "please the people," to "tickle the public" and gain thereby a few odd dollars. But there is something blither in this world than dollars. Even in music and even in the trade of writing notices of musical performances for the "live press."

Can the rumor be true that Patti, the
 Part will sing no more, and that she suffers
 from cancer of the stomach, that terrible
 and unromantic disease? She is under a con-
 tract to sing for Mr. Abbey in South
 America, and Mr. Abbey has denied the re-
 port, that is he claims that if she were too
 weak to sing, he would have heard from her
 from dyspepsia. Nor beauty, nor an angel's
 voice can rise superior to a stomach com-
 plaint. Why can not such singers as Patti
 Campanini and Gersler and Galassi drink of
 the "Golden Lads and Girls all must,"
 chimney sweepers, come to dust?"

MUSIC

A Word About Carmen

The opera company calling itself by the pompous and stupid name of "Boston Ideal" has given three performances in Albany this week. Two of them were sadly cut and indifferently sung, but the performance of Carmen was in many respects creditable, the part of Carmen being admirably taken by the fascinating De Lussan. And what a masterpiece is this opera of Georges Bizet!

Prosper Mérimée once wrote a short story of about ninety pages, from which the libretto of Carmen is taken. This story is not Georges, but Alexander-César Leopold—founded the masterpiece of Carmen. Poor Georges Bizet—whose name, by the way, was died in 1875, three months after the first performance. Since his death the opera has gone over the world and is today justly regarded as one of the few great operas since Franz. Some even go so far as to say and say boldly that (Carmen and Aida are the two great operas of the last thirty or forty years; and not without reason. The libretto, the work of those cunning men, Meilhac and Halévy, is of absorbing nature, always dramatic, without half in the action; translated into any language, sung to the people of any nation, it is of overwhelming interest; for it is a story of the passions of human nature, not dealing with the cold figures of class, but with the shadowy and gigantic myths of a barbarous nation. And as the text book, claim not the shadowy and gigantic myths of a barbarous nation. And as the text book, so is the music. It is at once scholarly and melodious. Bizet has combined the few sensible ideas of Wagner with the passion and fire and dramatic intensity of the modern Italians, and the dramatic truth and frankness of the French. The instrumentation reveals not only an intimate knowledge of the resources and character of each instrument, but a sense of color and the picturesque. Each character is sharply drawn, not by the "dramatic literature" of a phrase which a guide book to the opera tells you means this or that, but by the music itself without any pality interpretation of words. The prelude itself contains the whole of Spain. And from the moment the curtain rises upon the soldiers watching the girls in the street until its fall upon the corpse of his mistress, Don José, the dramatic action and the music go hand in hand. And what can be more dramatic than the last act as it is given on the great stages of the European opera houses. The crowd in front of the amphitheater, the imposing procession, the wild ballet music, and finally the *culte* of Escamillo, the pride of the arena, the breaker of hearts. And then the short and passionate duet between the disgraced lover and the woman, she hearing only the plaudits which greet her new lover, woman-like loving the bull fighter because he is the figure of power and success; Don José even then willing to forget and forgive, A hasty stab, and Escamillo finds himself in the range of opera more dramatic, and fine. And I know of no opera of modern years that is musically to be compared with Carmen unless it be Verdi's *La Traviata*.

A ditch with my knife, and I laid her there. I looked for her ring and at last found it. I put it in the ditch with her and I put there a little crucifix. Perhaps I was wrong. Then I mounted my horse and galloped to Cordova where I gave myself up to the first officer whom I knew. The hermit was a holy man. He has prayed for her. He has said a mass for her soul. Poor child! The gypsies are to blame for bringing her up as they did." And so the story ends.

And upon this story Bizet and his authors founded the masterpiece of Carmen. Poor Georges Bizet—whose name, by the way, was died in 1875, three months after the first performance. Since his death the opera has gone over the world and is today justly regarded as one of the few great operas since Franz. Some even go so far as to say and say boldly that (Carmen and Aida are the two great operas of the last thirty or forty years; and not without reason. The libretto, the work of those cunning men, Meilhac and Halévy, is of absorbing nature, always dramatic, without half in the action; translated into any language, sung to the people of any nation, it is of overwhelming interest; for it is a story of the passions of human nature, not dealing with the cold figures of class, but with the shadowy and gigantic myths of a barbarous nation. And as the text book, claim not the shadowy and gigantic myths of a barbarous nation. And as the text book, so is the music. It is at once scholarly and melodious. Bizet has combined the few sensible ideas of Wagner with the passion and fire and dramatic intensity of the modern Italians, and the dramatic truth and frankness of the French. The instrumentation reveals not only an intimate knowledge of the resources and character of each instrument, but a sense of color and the picturesque. Each character is sharply drawn, not by the "dramatic literature" of a phrase which a guide book to the opera tells you means this or that, but by the music itself without any pality interpretation of words. The prelude itself contains the whole of Spain. And from the moment the curtain rises upon the soldiers watching the girls in the street until its fall upon the corpse of his mistress, Don José, the dramatic action and the music go hand in hand. And what can be more dramatic than the last act as it is given on the great stages of the European opera houses. The crowd in front of the amphitheater, the imposing procession, the wild ballet music, and finally the *culte* of Escamillo, the pride of the arena, the breaker of hearts. And then the short and passionate duet between the disgraced lover and the woman, she hearing only the plaudits which greet her new lover, woman-like loving the bull fighter because he is the figure of power and success; Don José even then willing to forget and forgive, A hasty stab, and Escamillo finds himself in the range of opera more dramatic, and fine. And I know of no opera of modern years that is musically to be compared with Carmen unless it be Verdi's *La Traviata*.

R. H.

The Boston Ideal at the Leland

In many respects the performance of Carmen last night at the Leland is a creditable one. There were but a very few cuts and the opera was treated with proper respect, neither butlered nor slighted. To say that it was an admirable performance would be going too far. The score is full of difficulties; the situations demand actors of the first rank, and to those who have seen Bizet's masterpiece played by such artists as Lucca, or Hauk, Gall-Marie or Trebelli as the wanton gypsy, and Campanini and Del Puente, the work of the Boston company was like a coarse sketch; with here and there suggestions of what might have been. For instance take the character of Don José, the unfortunate soldier who deserts country and sweetheart at the gypsies' bidding. Mr. Appleby, however good his intentions, could not act or sing it. And so with the rakish, dashing Torador. Mr. George Holmes was essayed the part did his best, but his best was a species of New England bull fighter with the bull properly ringed; an Escamillo of the fair ground where ginger-bread is sold, and thick men in smock-tracks, and trousers in boots, decide as to the merits of rival cows and carriage horses.

The orchestra did its work faithfully, but where was the wonderful grace and piquancy of Bizet's instrumentation, and only by finished musicians. The chorus was good, only the cigarette chorus was sung coarsely, and no attention was paid to its exquisite pianissimo. Mile de Lussan showed native talent and careful study in her representation of Carmen. Perhaps towards the end there was a lack of intensity, perhaps through-out there should have been a little more of the animal. Prosper Mérimée's Carmen was a wild and savage beauty; she had the eye of the wolf, and Mérimée saw her in a Spanish town, prowling about for prey. But Mile de Lussan is young, and though it may now lack a certain ripeness, her idea of the character is admirably carried out. She is a most promising actress; fascinating and sympathetic in face and figure; an artist who above all respects the composer whose music she sings. She will not always sing in a comic opera company.

Many in the audience went last night, no doubt, expecting to see a species of operetta; they anxiously waited for somebody like "Caddy" to appear and slide about the stage, and they did not exactly understand the terrible tragedy of Bizet. Carmen slain outside of the arena, while within the triumphant chant of the foredoom arises—was this, they asked, a comic opera? And they put on their coats a little put out, wishing, perhaps, that the opera had been the Black Hussar, or even *Ernani* with "Caddy" tumbling down the staircase.

It was stated in the Union last Saturday that Gilmore's band, which appears here in March, would be supported by a chorus under the direction of Mr. Dennison. Two novelists are promised, and Albany is at last to hear something new and of interest. These selections are the *Andal Chorus* from *Il Trovatore*, and the *Indian* from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. The latter may possibly be known to a few Albanians who go to New York occasionally, but we are confident that the former is utterly unknown. From the title we should infer that it had something to do with walls; possibly the stage will present a realistic appearance, and if a couple of real blacksmiths were introduced, it would no doubt provoke wild applause. A gentleman in the pressroom who attends the Central and loves to hear patent medicine men on street corners, suggests that the music of this chorus is the same as the well known "Bang, bang, bang" Goes the hammer on the anvil, All day long in the door I used to stop; Listening to the music, Made by honest labor (bats off) In the old village blacksmith shop.

De Lussan as Marie in The Daughter of the Regiment

Leand stage last evening in the character of Marie, the daughter of the regi-

ment.

Mlle. de Lussan has a true and agreeable voice, which she uses with considerable skill. She sings intelligently and does not introduce cadenzas which she cannot execute; neither is she afflicted with the wild desire to suddenly stop the orchestra and chorus that she may interpolate a shriek upon a high note, that the whole performance may revolve around that note to the keen pleasure of people in the audience who know no better than to applaud such a painful exhibition—the tricks of a two penny singer and the source of undying wonder to the assemblyman from the back districts. Mlle. de Lussan also deserves great praise for refusing to repeat certain scenes which tickled the audience. If all singers should follow her example the "encore" nuisance would disappear, together with the foolish and misapplied word which characterizes the "loud equals of joy" to which people at times give way when the ear is tickled.

Personally Mlle. de Lussan is a joy to see. She is tickled.

The part of Sulpice was filled acceptably by Mr. Clark. The chorus though small, was effective, and the orchestra was very fair.

It is a pity that Donizetti's delightful work, which by the way, was a favorite of the late emperor William, was cut. It all the music Donizetti wrote had been played and sung, the performance would not have been too long. It is to be hoped that Carmen, which is the opera this evening, will be given as Bizet wrote it and not mangled to suit the exigencies of the occasion or conceal the weaknesses of the company.

The cast for this evening is as follows: Don Jose, George Appleby; Escamillo, W. H. Clark; El Dancario, Clement Bain; Zuziga, J. C. Milton; Morales, G. E. Holmes; Michaela, Miss Letitia Fitch; Frasquita, Miss Harriet Avery; Mercedes, Miss Helen Dudley Campbell; Carmen, Mlle. Zelle Delussan.

AMUSEMENTS.

Auber's Fra Diavolo at the Leland.

Auber's delightful opera "Fra Diavolo" was given last night by the Boston Ideal company instead of Carmen which was announced. The audience was small of course, on account of the severe storm, but it seemed to enjoy the sparkling music of the gay Frenchman.

The opera was cut here and there, and in the first act a song was interpolated to give Messrs. Milton and Clark an opportunity.

The orchestra was the feature of the performance, being much better than the ordinary traveling band. It was noisy at times, and in many of the accompaniments there was a lack of delicacy and appreciation of the charming score of Auber.

Miss Harriet Avery played and sang the part of Zerlina in an acceptable manner. She has a shapely figure and did not overdo the bed-room business. She might have dispersed with the interposed cadenza in that scene, for her executed cadenza, particularly her trill, was by no means finished. The other singers did not do justice to the music allotted them, and the quintette in the first act suffered from the inability of the tenor to sing his part.

"Fra Diavolo" is not a burlesque opera. It was written for the Opera Comique of Paris; its score demands singers of ability. In Dresden, for instance, the many roles of the Marquis is taken by Gudehus, the greatest Wagner tenor now living in Germany; the other parts are filled by the leading singers of the royal opera; and it is unalloyed pleasure to hear the accompaniments alone as they are played by the superb orchestra of the court. Flunacy, delicacy and the most cunning knowledge of the effects of instrumentation characterize the work of Auber; and it, in a concerted number, one part be eligible, or if one singer is unable to sing his notes, the whole goes for nothing. It is always that which is apparently simple that tries the skill of a true artist.

This evening the opera will be the delightful "Daughter of the Regiment," of which Schumann said, "I wish I had written it." Tomorrow, "The Elixer of Love" will be given for the matinee and "Carmen" for the evening performance.

Queer Advertising.

One of the Buffalo Sunday papers, and our own esteemed Sunday Express, printed short sketches of the Boston Ideal people. They are of course written in good faith, but there is a touch of burlesque in a few of the items. Take, for instance, the account of Miss de Lussan, the prima donna, Mlle. Zelle de Lussan, the prima donna, is known as a beautiful woman with a wonderful voice, but few people know that she is only 23 years old and that she receives on an average three offers of marriage in every city. She is still single and says she is not going to do anything in a hurry. Aside from her music she is a profound student of history. Unlike most prima donnas, Mlle. is not at all affected, and eats three square meals a day. She is a hard student, and learns an opera in a week. Her one weak spot is her arms. She has a beautiful arm and is intensely proud of it. Piatich is her favorite author, and a copy of his lives is always to be found among her music. Every day she takes long walks, and can handle dumb-bells with as much artistic grace as she handles her voice.

Miss Helen Dudley Campbell, the contralto, is a "Scottish lassie," and her favorite occupation is walking. She regularly takes long walks each day, rain or shine, and when her friends expositulate with her for exposing herself, her invariable answer is, "There's nothing as good as taking a wee dander on your ain account."

George Appleby, the tenor, comes from the "land o' cakes," and never allows a day to pass without eating oat meal. This brings up interesting questions as to the effect of diet upon the voice. We know what Mr. Appleby can do upon several plates of oatmeal. How would he sing should he diversify his diet with codfish balls, or say a nice bit of liver and bacon?

W. H. Clark is an expert billiard player. He carries a private cue with him and has not paid a cent for playing billiards in five years.

This is probably the reason why he prefers a traveling engagement, as he then stops only a night or two in a town. Everyone will be glad to learn that Mr. Mement Bainbridge is one of the few comedians who are funny off the stage, as the same article informs us that he is an expert boxer, perhaps it would be well to postpone any further remarks until Thursday or Friday.

We understand that Miss Kate Kaniz, accompanied by her father, Mr. John Kaniz, and Mr. Milton H. Conner, the editor of the Argus, are in New York this week, for the purpose of introducing the young girl to some of the New York critics. Miss Kaniz is well known in this city as a young pianist of remarkable promise. She has had the advantage of the daily career, signing of her father, who is probably all things taken into consideration, the most accomplished musician in this city. No matter how flattering the criticisms of the New York critics may be, it is not the intention of her father to allow her to play in public this year. This is certainly sensible. She is at the age now where she should work and not run the risk of being spoiled by battery and friends. No child of tender age can be a dashed artist; it is simply impossible. The technique may be scrupulously perfect, the interpretation must necessarily suffer. To excite wonder and applause by mere dexterity is not the end of a musician's life. There must be a sense of humor, a sense of judgment and know how to still and move not by the fingers which are merely the means, but by the very soul of the judgment. And it is a doubtful question if human beings are so pliant as to be so pliant, one would be tempted to deny the existence of a soul even at the age of forty.

A FEW CURSORY REMARKS

THEY ARE SUGGESTED BY THE

CONCERTS OF THIS WEEK.

Do Albanians Intend to Foster the

Growth of Music in This City?

What is to Become of the Phil-

harmonic Orchestra?

Monday night, at dermain hall, a concert

was given by duet, Carreno, Liehtenberg

and Hope Glenn. They were all well known,

the program was an excellent one; the

prices were moderate; the performance

proved to be admirable. Only one thing was

lacking, viz: a large audience. Why was

this?

The same night the Duff Opera company

gave "A Trip to Africa" at the Leland.

With the exception of Laura Bellini and

one or two chorus numbers, the singing was

atrocious. There was no attraction in the

nature of a ballet; the women, principals

and choruses, were by no means of seductive

appearance; the jokes of the comedians were

moth-eaten; the horse-play, theumatic. In

a word, the opera as then given was the

abomination of desolation spoken of by the

Hebrew prophet. The audience was a large

one. Why was this?

Because the good people of this city pre-

fer a "comic opera," no matter how badly

it may be given, to a concert. There is per-

There will be this evening at the Fort

Orange club an entertainment unique in its

character, an entertainment distinctively

Albanian, wholly dependent upon local

talent. Clubs in neighboring cities, as Troy

for instance, are obliged to send to New York

for burlesques to entertain an evening and to

and agreeable relief from the unadorned

monotony of the usual Saturday night. The

Union has been fortunate in obtaining from

club, Mr. Herbert McClinton, a program of

the performance. Even many of the mem-

bers are ignorant as to what the nature of the

entertainment will be; the secrets of the club

are jealously guarded; but the power of the

press-to-day is unlimited, and no one recog-

nizes this more than the ever faithful

steward.

Other clubs were invited to join in the

festivities. The Komonik declined, however,

as prominent members in spite of worn and

day's, objected to the quality of the Fort

Orange leading I said. The Adelphi of course

could not be present, but the Dongan and

the Maicy will be there in full force.

The rooms of the Fort Orange have been

most tastefully decorated. No expense has

been spared, and Mr. Whittle and his asso-

ciates have been busied for two or three

days. The expense of the decorations has

been much lessened by granting permission

to Mr. Whittle to sing a couple of good old

English ballads. The bally and mistletoe are

seen on every hand, and Mr. Corning has

generously given choice specimens of his

famous collection of orchids. Orange

flowers are freely displayed, cuttings from

the illustrated papers now adorn the walls,

and fresh towels and perfumed cakes of soap

have been provided for the occasion.

The performance will begin promptly at

eight o'clock. The overture begins at ten

minutes before, the music being provided by

members of the club, assisted by Mr. Webb

on the kettle drums. We have not space to

give the elaborate program in full but can

only allude to the few salient features. Judge

Farber will be the first speaker and will tell

of a curious dream he had this week in which

the spirit of Hannans Bleeker appeared

glad in the costume of the early Dutch. The

conversation between them, the somewhat

impertinent queries of Bleeker as to what

use the judge had made of the trust funds

and the clever repartees of the experienced

lawyer will make this number a most admir-

able one. Then Mr. J. Howard King will

exhibit a working model of the King fountain.

The designs by St. Gaudens and the med-

allions have been designed by La Farge.

(Writing to a slight pecuniary embarrassment,

the fountain will not probably be erected

until 1899, at which time it is expected the fund

will be large enough. Then an original story

will be read by Mr. Leonard Rip written for

occasion, entitled "Pompey's nephew." Mr.

R. Fernow will sing a Polish drinking song

after which Mr. A. L. Andrews will then ex-

hibit the portrait of Gen. J. F. Rathbone

which he bought at a high figure at a late

sale. There will then be a slight pause dur-

ing which specimens of the Roman Panthea

now given at Albany parties will be passed

around; tea being provided for those who

wish something stronger. Mr. Ledgard

Cogswell will then read an elaborate essay on

the president's message and its probable ef-

fect on Albany banking interests.

At twelve o'clock the club in procession,

to the inspiring strains of a bass drum, will

march to the house of William Bishop of

Albany and sing good old English carols,

and after a slight entertainment will dis-

perse to favorite places of resort still re-

maining open.

Here, for instance, is the Philharmonic

society, which for three years has held its

rehearsals, and given concerts in the face of

so much discouragement. A generous and

public spirited Albanian Mr. George H.

Thacher, now at the head of the organiza-

tions, has been steadily its strength and

mainstay. The musicians of the city have

this year united forces and under the pro-

viso, that competent leader, would like to

have a series of orchestral con-

certs. The committee in charge, sent out

a prospectus which gave the names of the

members of the orchestra, the programs to

be played and the terms of subscrip-

tion. Do the people of Albany wish

forward or even limp slowly towards Mr.

Thacher that they may hold up his hands?

Do they do this? To see the class

language of Artemus Ward. "Oh, no, I

guess they don't. They are not

asked to subscribe to a new to-be-gone slide

or ice-cream club; they are not invited upon

chapel. Were this the case there would

have been but little trouble. Neither by

subscribing is it likely that any man or wo-

man now buswhacking about the out-

skirts of "society" would be at once taken

so, the subscription list would have been

closed almost in advance of the opening day.

No, Mr. Thacher and his brother lovers

of music simply appeal to Albanians to do

something in a practical way for orchestra-

some things. They see what possibilities are be-

fore such an organization. They realize that

soon we are to have a public hall, where

concerts or musical festivals will have a fit-

ting home. They are striving to make this

orchestra worthy of the hall and the works

that will be produced there, so that instead

of being obliged to go out of town on every

occasion for an orchestral accompaniment,

choral societies can find it here, ready and

anxious for rehearsal, playing with the fel-

low musical societies of the town that Al-

banians may some day awake out of her leth-

argy.

You pipe to dear cats, Mr. Thacher; ears

that are dulled by heavy feeding and too

much sleep. The blood of Dutchman is

not easily stirred except by Holland gin

for they have stomachs which they fill. Bars

have they too, but they hear not.

Yet, do not you and your hepatoes be-

come discouraged. You are perhaps look-

ing in vain for assistance in the greater

hand. Keep the orchestra together,

In a year or two your project will not be

looked upon with this indifference. The

people will begin to learn that a man who

plays an orchestral instrument is not neces-

sarily depraved; he does not always eat

with his knife, nor does his breath habit-

ually smell of onions. They will then find

out the difference between a fiddle and a

bassoon, and that will please them. (Only

be careful of one thing: at the first concert

let the triangle be lively introduced, no

matter whether the composer wanted it or

no. For Albanians love the triangle.

Remember that in music they are children,

and they love childish things.

treated with the utmost consideration.

the objects of pity and they should be

indifference. Such unfortunates should

be treated with this non-appreciation and utter

fault with his non-appreciation and utter

really so, how cruel and unjust it is to find

good and worthy of support. If this be

other cities and towns have agreed upon as

enjoying what the majority of people of

perhaps he is by nature incapacitated from

tell whether a singer is in tune or not, and

from some physical weakness he is unable to

inhabitants of our great country. Possibly

great principles from those organs of other

banian is constructed on different physiolo-

Then, again, perhaps the ear of the Al-

the legs of the young ladies of the chorus.

lady and Greenbush, the nimble evolutions of

joecassallions of the funny man to Schene-

bore. He misses the "topical song," the

looks upon a concert as an unintelligible

Italian tenor; but as a rule the Albanian

here, so powerful still is the spell of the

in favor of Campanini whenever he comes

haps one exception to this rule and that is

let a "comic opera," no matter how badly

Because the good people of this city pre-

one. Why was this?

Hebrew prophet. The audience was a large

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a word, the opera as then given was the

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moth-eaten; the horse-play, theumatic. In

THE TOWN TATTLE.

THE DECADE OF ONCE POPU-
LAR NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

THE TOPICAL SONG HAS DRIVEN THE PLAIN-
SUNG-THAT-TOGETHER.

Arousing Dig From the
Old Melodies and Foot-

Steps-Theatrical Notes.

The enormous house that greeted the
Haverly-Cleveland combination last Thurs-

day night showed that the love for that
species of entertainment had by no means

been quenched by the inundation of stupid
and vulgar imitations known as musical

farce comedies. Yet if any one went to
the Land that might to enjoy negro

minstrelsy he left sadly disappointed. With
the exception of Frank Chishman no one

even attempted to imitate the negro dialect.
The songs were not of the plantation or

camp-meeting order. The deadly "topical"
burnt cork is departing.

What was better or more characteristic
than the old minstrel show, when there were

spirits of Charles Backus, Cool Burgess,
Ben Cotton, Rice, Emerson, not to

mention Milt C. Barlow in his "great in-
tervention of the aged contraband."

There is Addison Rymann, the dignified and
eloquent stump-speaker, and where is Geo.

Thacher with his scene rising upon a De-
troit stone-land and the villain in hot pur-

suit? They who are dead are the happy;
for the living see nothing before them but

the horse-play and pointless slang of the
musical farce.

Look for example at the songs sung Thurs-
day. Were they not irrespective of the

manner in which they were sung, utterly
flat and stale. I mean the comic songs.

Was there anything funny in the songs of
the end men? No; not until Mr. Chishman

sang a few lines in negro dialect. There
were the old jokes about "which is the

bustle and which is the girl," and the same
allusions to "Troy," delicious in their sameness.

Hotel deeskake are still used by Bonies for
trunk hinges and so on and so on. The

only old joke allowed to rest undisturbed
was the celebrated gag about Noah and his

three sons; and the audience no doubt
would have laughed wildly at that.

We have all heard the old so-called negro
melodies so often that we possibly do not

fully appreciate them. It is easy to say
from other nations, and are of a sticky-sc-

timental nature; that there is always a
superabundance of golden-haired ladies and

graves dug in extremely unhealthy situa-
tions; but the fact remains that there are

but few airs of such sweet simplicity and
harmless beauty as "Old Folks at Home."

"Carry Me Back to Old Virginia," "Uncle
Ned," and many others of that same age

and school. They show the sentimental
side of the American as he was at that time,

when he was less materialistic than he is
now. They sang then of log cabins and

mocking birds. To-day the songs are of
bookish.

Gone, too, is the dancing of that day.
Now every one tries to imitate the late Ja-

meited Fred. Vokes and the unhealthily
vanishing from our stage.

(Gone too are the orators with their un-
brellas and carpet bags, demanding infor-

mation about the crisis. Gone too are the
character sketches, such as that charming

one of McAndrews, "The watermelon man."
The Irishman and the German have driven

fallen from the stage. The banjo has
fallen from its proud height and is now

heard to disadvantage in the parlor of some
fashionable belle who uses it in accompani-

ment to cigarettes and lavish display of
ankle.

Looking over the music of our old-maid
sisters we come across copies of songs now

long forgotten. Can any Albany gain
anything that song which one brought down

the house with its melodiously refrain;
"She fell in love with a hard-fat man." Can

he whistle
"Sally come up,
Sally come down,
Sally come up the middle"
Poor boys! they are fed on such poor stuff
as "Razle-dazle" and "Jill you lartlers,"
that revival of an old Mississippi levee
melody.

THE TOWN TATTLE.

A woman said to me the other day that she
thought the posters for the Adonis company

were of an immoral nature and had a ten-
dency to corrupt the young. I quote her,

"I saw nothing objec-
tionable in the said poster. It represented a

half dozen girls in different attitudes of the
dance; not were the figures of such revol-

ing beauty as to keep a man chained to the
spot (though I must say that the originals

upon the stage were comely and of extraor-
dinary grace.) So I asked her where was

the harm; there was no indecent display,
nothing to inflame the passions. She said

"but their lower limbs are exposed." I
thought of telling her the old story of the

man who broke his hand by a fall from the
top of a tree, and then thought to myself,

what is the use, I should in that case be as
indecent as the colored poster itself. Yet

this same good woman complacently sat
through the tableaux the other night where

there was much to be seen. But that was
for a charitable purpose you know, and that

makes a difference.

And how willing some of our girls are to
exhibit themselves in public; to take the part

of a statue; to appear as some famous histo-
rical character. They do not have the foolish

pride of this woman who was too easily
shocked. They say to themselves, if I can

help build the cathedral by showing my arms
and a little more of my neck than customary

even at a full dress party, I ought to do it.
And the dear girls look in the glass and hum

to themselves, with Zephia in "The Dilemma"
and "I've a figure that's not much amiss." And

even if one goes too far and shows too much,
she knows that she will obtain instantaneous

absolution from all the men present. Let the
mothers of this girls whine; our withers are

unwring.

The question often comes up, what do the
women of this league do for other churches

nothing. Nothing, Eustachia
called upon for help. They surely deserve credit.

They work hard; they are cunning and know
how the ladies of our circles can be played

upon so as to bring in coin to the coffers of
the Lord who is to dwell in the Cathedral

made with hands on the corner of Swan and
Elis streets. Is a man anxious to see bi-

name in the newspapers in company with
"society people," he is at once put down on

the list of "men we can have." Does a
woman come to Albany without letters of

introduction, let her at once go the Chapel
and show a willingness to be pined, she is at

once taken up and made much of. It is an
admirably organized society; and far be it

from me to sneer at it. Still the question
brunts me, what do these women give in

return to Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists,
Jews, Catholics and Dutch Reformed when

their aid is asked. They smile sweetly,
Eustachia, and say: "You know we make it a

rule never to give to any church but our
own." And yet they are obliged when they

want pretty gifts for their tableaux to go
outside of the fold and levy upon the other

churches.

I have often wished that in the revolution
of the wheel of fashion, the dresses of women

in the time of the Directory would come
around again; though I suppose they would

hardly be suited to our vigorous climate.
There is a hideous uniformity in the dresses

of our dear ones. An agreeable change
would be a robe such as that worn by four

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of the girls in Adonis and Madame Lange in

"Madame Angot," with every step of
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THE TOWN TATTLE.

Every now and then I see in some news-
paper a paragraph which gives me some

golden rule of etiquette, some little trilling
act which if carried out by us all would

greatly lessen the friction of man's daily
intercourse with man, and pour oil as it were

upon the wheels. Take for instance the fol-
lowing extract, which I clipped from an ex-

change:
"To bow to a friend or acquaintance is a

simple enough matter, yet all the grades of
liking, all the degrees of familiarity can be

expressed quite as surely as by the signature
to a letter, and more subtly. If you know

people intimately, your bow and smile ex-
press intimacy and cordiality; if you have a

very slight acquaintance, the bow is less
willing and more formal

the same time should show by his face and
the angle of his hat-waving arm the intensity

of his adoration. A conventional bow, or the
left hand placed upon the heart would be out

of place, if not vulgar. If, on the contrary, the
young man meets the father of the young

lad, he should bow with dignity and firm-
ness, expressing by a glance that he is

fully aware that he has met the
gentleman before, or behind, in case he

has been treated with physical indignity. In
meeting a clergyman, the bow should convey

the idea, "I know you," or as the vulgar say,
"I'm on to you." It is in the treatment of

to the ladies, with Zephia in "The Dilemma"
and "I've a figure that's not much amiss." And

even if one goes too far and shows too much,
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It is a shame that such artists as the members of the Campanini company are obliged to sing at the Rink. Were it not for the weather, they might as well sing in the park. The Albanians are long suffering, or is it that they lack public spirit? A hall fit for mass meetings and concerts has been needed for years, and the good people of this city sit with folded hands and say: 'It is a shame we have no proper building,' meanwhile, perhaps, expecting the heavens to open and the hall to descend, like the New Jerusalem, with reserved seats and gentlemenly ushers with pleasingly combed hair.


pleasures."

The Kentucky gentry are again aroused, and there are hopeful signs of a revival of the good old days. The age of chivalry with us, & c., in Kentucky. Near Winchester, the land which has existed so long between the Adams and the Caswells broke out again a week ago Sunday. Within the last ten years forty of the said families have died in their boots. At Bush Creek services were held in church, and at the close there was a succession of fights in which four gentlemen bit the dust. The quiet of the contestants during

purpose or necessity trusting and innocent

What a tempest in a teapot is this row in

uses in America.



— 25 —

The "London reason" will soon be heard and society will take a much needed rest from the maddening whirl of tea parties and receptions. It has been upon the whole a triumph, dreary winter, only relieved by the generosity of Co. A's ball. Do Albanians entertain as much as in former years? Even formally, pompous dinner given by some formerly descendant of a Dutchman where nothing would be at its height and conversation dull, would be better than nothing. A new young ladies have made their plunge and from social restraint for the tedious duties imposed by society, do all as it is with us. A few young men have been gladdened by invitations to houses where their fathers and mothers were never asked; for our Society is not so exclusive as formerly. Barriers have been removed, not burned away as in the book of Mr. E. P. Ross, the well-known Christian novelist and judge of characterics, but lost sight of in the tobacco-smoke, the historical and Art society, and the fact that for available young men, the women are obliged to go beyond the charmed circle. Other young men are still upon the anxious seat. Their song both morning and night is the deeply made by Jo Chamberlain of the Ash Commission, when asked why he left the Society that was proud of his steel making responsibilities for the one that grew faint at thought of trade:

I longed to be seated in gilded halls,
With duchesses gazed by my side,
And I longed to go to swell dinners and dances and balls,
And foster my social pride.

For I tired of simplicity—
For I tired of hobnob with a titled host,
And I longed to receive Joseph gash-
And to read my name in the Morning Post,
With the aristocracy;

And so, the Tories received Joseph gash-
Only. They were glad to make use of him.

I see that Mr. Billy Edwards has called upon Milton H. Rooker, Esq., and in person has contradicted the statement that he and Mr. Tommy Dandridge would not fight in Reensaler Co. Mr. Edwards explained to Mr. Rooker that Mr. Tommy Dandridge was not in his seat and he wishes the public at large to understand that he is not willing to sing any man "out of his class." Mr. Rooker heartily approved of this conduct and after a few minutes pleaseat conversation upon topics of the day Mr. Edwards gracefully withdrew.

Albany is no longer a "provincial" town. We have heard that reproach for the last time. Our jennese doree wear white cats at assemblies, just as they do in London, and just as they do not in such barbarous cities as Paris, Vienna and St. Petersburg. What with Co. A, the Canoe, Toboggan, and Bicycle clubs, many of our best young men are decorated. A pleasing feature of New York life has been introduced by several of our bustling business men who daily sit down about noon to a champagne lunch. Hacks are being freely used and are fast taking the place of the horse car. I hear that for business will be introduced in the spring. The reformers has been obtained so that turnip fields can be crossed in safety and without fear of shyness. Many are already learning to ride.

One of the morning journals announced the other day that Mr. Rising of the J. & B. troupe was an enthusiastic baseball player, and had formerly played with great success upon some Ohio village nide. This then is the real reason why he was entertained by the Rev. Mr. Nicholas, for, as is well known, the reserved gentleman is a keen lover of the game, and not only that, but he is a great authority on disputed points. He is never without the rules in his pocket. His sum-mers are spent in the little town of Westport on Lake Champlain, and he has done a great deal for the improvement of the town, not in the ordinary and vulgar way of starting a public library, not by giving free lectures illustrated by a stereopticon, but by found-ing a baseball club and putting it upon a firm footing. And when there is a boy short, he does not decline to take a whack at the ball himself. Would there were more clergy men like him, and would that his brothers would imitate his vacations; for there is nothing that so develops a true spirit of Christianity, as so provocative of the floor and manner feelings, such an educa-tion in polish of manner and courtesy of speech as the game of baseball—unless it be life upon a canal boat with a lame mule on the towpath.

I asked Eustachia if she would go to the toboggan slide with me. Judge of my sur-prise when she told me that she had not enjoyed the sport this winter. "Last year," she said, "I went nearly every night; but the exposure is so great, you are apt to catch cold, and the climbing up the hill is such weary work. The going down is pleasant, to be sure, and exhilarating; but George and I enjoy ourselves even more in the back parlor, and we do not suffer from the cold." What did the artless girl mean? A paragraph in the New York Graphic enlightened me. There may be more romance and more money in a tutored, vigorous and continuous bug-gler, says that journal, but for pure, un-mixed pleasure, there is no other game. Eustachia's pretence the cozy, well-heated room and sofa-talk. Perhaps she is right, for she is a girl of vast experience.

Our readers will be delighted to learn that the *UNION* is becoming a popular paper in the wild west. In Denver par-ticularly, and the editorial columns of the Denver Afternoon, our labor is ap-preciated and copied, and copied without credit. It was but a little thing; but it was our own, little as it was. However, the Denver editor is welcome to it.

Here is a specimen of the amenities of western journalism. It is taken from the Denver Afternoon, the paper which some-times prefers our own polished style to its own, and so reprints our editorials. It must be confessed though that the following has a certain vigor of its own: "No, my child, that was not the help of an automatic cur; that was Wangelin of the Boulder Herald sniffling his nose which always needs blowing."

I saw the other day a little book beautiful as a work of art and an invaluable pocket companion to every Alabamian. It is hand-somely printed in colors, adorned with many maps and illustrations and is called the "Lunch Route." No less than thirty-three different routes are given. Thus, for instance, take in Broadway, re turning to Pearl street the traveler can begin at the Windsor and down to Hudson avenue. The attractions of each route are given, with what liquors can be safely indulged in and statistics as to the quality of the different lunches. Stations particularly interesting are marked with a star, and there are also catalogues of the various galleries of art. It is the first work of the kind I have seen, but I feel sure it will make its way at once and fill a long felt want.

I was standing on the corner of Maiden lane watching the crowd of Christmas buyers swarming by, every woman with a box or a bundle, and many of the men carrying a heavier load than the one held under the arm, when I noticed a singular gentleman close by me, whose appearance showed the ravages of time and poverty. Of long hair and unkempt beard, he wore a greasy cap with leather band, a coat frayed and tightly buttoned, so that no line was visible, pantaloons of ancient cut and a remarkable pair of boots—boots that were merely the remnants of other boots, formerly worn by other men, a collec-tion of shades and patches, as if some cobler had applied the Talmudian theory to leather, instead of human skin. "A fine sight," I exclaimed in cheery tones. "Yes," said the stranger with a laugh and in curious accents; "yes, a delightful sight. You see the latter, that workingman, who carries home the seed for his only boy. I look ahead and see the same sordid dragged home, and on it the dead boy, with his head crushed by the horses' hoofs. The color of it will be a deeper red. There is a young man who buys a pistol for himself; the first use he will make of it will be to save himself from the prisoner's dock and the felon's cell. The warm bearded girl there in the jewelry shop buys a locket to hold the picture which will delight her lover; he at this very moment, surrounded by noisy companions, describes her physical charms and smacks her lips. In the same shop a dotting husband buys a diamond brooch for his wife, for the tenth anniversary of their marriage; and she has counted the last five by concealed yawns. That one whom you see—" But I could stand it no longer. "Who are you who cloud with the blith of your imagination the joy of Christmas?" And the stranger said: "I am Ivan Tourgeni-off. I am each one of the passers-by. Look at me well, for in me you see yourself some Merry Christmas in the future. Have patience. All things come to him who waits."

In Fayetteville lives a photographer of the suspicious name of Jackson, who one night last May when he blew out the light "heard a report as loud as a fire-cracker, and a flame spouted from his mouth, burning his moustache, eyelashes and that portion of the hair just above the forehead. His wife was awakened by a report similar to that of a firecracker. Dr. Quinby says that the case is not unparalleled, but Dr. William Mannus with him. The Syracuse Courier says Mr. Jackson can light his breath now with no personal inconvenience whenever he pleases.

In the dry climate of Albany, such cases as that of Mr. Jackson the photographer, are not rare. If a man's breath catches only a friendly interest; not are chemists and doctors called upon for opinions.

It is announced by telegraphic despatch that on the 11th of November, Roscoe Conkling entered the chambers of the United States Supreme court in the following dress: A black Prince Albert coat and drab trousers, a bright-colored cravat and highly polished shoes. This is a startling innovation, and no wonder the usual dress of lawyers appearing before the Supreme court was before this flannel shirt, overalls and rubber boots.

A dozen years ago though, so far as music were received, there was foundation for the charge. There has been a marked change in the interest taken in concert; this is due to many causes, the discussion of which, however, would merely be a digression. Nor was this coldness due to extreme criticism accumen on the part of the audience, as suggested by our friend. On the contrary, it arose from mingled elements of ignorance and indifference attended with a good supply of Dutch phlegm. It was easier to yawn than to applaud; and besides, well-bred people do not show enthusiasms, you know. We are becoming more civilized, however; and yet, stop, it was only the other day I heard a girl of the first Campanini concert, say: "And then they were very good looking men; that is, for singers." To return to our mutinous: Whichever may have been the reputation of Albany for coldness, no conscientious, true artist who plays in this city hereafter will find this reputation runs of the Albany of today.

Now, have we this reputation as a city? Certainly, the managers of mammoth Mas-todon Minstrels, bearded women, stranded whales and six-legged calves would indig-nantly deny the charge, that Albanians are hard to please. Spectacular shows and plays of the Fritz Kimmert order as a rule fill the theatres and provoke extravagant demonstrations of delight. Surely the mem-bers of the Campanini company could not complain; and they would give as emphatic a denial as Miss Aus der Ohe did last even-ing.

Ohc.

I repeated this speech to a "prominent Al-banian" and he replied complacently, "Yes. You see those people know that we are critical. It makes a difference whether an estimate of gentlemen broke out into a glowing audience is up to snuff or not." And the bantam" and he replied complacently, "Yes. You see those people know that we are critical. It makes a difference whether an estimate of gentlemen broke out into a glowing and well deserved enthusiasm of Miss Aus der Ohe."

I was reading yesterday a volume of Taine, "books that have helped me" the most in life have been the Dictionary of Quotations and the Complete Speller. But in this book by Taine he speaks of the constant change of "trained manners" on the surface of man, such as the vocabulary of the clubs, the style of vests and all fashionable follies and scandals; and he then, without knowing the word, goes on to describe the modern dandy. A few years suffice to sweep away and replace the name and the thing; the variations of the toilet measure the variations of this sort of creature; among all the varieties of man it is the most superficial and empty."

And this paragraph reminded me of a remark made by my billie friend, the looker-on to whom I have before referred. His last complaint against the women of Albany is that they do not know how to dress themselves becomingly. "I looked out of my window the other day and saw them go by, wearing; at least fifteen out of twenty were splashed in red; red skirt, or red jacket, or red hat, no matter what it suited their complexion or not. Probably some English girl so arranged descended upon the town, and all the girls, young and old, copied her taste. It is a hard word to use, but the greater number of our women look like dowdies. Their hats are in bad taste; overloaded with ornament, modelled without regard to the shape of the head, of no individuality. The very clothes of your women in Albany say 'we are conventional and provincial, and we would not be otherwise; no, not for the world.' The poorest cut and collar girl in Troy, when she walks with hasty step to meet her lover waiting at the corner of the block, is clad in better garments, inexpensive as they may be. You have a few well dressed women here, and they are dowdies." So spoke my billie friend; but he had not seen Miss Eustacia.

Besides, he is a little sour. He has not made a sensation in social circles. Unfortunately, he ventures letters of introduction to prominent Presbyterian and Dutch Reformed families only. So what can the poor devil know of our best society? True, the straight old Dutch think they are in society, but the sunny heights and realms of perpetual bliss, and it goes right up Elk street and stops at a little, insignificant chapel, which was formerly not entirely disconnected with the iron trade. My billie friend is not seen there; nor does his name appear as a subscriber on the books of the new Episcopal cathedral. His opinion is therefore worthless; he is a social outcast; a Pariah; yet possibly in his own quiet way a man of some worth; but our "best people" do not know him. Still, if he will yet listen and subscribe many dollars to the "cause," he may yet have social "opes."

There was only one sad episode in this year's Lent, excepting, of course, the conventional and necessary gloom, and that was the Swan street cathedral. Why he fell has not yet been clearly explained; for we all have been told by a letter in an evening newspaper that payers go up night and day for the protection of all who are engaged in work upon the building. The accident then seems a most ungracious and thoughtless act on the part of this workman. Although it is barely possible that, as it was near the end of Lent, the payers had lost a little of their vital essence, or in other words, the petitioners being tired out with the long fast, must have lost their grip. The letter mentioned herebefore caused quite a commotion, it is said, at the office of the Travelers' Insurance company, as competition from such a source had not been looked for.

The perplexed father as he stands, at this season of the year, looking at the windows of the toy store is a sad sight to me. For Christmas is not the day of unalloyed joy sung by poets and musicians. It is Christ-mas noon. Little Jane has sucked the paint from the pretty little toy pump; Henry has nearly cut off his thumb with the chisel taken from the new box of tools; and sweet Alice has broken her doll's head. The wife has seen her neighbor go by in a shawl much more costly than the one hubby has just given her; while hubby himself has received nothing but the bills. At night the toys are all broken, the children cross, the wife sulky and moody, the youngest wakes with pre-montory symptoms of the colic. Merry, merry Christmas. Thank the Lord that it only comes once a year.

"No, dear boy. By wearing a high corsage this Lent! You never go out in a décolleté dress now."

"Dear Mrs. Swelling, how strict you are other night in New York, and repeated in a reminds me of a conversation overheard in the both of churches and women are yelled. This But now, alas, it is Lent and the shrunken men in the performance of their social duties."

Besides such exhibitions encourage young should abstain from selfishness and prudery; short her charms, discreetly it is true, but she physique. If a woman be fat, she should of immorality; it is simply a question of question of decency or indecency, morally do not regard this burning question as a shades even in this good old town. I myself of this season have seen some marvellous of attending the few, very few entertainments of this city. They who have had the pleasure orals to the decency of the Protestant women dressed dresses and drew comparisons favor- women of his congregation for wearing low- priest of Ottawa who rebuked severely the

There is still much excitement in New York over a letter written by Mr. Ward McAllister in which that gentleman decides that there are only 400 people in that city whom it is desirable to know. McAllister has also pronounced the sum of a million dollars as only denoting "respectable poverty." Again he tells the world that when they step outside of the "400" they "strike people who are not at ease in a ball room, or else make other people ill at ease." To be sure Mr. McAllister says that occasionally they go outside of "this exclusive fashionable set" and invite professional men, doctors, lawyers, editors, artists and the like." As a correspondent of the New York Times remarks, he does not tell us why he does that, but the reason is both obvious and sensible. Although the possessor of wealth, unless such wealth is immense, is to a certain extent, taboed, as he says, and is not now considered by Mr. McAllister a desirable member of the "400." Yet, as he is considered desirable by the younger female members of the set, as well as by their mainmas when they breathe the outer air and are not under the immediate inspection and control of Mr. McAllister within the sacred circle, the "400" would soon vanish unless recruited from them. Occasionally then, some "doctors, lawyers, editors, artists, and the like," are permitted to attend to watch the "400," and learn to become "at ease in the ball room and behave so as not to make the '400' feel ill at ease;" and so, as the young women among the exclusive marry a millionaire or a title, their places can be filled from among such daughters of the "doctors, lawyers, artists, editors and the like," who have become sufficiently easy in ball room practice. Mr. McAllister is, however, good enough to refer to "respectable" people, who, he says, are outside of the set. It must be owing to these "respectable" people that, among the names which are published in the papers as having attended balls given by the members of the "400," one sees so many whose fathers the outside world remembers as "Little by little grew to be rich."

How would Mr. McAllister's theory apply to Albany? Supposing that his proposition is in the ratio of 400 to 2,000,000, and reckoning the people of Albany at 100,000, by a simple and beautiful mathematical formula we find there are in this city only about 20 of our people whom Mr. McAllister would care to know; and we must remember that "doctors, lawyers, editors, artists and the like," are barred out. Dear! dear! this is very sad! Some of our favorites in society would be at once rejected were Mr. McAllister ter to have his say. I fear we are only "respectable" people; for the great majority of us are in trade or in a profession. There are only one or two gifted youth who do nothing. And yet we call Albany a city of progress. But let us hope our "respectable" people may drop trade in time and become true McAllisters. Depend upon it, my snobbish friend, Your family throne you can't ascend without good reason to append. You may find it waxed at the other end By some pibelian vocation; Or, worse than that, your blasted line May end in a loop of stronger twine. That plagued some worthy relation."

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Gloucester and Its Inhabitants—A Description to be taken from Cape Ann—The present Notables of the Town.

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE UNION.)

GLoucester, July 30, 1873.

The Cape Ann towns, to be appreciated, must be seen and smelt. One can have no idea of what strange places there are in Massachusetts until he has made a pilgrimage to Gloucester. The town is a large, straggling old place, inhabited by perhaps the most curious set of people on the face of the earth. It has been civilized, to some extent, by the yearly intrusion of tourists, and yet the people remain in their pristine savor and odd. Sauntering along the streets, you are reminded of a country town on a firemen's muster day, or of the followers of Garibaldi. Red shirt, decorate the stalwart forms of the majority of the worshipping of Ben Butler, of Gloucester and Ben Butler are inseparable. The people talk in dialect, i. e., their conversation consists of the declension of the name of the Deity, prefaced and supplemented by various words not used at a religious picnic. Children even swear and curse with a happy mixture of energy and infantile grace. And yet the Universalist churches are crowded with hardy fishermen, who, after hearing an hour's discourse on universal salvation, on coming out of church, nudge each other and say, "Glorious doctrine; would give \$5 if it was true."

Let apart from the people, the visitor of Gloucester has many things to interest him. The scenery is grand. Probably at no other place on the Atlantic coast does the ocean come in with such tremendous force as at the Rocks on the extremity of the point. Gloucester, however, thus far, has been fortunate in that no Mrs Thaxter has gushed over it to the extent of two volumes of monotonous prose and (poetry?) Longfellow has made the Reef of Norman's Woe famous by his "Wreck of the Hesperus." But he has told the tale differently from the old wives' version. The Hesperus was an English vessel, wrecked off this ledge while this part of the country belonged to the British. Capt Norman lost his wife (instead of his daughter) to the mast, where she was found, the next day, a stiff.

Two persons are engaging the attention of all in the place—Miss Harris and Ben Butler. The former is the niece of Miss E. S. Phelps, the would-be reformer of woman's dress. You are loitering along the street, and suddenly there looms up in the distance what seems to be a man in a woman's bathing-

dress, with a cape over the shoulder. It comes near, walking with toes turned in, shoulders shougel. It passes you. You see a fact that man, half woman—the connecting link between the sexes. On near approach you ask the English fisherman? who the apparition is. With chuckle he replies, "Miss Harris." The dress she wears is supposed to be no plus ultra. But a more unflattering, uncomfortable and unhealthy-looking robe cannot be imagined. Her principal occupation is writing to her friend and gazing at what Walt Whitman calls the spasm of the sky and the shatter of the sea. The ladies here all make her the subject of their satire and on wonder if Miss Phelps, as S. Camp, quot's Miss Harris.

As for Ben Butler, he is the idol and delight of this town. Any old fisherman will give these as his reasons for supporting him: "He is dreadful smart. What if he did take some spoons from the rebels, has he not given a lot to the Methodists? He has done more for the fisheries than any living man. He lives here. (So he does for about 30 days.) He is not any worse than any other politician. We should like to see the old boss governor so as to see what he would do. He is cross-eyed, but one eye squints for our benefit, so what do we care for his squinting the other for himself?" In my next I will give an account of the fisheries.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Yale Boating Controversy.

To the Editor of The Republican:—

In your issue of October 2 an editorial condemning the "fellows" of Yale college for daring to have an opinion opposite to that of Mr Cook attracted my notice. The facts are these: The two contestants for the office of president of the Yale U. B. C. were Messrs Dunning and Munroe. Mr Dunning is a gentleman of great knowledge of boating affairs, who has filled the position of bow-oar in his class crew for four years, and who has been treasurer of the Y. U. B. C., having filled that post with great honor. No man deserved the office of president more. No man has, in times past, been praised more by Mr Cook.

Mr Munroe's sole qualification was his being the candidate of the senior societies. He was run by them. A few others supported him. Mr Cook had his reasons for wishing him president, and they were well understood by the college. The fitness of Mr Munroe was of the least consequence in Mr Cook's eyes. The "fellows" showed their sense and appreciation of Mr Munroe's merits by giving a large majority to Mr Dunning. Hence these tears of Mr Cook. The college has not shown itself ungrateful to their captain. The highest praises have been given to him. But because they see fit to elect a worthy man for president in despite of senior societies and Mr Cook's private reasons, does it become the late captain to pout and play the child?

Northampton, October 2, 1873.

A Collegian Defends the Secret Society Foolishness.

To the Editor of The Republican:—

Some Cornell man has written an absurd and foolish letter to a Buffalo paper about matters he probably knew nothing about. Over it you put, "The Way Young Leggett's Death was Caused." The faculty and Gen Leggett think it was not from any initiation; but from your desire to condemn the society practices, you use this sad occurrence to serve your purpose. About society initiations. We have been in our share of college societies, and have been put through. Hundreds of fellows have passed through the mill at Yale since 1843, and no one was ever injured by the tricks played. It is very easy for persons ignorant of society laws and purposes to say they are wicked, foolish, and ought to be prohibited by faculties. The man who is disappointed in his hope of society preferment is generally the loudest in the pack of decriers. It is easy enough to tell stories about things that are not known to the public, with the purpose of creating an unfavorable impression about them.

The society man is restrained, because he is in the society, from telling all the secrets of the prison-house. In spite of such Munchausen yarns as are told, we do not think that any boy having the least courage will be deterred from joining a society in which he will have such pleasure and form such pleasant associations that he will look upon the time and money devoted to his hall as bread cast upon the water. For no pleasure is greater in after years than the recollection of what has passed behind the iron doors. To those who, foolishly and in ignorance, keep crying out against these societies, let us recommend the lines of the old Greek poet:—

"Our miseries do not spring
From houses wanting locks and bolts,
But from unbridled tongues
Ill-used by prating fools and dolts."

Northampton, October 24, 1873.

P. H.

*Our correspondent utterly misrepresents the heading. It was, "The Sort of Performances that Caused Young Leggett's Death."

MORE ABOUT CAPE ANN.

The Gloucester Fishermen and the Hard Lives they Lead—The Pavilion Playing Out Loungers' Gossip.

GLoucester, August 5, 1873.

The occupation of the people of Gloucester is fishing. About 500 vessels go out year y from here. The principal fishing grounds are the Grand Banks and the Georges. Cod and mackerel, as well as halibut, are the fish most sought after. The boats are manned by ten or fifteen men, who make the following arrangements with the owner of the vessel: The ship-owner furnishes his ship one-half the bait and one-half the salt, and all the provisions. He receives one-half the proceeds. The sailors provide the other half of bait and salt, and go shares in the other half of the fish. It is a hard life they lead, and the wonder is that the fathers bring their sons up to such a life; but they say there is not room on land for every one, and somebody must do the fishing. The loss of life is terrible,—last year 80 fishermen perished. There are few families who have not mourned their dead. The fogs prevailing on the Banks cause numberless collisions, and often ships thought lucky are never heard from. Last year was an unsuccessful one; but the ships this season are doing very well. Two boats came in to-day, one having 700 tubs, the other 150 barrels, of fish. The price for mackerel a barrel is \$20 for No. 1, a very good price. As a class, the fishermen are a strong and reckless looking set. They make good pay but they lead such a hard life, and are exposed to so many dangers, that one wonders why they persist in risking their lives. Without doubt, the excitement attending the voyage has a great influence with them, and there is an irresistible longing to try their luck once more, as their own poet has written:

"O, to have been brought up on bays, lagoons, creeks, or along the coast!
O, to continue and be employed there all my life!
O, the briny and damp smell—the shore—the salt weeds exposed at low water.
The work of fishermen—the work of the eel-fisher and clam-fisher.
Or, another time mackerel taking!
Voracious, mad for the hook, near the surface, they seem to fill the water for miles."

For the lounge at Gloucester it is as hard to leave the place as the land of the Latophagoi, the air is so cool and bracing, the nights so sleepful and redolent of brine. To the lover of nature the place has peculiar charms. The walks and drives are wild and romantic. One very pleasant drive is to Pigeon Cove by way of Rockport, a distance of about seven miles. On the way the stone quarries from which Butler & French supply the new Boston post office are to be seen, and a magnificent view of the ocean presents itself from Rockport to the cove. The pleasantest way of getting here is to take the boat at Boston which passes Lowell Island and Swampscott. The largest hotel here is the Pavilion, thronged with a gay and giddy set of revellers, 15 in number. Last year the place was crowded, but the hotel lost its reputation by ill management; and though a new man has taken possession the place looks almost deserted. The best way is to take a room at some private boarding place either in the town proper or at East Gloucester. Good board and lodging are to be had for \$13 a week. The people here have an uncompro eye to the main chance and "delight" in gouging. The main objects of interest are Norman's Woe, Thatcher's Islands, (where there are two fine lighthouses containing lights of the first order), Pigeon Cove, Bay View, (B. F.B.'s residence), and the various beaches. The night view of the Pavilion house beach is beautiful, bearing a close resemblance in appearance to the Bay of Naples. But one's thoughts are disturbed by the noisy loungers and the bursts of melody and merriment from the hotel near by.

The town suffers much from the lack of shade. Originally the whole cape was heavily wooded, but the trees had to go to give way to the fish-houses—as in a little country town, called Northampton—a whole row of elms have been sacrificed for a concrete walk. The buildings here are quite old fashioned. The oldest part of the town has been burnt in the fires of 1843 and 1851. In the fire of the last mentioned year, a beautiful building designed for the town house was destroyed. But it has been rebuilt, and is one of the finest buildings of the kind in the State. It contains a large and well selected library called the Sawyer library, the use of which is given to strangers, and unlike many other libraries, they insist upon you by requiring a cash deposit of \$2—a most unwise thing to do. For if one wished to make money off such a library, he could deposit his \$2 and draw out a \$10 book.

Let there be room for one remark about the young ladies of the town. To an unprejudiced observer they average better in beauty than the women of any other city. They dress in rare good taste, and have the most bewitching feet and ankles ever vouchsafed to mortal sight. Their pedals are noticeable from the fact that they are passionately fond of bathing here. The suits worn are quite baggy and emblems looking, and one young sprig, who evidently thought he was creating a sensation, appeared in hip-tights before the assembled multitude. They were about eight inches in length. He had gallily disported himself but a few minutes, when a silver-starred policeman told him either to put on a 25c revenue stamp or to leave the beach. The next day this misguided youth appeared in a variegated bed-tick.

One more true story. The people here slouch a good deal. That is, they do not array like Solomon or black their boots. A young man of Boston dressing (to use A. Ward's phrase,) hunted round for a blacking brush and polish, and having found the object of his search obtained, as he thought, a glossy shine. He noticed everybody gazed at him in a curious way, and on going into a hardware store to purchase a knife, he saw the owner look once at his feet, and then turning to his clerks he exclaimed, kick that man out, we don't want any more agents of crumbs of comfort around. The young man on having gained the street looked at his feet. The sad tenth burst upon him. He had used the stove polish, and his feet looked like the morning glory base burners.

CLARENCE X. MUNSON,

YALE 1876.

Died at Chicago, May 7, 1877.

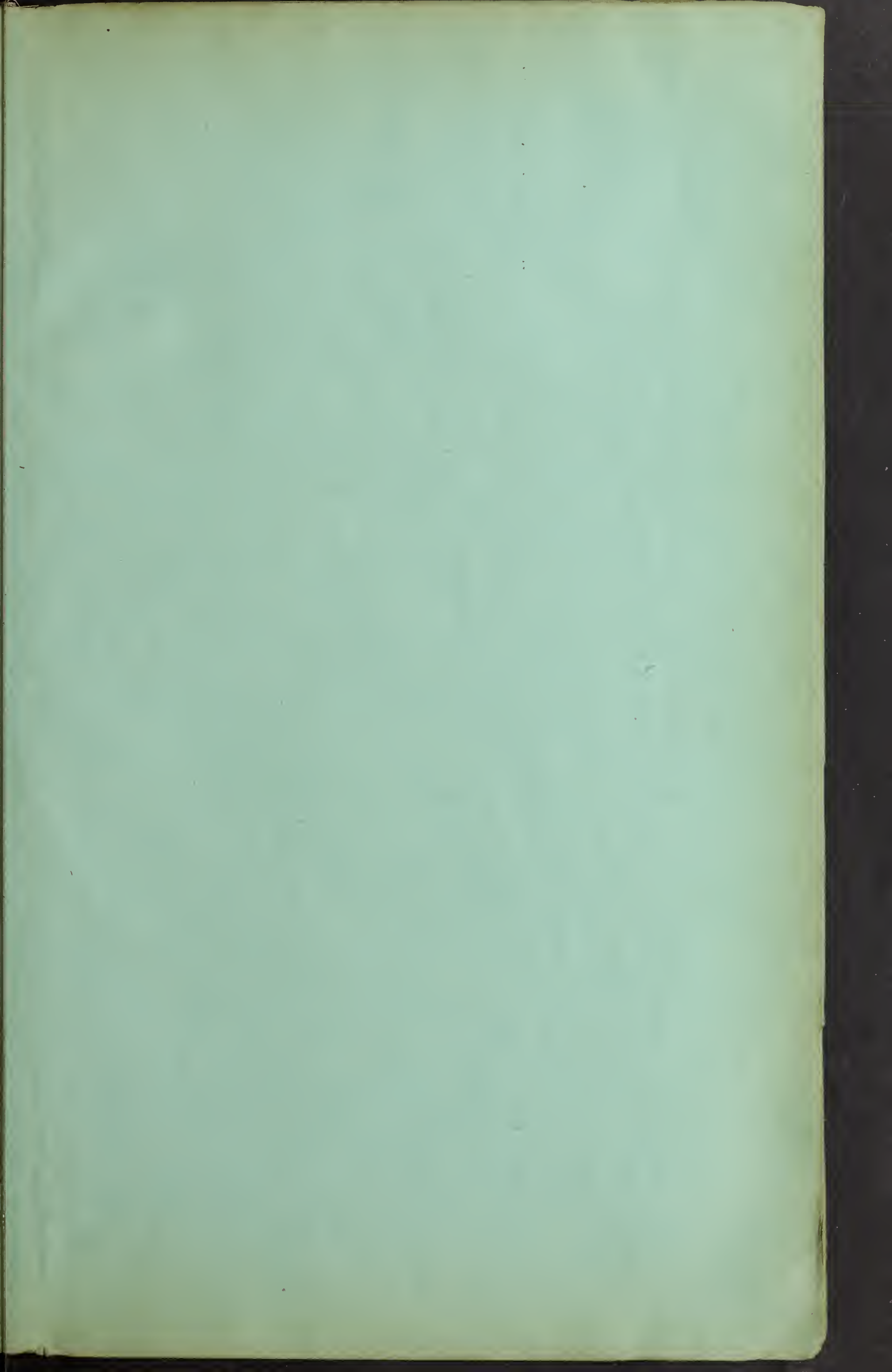
Quia multum amavit.

A foe to selfishness, hypocrisy and deceit: quick in speech and action, but ready, when in fault, to ask forgiveness. Of soul so free, of will so firm that he cared not for popular applause, and despised those seeking it. A faithful, generous friend—a brave and honest man.

O proud, uplifted head, we never more shall see! O noble form too soon laid down to moulder in the dust! Even now we hear thy voice, and feel thy kindly grasp. Thou hast but gone before; we bow, and pray, and wait.

PHILIP HALE.





AMUSEMENTS.

LELAND OPERA HOUSE

MRS. ROSA M. LELAND, Sole Prop. & Mang'r.

Friday, Saturday and Saturday matinee, Nov. 16 and 17, America's Charming Comedienne,

LOTTA.

Friday Evening and Saturday Matinee. **MUSETTE.**

Saturday Evening. **PAWN TICKET NO. 210**

Monday and Tuesday and Special Wednesday matinee, Nov. 19, 20 and 21, The J. C. Duff Comic Opera Company in "A TRIP TO AFRICA." Wednesday Evening, Nov. 21, "Campanini Concert Co."

Seats now on sale at Box Office, Sautter's and Coletti's Music Store

Jacobs & Proctor's Theatre.

MATINEES TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.

One Week, Commencing Monday, Nov. 13, the sterling Dramatic Company, presenting Frank Harvey's Greatest Work,

"WAGES OF SIN,"

Under the Management of H. R. JACOBS.

A Choice Reserved Seat for 30 Cts.

NEXT WEEK:

KINDERGARDEN.

GRAND BALL

—OF—

Parnell Irish National League,

OF ALBANY, N. Y.,

AT GRAVES' DANCING ACADEMY,

Thursday Evening, Nov. 22, '88.

Tickets, Admltting Gent and Ladies 50 Cents.

MUSIC BY GRAVES' ORCHESTRA.

CITY ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, pursuant to section 12 of title XVII of chapter 26 of the laws of 1883, that there has been deposited in the National Commercial bank of the city of Albany this day to the credit of Elizabeth Cunningham and Peter Dowling, a certain certificate of indebtedness in the sum and amount of twenty-two dollars and thirty cents, and to the credit of Richard Byrnes, John Byrnes, Francis Byrnes, Mrs. Michael Byrnes, Mary Ann Byrnes, Elizabeth Lake and Michael Byrnes, a certain certificate of indebtedness in the sum and amount of twenty dollars, being the amount of the awards made to said persons respectively in certain proceedings entitled "In the matter of acquiring title to lands which are deemed necessary for the purpose of providing proper drainage for certain houses situated on the south side of First street, between Lark and Swan streets, in the city of Albany, and for the purpose of laying therein such drain or drains as may be necessary."

Dated Albany, November 13, 1888.

JOHN C. KOTT, City Clerk.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS—OFFICE OF THE SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC WORKS—ALBANY, Nov. 13, 1888—Sealed proposals will be received by the Superintendent of Public Works until Tuesday, November 20th, 1888, at noon of that day, for building the substructure of Lift Bridge over Erie canal, at North Ferry street, in the city of Albany. Plans and specifications may be seen at the office of the Superintendent of Public Works at Albany. All proposals must be addressed to the Superintendent of Public Works and must be endorsed "Proposals for Lift Bridge substructure, North Ferry street, Albany." Proposals must be accompanied by United States bonds, or as issued by or certified checks on some banking institution, in good credit within the city of New York or Albany, payable at sight to the Superintendent of Public Works for the sum of \$250. The right is reserved to reject any or all bids.

JAMES SHANAHAN, Supt. Public Works.

NOTICE.

TERMS OF THE COUNTY COURT—I do hereby order, design and appoint the terms of the County Court for the trial of issue of law, or of fact, and the Court of Sessions, of the County of Albany, in the year 1888, at the City Hall in the City of Albany, and at the times following, viz:

On the second Monday of February.
On the second Monday of April.
On the second Monday of June.
On the second Monday of September.
On the second Monday of November.
On the first day of these terms, Court will be opened at 2 P. M.

And that a Grand and Petit Jury be drawn and summoned to attend each of said terms.

And I do hereby appoint the following terms of the County Court for the hearing and decision of motions and appeals, and trials and other proceedings without a jury, to be held in the year 1888, at the City Hall in the City of Albany, as follows, viz:

On the second Monday of January.
On the second Monday of March.
On the second Monday of May.
On the second Monday of October.
On the second Monday of December.
On the first day of these terms, Court will be opened at 10 A. M.

Dated Albany, N. Y., December 2, 1887.

JOHN C. KOTT, County Judge of Albany County.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST

—FOR—

BEST'S

Nutritious Barley Mead!

A Concentrated Extract of Malt and Hops, manufactured by the PHILIP REE BREWING COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wis.

THIS ADMIRABLE RESTORATIVE & HEALTH GIVING TONIC PROMPTLY RELIEVES

Nervousness, Conquers Dyspepsia, and is

A HARLEQUIN.

It is good once in an age to look abroad a bit in the world, and study the problem of which each of us is a single numeral, and the answer to which has not been worked out.

Can the ethics of living ever be set to another scale? Is it fortunate or unfortunate that the struggle for life to which each of us is bound by the needs of physical life, by the necessities of those we are bound to love, by the natural ambition which is a part of consciousness as breath is, inspires us all to struggle on, and to avoid, if possible, noticing those who fall beside us in the road, and over whose very bodies we are oft obliged to step with the same calmness with which the crook-back king of England stepped over that of his fallen rival, King Henry? We do not, like him, have the honesty to confess that we are stepping upward over any dead thing, but our own "dead selves," but whenever we can separate ourselves from the pressing throng of strugglers long enough to look about on the scene, instead of straight and narrow-eyed at the goal we are pushing toward, we find the path heaped on either side with those who have been crowded to the wall and crushed to death.

Sometimes, when it is too late, the dead body of a Keats or a Chatterton is found in the decaying pile of the superfluous, but usually all who fall are forgotten, soon enough.

It is a question whether this is as it should be or not. One's opinion all depends on how one views life. Are we placed here to struggle for ourselves, or are we placed here for some development, the end, the meaning of which we do not understand? Must we struggle for personal development, or must we help one another, and not try to understand anything? In the meantime this was brought to my mind by a case cited to me this week. The actors in it are a man and his wife who are well known to the patrons of a certain art. They were married in a far off city, where the woman had earned recognition in her profession, and where she had a following which gave her a sufficient livelihood. The man is an educated but perfectly helpless creature. He is not gifted; there is no quality which he possesses which has any market value, and yet his wife has borne him three beautiful children. This couple were brought to this country by a certain business firm, who thought to develop in them the seeds of a speculation. The woman was presented to the public. She was presented under the most favorable auspices. She had the patronage of a cultivated and wealthy set, and yet she failed. Twice since her arrival here she has appeared before the public under auspices which many an artist of superior claims to a hearing will never have. This introduction was all that any woman could ask. It was what none but the elect ever ought to get, yet to-day what is the position? The man is unable, though the father of three beautiful children, to earn anything. The woman has not reaped the expected reward. The business house has stepped from behind her, and her rich patronesses are at the end of their wits to find the means to make her independent of charity. With a beautiful devotion to the man she married against the judgment of her friends, she struggles along, not only being obliged to make the clothes her children wear, but even much of what her husband wears.

The element of tragedy is there. The big world which looks at the surface of things will not see that. They only see the superfluous man, the man who with cultivation cannot earn that bread which nature has condemned mankind to get if he would live. The woman—perhaps by the deadening effect of this very struggle—has dropped to the plane of mediocrity, which is said to have no right to exist in art, and which only prospers when united to an absolute callousness, and an element known to the Yankee tongue as cheek.

Now the question is, What is society's duty? Is it right to encourage any one in sticking to a profession in which she has failed? Or is it right to waste the holy office of encouragement on one who has failed? It is hard to say. But it has seemed to me that it was the duty of the world to assist those who fail to step down and out and make room for some one else. Whether that be so or not, it is surely the duty of the individual to stand up by himself. No one has a right to expect to be propped. This woman is a mother, but the world is not to blame for that; nor has motherhood any market value in the estimation of society. It is an honorable office; but it has its duties, and they are personal ones. In fact, the boot is on the other leg. Society is not bound to do any extra duty by a woman for the mere fact that she has satisfied the demands of her own nature by indulging in maternity; but a woman who has taken that duty on herself, will yet be called to account if she has given *only* life to her children. Life is not—as a raw material—so desirable. And children become mature, if they live, and one generation is the judge of its predecessor.

Under the present regime the number of superfluous men and women—they who have no work to do for which the world cares, and who cannot support themselves or give pleasure to others—is very large. Yet, as cultivation progresses, as education becomes more common, and the individual demands of one's own nature widen, while the customs of life and the struggles for supremacy go on on their present lines, there is but one thing to do. Shut one's eyes, and push on. Those who are interested personally in such cases—as the above, must dive into their own pockets to relieve the distress. They cannot expect a public to put its children under the direction of an art of which critics do not approve. Neither of these people can do anything else. Neither of them can earn a living at what they are trying to do. What is to be done?

The trouble with this is, I do not doubt, that in being pitiful we go to the other extreme. But can one, if one stops to justly consider the case, escape that? It was meant that each of us, I am sure, should struggle along on his own legs, having a will and a heart to help others; but

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

AMATEUR OPERETTAS TO BE GIVEN
HERE AND IN TROY.

**Prudery in Dress--Time and Money
Wasted so that a Few Ama-
teurs Can Strut and Fret
Upon the Stage.**

We are to have a surfeit of amateur light opera in this vicinity. Mr. Thomas Impett, of Troy, has organized a company and proposes to give Offenbach's "La Grande Duchesse;" a curious selection if it is to be sung in a literal English translation, for the story of the sudden fancy of the duchesse for Soldier Fritz, and his rapid promotion, is hardly fit for even Troy girls to sing or hear. But, to use the rhetorical flourish of a once celebrated Vermont orator, the operetta will probably be "pruned of its most inherent qualities."

And now comes Mr. Kellogg, the baritone singer of St. Peter's church, and the great impersonator of the pirate king in Sullivan's pleasing work. He, too, it is said, will launch his free-booting craft upon the operatic seas, but alas, not in Albany. In Troy lies the scene. There will Mr. Kellogg sing under the shadow of the pirate's flag; there will he paw the ground and emit blood-curdling Ha. Ha's. His company is said to be made up of Troy favorites. Mr. Kellogg tried to persuade Prof. Vau O'Linda, of that city, to lead the orchestra, but the professor refused, not wishing to descend to anything so trivial, so low. He expressed, however, a willingness to be Mr. Kellogg's partner if the latter should contemplate the bringing out of one of Wagner's later works, which certainly shows a commendable spirit on the part of the eminent professor.

In February it is our turn; for Mr. Townsend H. Fellows, vocalist, teacher and manager, puts Fatinitza upon the Leland opera house stage for three nights and a matinee. He has been lucky in securing the services of Mr. Gough, the well-known cello virtuoso, as director; so there is no doubt but that the chorus and orchestra will be well drilled. The cast as a whole has not been definitely determined upon, but it is certain that Mr. S. J. Leake Jr. will take the part of the Pasba, the full owner of a genuine and realistic harem. There is a rumor that Miss Edmonds was offered the part of Lydia, which she could sing in a charming manner, but that she declined it as she did not wish to go upon the stage. Who will sing it? Miss Miller of West Troy? She has talent for this sort of work, crude and misdirected, but undeniable. To the great relief of many it is announced that Mr. Fellows will probably assume the role of the General. This alone should attract throngs.

But who is to be Fatinitza? No one from Albany, for no alto or mezzosoprano here will

DRESS THE PART.

And why not? Why should any singer hesitate about donning the tights? There need be nothing indecent about it; there need be no immodest exposure. The costume of Fatinitza is not one half so suggestive or irritating as the conventional ball-room dress; and few singers in this town hesitate to wear in public a low-cut, sleeveless gown. A well-formed girl never looks so irresistibly attractive as when she is in the costume of a page. Who does not remember with pleasure Marie Majiltou? Or was Adelaide Neilson ever so charming as when she appeared as Viola or Rosalind? Even cynical King Solomon, a man of large experience, exhausted the Hebrew vocabulary in hymning the praises of

HIS LOVE'S FIGURE

in the Song of Songs. Curiously enough, the male animal does not display this prudery when he goes upon the stage, but if, like Charles Lamb, his legs are "immaterial," or if they resemble in massive build a corner hydrant, he is not only willing but anxious to display his anatomy. And the funny part of it is that nearly every man thinks nature has favored him in this respect. Women, however, are more discreet and know more surely their strong and weak points. Perhaps this is all for the best.

THE PITY OF IT.

Now think of the time and money that will be wasted upon these trivial performances. If even the operettas brought out were new or unknown; but it is the same old story. They have been given here over and over again by professionals, and given well. Not that the coming performances should be utterly condemned in advance. They will undoubtedly provoke much amusement. The appearance of familiar faces in unfamiliar situations and in constrained attitudes will surely make the thoughtless laugh. But it is a cruel sport, this jesting at the infirmities of our fellow men.

Many who will take part as victims in this game have musical abilities which otherwise directed would benefit themselves and educate and please an audience. Think of the beautiful and taking part songs, glees and madrigals, short cantatas that are unsung by Albanians and unknown to the majority. It is wrong to say that the people care only for light operas, that they would not listen to better music. An audience grows by what it feeds upon. If the only diet given it be trash, the musical body remains thin and badly nourished until at last it cannot digest healthy or strengthening food. And woe to them who thus prostitute what knowledge they have in thus pandering to a depraved taste.

Joel C. Bolan in a few graceful words of congratulation presented Mr. Turner with a handsome gold headed ebony cane, beautifully engraved. To say that Mr. Turner was surprised but feebly expresses the situation. During the thirty years that Mr. Turner has belonged to the order he has been one of the most popular members, always honorable, genial and generous and this act showed in a small degree their appreciation of him. After an hour of pleasant conversation and music from an orchestra brought by the chevaliers, the guests repaired to the dining room, where an elegant banquet had been spread under the direction of Mrs. Turner. Mr. Frauk Turner and Mr. Loring, who were in the secret. This was followed by chorus singing; then, with best wishes for many pleasant birthdays for both Mr. Turner and his wife, the chevaliers departed.

Miss Josie Cohurn, of Lowell, is visiting Mrs. E. C. Fenderson. Miss Cohurn is a talented singer, having studied abroad under Shakespere. She is receiving much social attention.

Mrs. Cora Stuart Wheeler will give a farewell reception to Miss Lyle Durgin next Wednesday evening from 8 until 11. Mrs. Wheeler will be at home informally on subsequent Wednesdays.

Mrs. Weld's dance on Tuesday, Mr. Lovering's on Wednesday, and Mrs. Pratt's on Thursday, made up a gay week for the huds.

Mrs. Arthur W. Steadman is in North Carolina.

Mr. S. D. Warreu has returned from Washington.

Mrs. O. J. Lewis gave a reception on Monday afternoon at her rooms at The Brunswick. There was some delightful music during the afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward R. Tyler left this week for Old Point Comfort.

Mrs. C. C. Jackson gives a dance tonight at her residence on Marlborough street.

Mrs. Wm. O. Taylor gives a large reception this afternoon at her Marlborough street residence in honor of the Misses Ames.

Mr. E. D. Chamberlain is settled at The Brunswick for the winter.

Miss Kimball, of Commonwealth avenue, has returned from New York.

Mrs. Charles L. Pearson has returned from the West.

Mrs. Wilbur Jordan gave a reception on Wednesday afternoon at her residence on Newbury street.

Mr. Walter Burgess has returned from Europe.

The first Cambridge assembly occurred on Monday night. It was at the Social Union Hall and was successfully managed by Messrs. Ezra Thayer and S. H. Thorndike. The matrons were Mrs. George Putnam and Mrs. S. Lothrop Thorndike. The succeeding assemblies are appointed for Feb. 10 and April 14.

Mrs. William G. Fitch gave a charming reception on Tuesday from 4 until 6 at The Berkeley.

Sealights, the pretty summer cottage of Mrs. Daniel Kimball, 196 Beacon street, at Sullivan Harbor, was invaded by burglars last week.

Mrs. George W. Wright and Miss Wright gave a brilliant reception on Monday, at their residence on Dartmouth street. Many guests were present. Mrs. Wright and her daughter will receive their friends informally on Monday through February.

Mrs. Woodruff, and her sister, Miss Alice Dorr, of Cambridge, sailed last week for Europe where they will spend the remainder of the winter and spring.

Mrs. D. F. Ellis, of Potsham, N. Y., is visiting her father on North avenue, Cambridge.

Miss Hodges, of Brattle street, Cambridge, is visiting friends at Yonkers, on the Hudson, N. Y.

Mrs. Augustus Lawrence has hired three seats in Trinity church for the remainder of the winter.

Judge E. H. Bennett was at The Vendome for a few days last week. He will not open his Commonwealth avenue house this winter, the family having decided to remain at Taunton.

Miss Hattie N. Lamb is at St. Augustine, Florida, for the season.

A recently announced engagement is that of Miss Eva Bullock to Mr. Herbert Reed, of Belmont.

Miss Cora Lovering, of Cambridge, went this week to Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, where she will visit her sister, Mrs. Lee.

The engagement of Miss Rebecca Dresser to Mr. A. H. Whaler of Cambridge, is announced.

Mrs. Bessie Lincoln, who is paying a visit to Mrs. Thomas Talbot at North Billerica, attended the grand ball at Lowell, Monday evening. This ball was one of the fashionable events of the season in that town.

The second party of the Magnolia Whist club was held Monday evening at Fautleroy Hall. It was a very pleasant affair. The floor was in charge of A. P. Brown.

Mr. C. P. Huntington, the wealthy railroad man, has a collection of oil paintings, second only to that of Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts.

Mrs. Vella S. Ingersoll, who has gained considerable reputation as a writer, is the wife of Mr. Charles Ingersoll, a law adviser of one of the large insurance companies of New York City.

The annual benefit in aid of the charity fund of Boston Lodge of Elks will occur at the Boston Theater, Thursday, March 27. The following executive committee will manage the affair: Wilson Barrett, N. C. Goodwin, H. E. Dixey, E. R. Byram, J. M. Hill, William Seymour, E. A. Perry, J. B. Mason, J. H. Dee, F. E. A. teaux, W. C. Van Derlip, W. J. Prescott, A. C. Smith, L. L. Jones, G. H. Blinn, E. L. Haske, G. M. Hosmer, John Graham, chairman, and officio E. C. Donnelly. An excellent entertainment seems assured.

The third of Mrs. A. M. Mosher's at home was on Sunday. Her pretty house, in West street, Cambridge, is filled with rare bric-a-brac, old tapestries, furniture and embroideries. It was a pretty sight, especially Miss Grace Mosher.

THE JOURNAL.

There are cases which are so hopeless that help is impossible. There is an incurable disease in the world; but on that account it was not meant that we should eternally grieve. There is incurable sin in the world; but, on that account, it was not meant that we should be perpetually mistrustful. We must forget much. Nature insists on it. We must forget such cases as the above. This man in his helpless uselessness, this woman in whom art and motherhood, as too often happens, cripple one another, must not be thought of save as an accident of life. She must struggle along as best she can. No theory of life will dispose of her. As to art, she must settle into the place of the strugglers, and try whether she can crowd to a front place—that is all. She has no case against the world. She has had her chance, and such a one as too rarely falls even to genius. Society and art need not fret. Both have at least done their duty by her.

But the problem: the meaning of it all remains as before, unsolved, uncomprehended.

Bill's Tenor and My Bass.

From the Chicago Daily News.

Bill was short and dapper, while I was thin and tall—
I had flowin' whiskers, but Bill had none at all;
Clothes would never seem to set so nice on me as
him—

Folks used to laugh and say I was too powerful slim.
But Bill's clothes fit him like the paper on the wall!
And we were the sparkin'est beaus in all the place,
When Bill sung tenor and I sung bass!

Cyrus Baker's oldest girl was member of the choir—
Eyes as black as Kelsey's cat, and cheeks as red as fire!
She had the best soprano voice I think I ever heard—
Sung "Coronation," "Burlington," and "Chiny" like
a bird;

Never done better than with Bill a-standin' nigh'er,
A-holdin' of her hymn book so she wouldn't lose the
place,
When Bill sung tenor and I sung bass.

Then there was Prudence Hnbard, so cosey-like and
fat—

She sung alto and wore a pee-wee hat;
Beaued her around one winter, and, first thing I knew,
One evenin' on the portico I up and called her Prue!
But, sakes alive! she didn't mind a little thing like
that—

On all the works of Providence she set a cheerful face,
When Bill was singin' tenor and I was singin' bass.

Bill, nevertheless we two shall share the fun we used to
then,

Nor know the comfort and the peace we had together
when

We lived in Massachusetts in the good old courtin' days
And lifted up our voices in psalms and hymns of
praise—

Oh, how I wish that I could live them happy times
again!

For life, as we boys knew it, had a sweet, peculiar
grace

When you was singin' tenor and I was singin' bass.

The music folks have nowadays ain't what it used to
be,

Because there ain't no singers now on earth like Bill
and me;

Why, Lemuel Bangs, who used to go to Springfield
twice a year,

Admitted that for singin' Bill and me had not a
peer

When Bill went soarin' up to A and I dropped down to
D!

The old bull-fiddle Beza Dimmit played warn't in the
race

'Longside of Bill's high tenor and my sonorous bass!

Bill moved to California in the spring of '54,
And we folks that used to know him never knew him
any more;

Then Cyrus Baker's oldest girl—she kind o' pined a
spell,

And, hankerin' after sympathy, it naterally befell
That she married Deacon Pitkin's boy who kep' the
general store;

And so the years—the changeful years—have rattled
on apace

Since Bill sung tenor and I sung bass.

As I was settin' by the stove this evenin' after tea,
I noticed wife kep' hitchin' close and closer up to me,

And, as she patched the gingham frock our gran'child
wore to-day,

I heerd her gin a sigh that seemed to come from fur
away—

Couldn't help inquiren' what the trouble might be:
"Was thinkin' of the time," says Prue, a-breshin' at
her face,

"When Bill sung tenor and you sung bass!"

EUGENE FIELD.

BOSTON HOM

A. H. Russell, U. S. A., Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Pruyn, Edward Pruyn, Albany.

Mr. and Mrs. James Bogle entertained a number of their friends at their apartments at The Oxford, Wednesday evening, with a pleasing musical program, Miss Janet Edmonson, Mr. Powers, Mrs. E. C. Fenderson, Miss Josie Coburn, Miss Lulu Bogle and others contributing.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel J. Rust gave a dancing party for their daughter, Monday evening, at their residence on Newbury street.

Miss Hogg of Commonwealth avenue appeared in New York this week in "Sweethearts," with Mr. Evarts Wendell as Harry Spreadbrow. The comedy is to be given in Boston this spring with the same cast.

Mrs. Wm. G. Fitch gave an attractive afternoon reception at The Berkeley on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Converse have been staying at The Brunswick.

Miss George B. Twitchell has been at the

get a long lead on its competitors, interest in the contest dies out. In a majority of the League championship struggles some team has succeeded in getting so far ahead of the others as to settle the pennant question months before the season closed. Taken altogether a five months' championship season has many disadvantages. It was with a view of providing a remedy that C. D. White, President of the Eastern Association, introduced the double championship season. By this arrangement the teams play till the middle of the season and the team then in the lead is declared the champion for the first half. At the conclusion of the first half the combatants begin the struggle anew, the tailenders in the first half having just as good a start in the second half as the champions. The winners of the two series then play for the final championship.

This plan worked admirably in the Eastern Association, and the question arises, why could it not be utilized by the National League? The championship contests of that body are sorely in need of something to enliven them. The season just closed was a shining exception to the general rule, and it is doubtful if so close and exciting a race, the uncertainty lasting to the very end, will take place again in many a year. Under the plan of two championship series the interest would be kept at a high pitch from the time the first ball was pitched in the spring until the umpire called the last man out in the fall. For example, suppose the League schedule called for 140 games, as at present, and they were divided into two series of seventy games each. The spring championship series would begin at about May 1 and close July 15. There is little question of the interest being maintained during the two and a half months of the first series. The fall series would begin on July 15, just where the spring championship struggle ended. The winners of the spring series and the tailenders would begin over again on an equal basis, and the teams would all go galloping down the stretch in an effort to capture the fall series. If one club won both the spring and fall series there would be little doubt in the minds of the people that the winning team was clearly entitled to the pennant. If one team won the spring series and another the fall championship (which would be the result in nine cases out of ten) they could arrange a series of nine games to decide the general championship. Supposing New York to win the spring series and Boston the fall series, these two teams could arrange a series of games to consist of three in New York, three in Boston, and, if necessary, three on neutral ground. The advantages of such an arrangement would be that interest in the game would be constantly maintained. In the case of a strong team like the New Yorks which became crippled in the middle of the

THE DECADENCE OF SONG.

WITH REMARKS UPON THE PHILISTINISM OF AUDIENCES.

excellent appearing in most awful simplicity, pure and noble, the reserve power always under the singer's or player's control, do not appeal to the audience, but glory. The audience fears it is not getting the worth of its money.

PULLEY HALE.

The German Invasion Known as the Illumination of Resolation Spoken of by the Hebrew Prophet—
The City of H.

In a late number of the New York Times Mr. Henderson, the musical critic, wrote an admirable article in regard to the popular judgment of singers, saying, for instance, that Mr. X. and Mr. Z. wax angry over the merits of Miss B. Mr. X. says that the young lady sings well, but Mr. Z. differs in opinion, and starts out: "You may think so; I don't." And Mr. Henderson adds that whether a woman sings well is not a question of opinion, but a question of fact, and this question of fact can only be determined by a jury of expert or people who, if they do not sing themselves, know thoroughly the well established rules of theory of vocalization.

Nothing could be more pertinent and timely than such an article as that of Mr. Henderson, for we are living in an age when the art of song is strangely misunderstood and undervalued. The orchestra is driving the chorus from the stage. The composer of songs pays more attention to an elaborate accompaniment than to the melody given to the singer. The race of song birds seems to be dying out. And the taste of the public is fast becoming vitiated.

There are many reasons for this. The desire to make a sensation, to invent new combinations of instruments, thus securing hitherto unknown effects, leads many a composer to utterly ignore the limitations imposed by nature upon the human voice. The range of the average singer comprises only a few notes. There is a limit to his power, and if the singer forces it beyond this limit he is guilty of the fault known as "singing out of tune." Now of late the people of this country have been afflicted with the presence of what is paradoxically known as "the German singer." He is generally past the prime of musical life. Unable to his own country to make more money than that which suffices for his black bread and cabbage, tobacco and beer, he comes to America, and, like the ravenous in Hakkabuk, he spelleth and leeth away. This variety of singer, male and female, has invaded New York and runs the Metropolitan opera house. With an exception here and there, the singers of that company would be unable to execute neatly and in correct intonation a simple *Andante*. I doubt if there are four singers in that company who can sustain a tone for eight beats, making a *resonant and homogeneous* intonation. As for flexibility, execution, the proper treatment of the trill, these little points are unknown to nine out of ten. Nor do they care if reproached with their failings, for they sing in the works of the "Master," the only Wagner, and they are "dramatic singers" or "intellectual singers."

Now let us see what these terms mean. After a long study of German opera at Berlin, Dresden, Munich, and Bayreuth and after hearing the best singers of Vienna, I have come to the conclusion that a dramatic singer is one who ~~is~~ ^{has} a ^{rich} ^{and} ^{powerful} voice with which he howls and shrieks, he ~~is~~ ^{has} some time throwing his arms wildly about and making up for his vocal contortions. It is true that at times in the ~~works~~ ^{of} Wagner he says nothing for an hour at a time, but steadily looks his loved one in the face; after the expiration of the hour he atones for this blessed silence by half-hour monologues in which he makes all sounds from the high and sustained note to the stomachic growl. An "intellectual singer," on the contrary, is a man who, having lost his voice some twenty years ago, has in his mind a fine conception of the part. This latter species is held in peculiar veneration by the German public. New York has seen twelve specimens of the two varieties.

In the works of Wagner the dramatic singer finds full scope for the display of his natural gifts. The great composer knows that Germans, as a rule, were miserable singers, of throaty voice, unskilled in the art of song. He therefore deliberately treated the voice as a newly discovered brass or reed instrument. To the orchestra he confided what is generally given to the singer or chorus. Now if you take one of the high-pitched German song birds and try him in the works of Mozart or the old and excellent French and Italian writers his deficiencies glare upon you and then only you prefer, as an opera, any one of the later works of Wagner.

So we have in New York an opera conducted wholly in the interests of German music, and by German taste is meant Wagner. It is true that when hackwired Provanza was lately given, although it seems said work was made of it by singers and conductor, the theatre was crowded, and even the women belonging to McAllister's famous "400," who all the ladies to talk and show their unkindness, really listened. But the operas given at ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} are the works of Richard Wagner. Wonderful as they are in many respects, they are of no value to any young singer, nor can he learn, nor can he improve by attending their performance. And a naturally ignorant people have at present few opportunities to hear great exponents of the glorious art of song.

There are certain elementary principles of this art of song that are to be taken for granted as belonging to the baggage of every one who is worthy the name of singer. It is supposed that the voice has been placed, that the tones are even and full, that the singer has mastered thoroughly the art of breathing properly, that he has acquired a certain flexibility, that he understands the proper execution of all ornaments. Now, unless a singer has mastered these elements, he does not sing well, though he may please Mr. Jones. If a woman sings habitually out of tune, she does not sing well, even though she may be a favorite of Mrs. Smith. For Mr. Jones, while he may be an excellent business man and fond of what he calls music, is ignorant, and not a judge. For Mrs. Smith, though she may be an indulgent mother and a favorite in society, and though she may strain carelessly and incorrectly upon the piano, is ignorant and not a judge. That they like the singing of X. has nothing to do with the question of whether X. sings well. They may both be fond of the works of Mr. E. P. Roe; but that does not necessarily stamp them as literary critics. There is no such thing as mediocrity in art. A singer sings well or badly. The song may be stupid, the difficulties to be overcome may be slight; if that song be well sung, it is an artistic performance. The fact that this man or this woman is pleased by the same song if the singer phrases it improperly, sings with uneven, undeveloped tone, does not make the performance a good one. No business man would engage a book-keeper ignorant of his trade even if the bookkeeper wrote a beautiful hand. The fact that the eye was pleased would not atone for his shortcomings viewed from a business standpoint.

It is the audience made up of such well-meaning people, ignorant in their self-conceit, which delights in light opera, even if it be badly sung and which ruthlessly condemns every musical composition which does not at once appeal to the foot by dancing it with the withering curse of "None of your classical music for us," and having the slightest idea of what the word classical means. If little Thomas can pick out a brim tune upon the piano, he is at once dubbed a "promising musician." If an ordinary jumps wildly up and down upon his bench, he is called a "rare artist." If an alleged singer at the end of a song emits a badly taken and sustained high B flat, there, that's what I call glorious; there's a voice for you," and the audience fairly eats with enthusiastic delight. Exquisite

EVENING

N. Y. SATURDAY, MAR

as or giving rebates of premiums to
they purchasers as inducements.
Mr. Foley, imposing a tax of one-half of
e per cent. upon the business done in this
to by foreign joint stock and insurance
companies, and even private bankers.
Adjourned until 8:15 p. m. Monday.

In Assembly.

The ways and means committee of the
body this morning reported for consider-
on Senator Murphy's bill for the exten-
in stand for the legislators and state offi-
rs at the Washington centennial. Judge
ates read a communication from Secretary
iven of the committee, which showed
at the legislature had accomplished its
sired end, by forcing the committee to
cognize liberally the legislature, and the
it was laid on the table.

The insurance committee reported favor-
ly Mr. Hill's bill relative to life insurance
companies, and it was ordered to a third
reading.

BILLS PASSED.

Senator Robertson's, relating to repairs
or highways.

Mr. R. P. B. h, changing the corporate
name of the In a Hall.

Senator Ralms, Geneva armory bill.

Mr. Kent's, relative to soldiers' monument
Oncidi county.

Senator Lewis', relative to consolidation
of certain street car lines in Binghamton.

Mr. Stent's, amending act relative to in-
fectious diseases of animals.

Mr. Pearsall, amending the charter of
Norfolk.

Adjourned until Monday evening.

THE EAST ALBANY BRIDGE.

A Correspondent Urges the Board to
Take Favorable Action.

Residents across the river are anxiously
awaiting the decision of the railroad com-
missioners relative to the proposed con-
struction of a bridge at the Broadway
crossing, East Albany. At this point, for a
distance of 300 feet in width, there are no
less than eighteen tracks, upon which cars
are running at all hours of the day or night.
To fact the area, or rather highway,
has been taken by the roads for a
railroad yard. This space is a part of the
public highway, created by our act of 1894,
sancting a road from Troy and Hudson. At
the request of the commissioners the people,
who have suffered the inconvenience for
years, have filed a strong and convincing
argument in favor of the change. It is con-
siderably expected that speedy relief will be
granted.

IN SPIRIT LAND.

Mrs. Whitlock to Speak on Sunday—
The Anniversary.

Mrs. Whitlock, of Boston, will lecture at
Van Vechten hall to-morrow, morning and
evening, on Spiritualism. This is her last
Sunday here, as she goes to Pittsburgh the
coming month.

Dr. Charles T. Russell, who lectured for
the Albany Spiritualists last October, will
be in Albany on his engagements beginning
April 7th.

Miss Ada Foye, of California, the wonder-
ful test-medium, who has been startling the
people of the eastern states with her peculiar
gifts, will be in Albany one or two nights
through the month of April.

The First Spiritualists society celebrated
the forty-first anniversary of modern spirit-
alism at Van Vechten hall last night. The
program comprised literary and musical ex-
ercises, tableaux and callisthenics.

Laws of 1889.

Chap. 80. Amending act relative to elec-
tions in Cohoes.

81. Amending the incorporation act
of New Brighton.

82. Extending the corporate exist-
ence of an association for the relief of re-
spectable aged indigent females in New
York city.

83. Providing for completing the addition
to the American Museum of Natural history
in New York city and for grading the
grounds.

84. Amending an act relating to public
instruction relative to powers and privi-
leges of union free school districts.

85. Providing for constructing drains and
sewers in the Twenty-sixth ward of Brook-
lyn.

86. Amending an act incorporating the
department of New York Island Army
the Republic (when the corporation shall
solved the property is to become the prop-
erty of the state and is to be preserved in
museum to be provided therefor).

87. Making an appropriation of \$48,111
for disbursements of moneys paid into the
treasury under chapter 403, Laws of 1887.

88. Making an appropriation of \$58,333
for salaries and expenses of the associate
judges, clerk and attendants of the court
the court of appeals, second division.

89. Authorizing the formation of corpora-
tions for the establishment and main-
tenance of hospitals, infirmaries, dispensary
and homes for invalids or aged and indige-
neous.

Owe for Their Suits.

Messrs. William E. Walsh & Sons have
brought suit against John Panley, Lewis
Parker and William H. Tuller, the guar-
antors, to recover the sum of \$145 due them
by the Russell guard for uniforms worn
during the campaign. The defendants in a
general denial. The case will be tried
April 8.

"Tigs in Clover," at W. M. Whitney
Co's.

Capt. Powell's Death.

Capt. Wheeler Powell, who died in New
York this week, was secretary of the New
York and Hudson Steamboat company.
He was for many years captain of the prop-
Redfield of the New York and Hudson
He was also the surviving partner of
firm of Reed & Powell of Coxsackie,
was for a long time vice president of
National bank of Coxsackie, and at
time of his death was one of the directors.
He died after a long illness, suffering
a complication of diseases.

Officers Chosen.

St. Patrick's oratory society has elec-
the following officers: President, F. A.
Nance; first vice-president, M. E.
Pryor; second vice-president, Peter
Weaver; recording secretary, M. J. Ca-
financial secretary, Miss Mary O'Con-
treasurer, Miss Katharine A. McNance;
rector, W. C. Still; E. J. Brennan, P.
Casey, Misses M. Purcell, M. Pryor,
Lizzie Barry.

A New Railroad.

DENVER, Col., March 30.—At
yesterday, of the Colorado and P.
railroad, with a capital of \$22,000.
It is proposed to build from C.
Junction, Col., to the point where
Colorado river empties into the g.
California, and thence to San Fran-
San Diego and Los Angeles.

A Big Dividend Declared.

BOSTON, March 30.—At the
meeting of the stockholders of A.
can Waltham Watch company, yes-
it was voted to increase the cor-
stock \$1,000,000, making it \$3,000,000.
A dividend of fifty per cent. was
declared.

MUSIC IN GERMANY.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE EXPOSÉ.

BERLIN, Dec., 1882.

Not only is the stranger coming to Berlin astonished at the number of musical students in the Conservatories and out of them, not at the number and variety of concerts, but also at the attention paid to the compositions of foreigners, the frequency with which they are heard, and the applause which they receive. If he has come from another city—say Dresden—he has been led to believe that in the opinion of the good Germans no composer or performer of merit has been born or lives outside of the Fatherland. Just as Vellno, the poet of soiled wings, swore in the refrain of a charming ballad, that "there was no good girl's lip outside of Paris." A prominent musician of Dresden said to me in reply to a question: "Sgarbail, I know the name, but of course he can't play; he is an Italian." Camille St. Saens was condemned for being a dramatic writer, and poor Bizet's *Carmen* was objected to as being "disagreeable." "I would not have written it," said the little pot-bellied teacher, and I think this remark can be taken without exception.

Nor was this no isolated opinion of a prejudiced man. The concerts of the Dresden royal orchestra, like as they are in point of performance, are in respect of selection, ever in the same old rut. The symphonies of Mozart, Haydn and Beethoven, are always given, and given well; but it is pleasant at times to hear the works of modern composers. They say that the King of Saxony prides himself a little upon his musical knowledge, and in fact dictates what shall be played and what shall not be played. The King is no doctor, to the Director of the orchestra what the combination of clergyman and music committee is to the poor devil organist. He holds the power of dismissal and the money bag, and although the musician endears to swear rarely but in a low voice, and away in the woods, all alone by himself.

But to Berlin every taste can be gratified. The extreme Wagnerite can hear the ponderous chord-combinations and tumbling modulations of his Bayreuth Mumbo Jumbo; the lover of romantic opera and ballet can have his taste gratified by seeing an admirable ensemble, fine acting, and scrupulous attention to details, and the man always seeking something new has no chance to carp or grumble.

I do not think that there is another city in the world which offers so many attractions to those wishing to hear the compositions of composers of all schools and of all lands admirably performed.

But whether those coming here to receive a musical education have their desires thoroughly gratified is another question altogether. In all probability there are the best teachers of the piano-forte and theory to be found here, but as regards the cultivation of the voice and the study of the organ, there is a wide difference of opinion as to whether or no better instruction cannot be found elsewhere; if one is thoroughly satisfied with German singers and organ players and demands nothing beyond, to the classic language of the tag upon Long Jack Tobacco:

"Or seek no further;
—Beit's can't be found."

The conservatories are crowded. Kollak's school, having over a thousand students. Leibsig, the pianist, has a brother here, a young man or boy of great promise. The other night I heard an American girl try to play a concerto with full orchestra present, and although she apparently had nerve enough and the encouragement of her teacher, who sat by her and beat the time for her, her playing was simply villainous. Yet she and her friends seemed abnormally satisfied, though teacher, conductor and orchestra were groaning, and no doubt in a year or so she will be an additional burden upon a long suffering American concert going public. Letters will be sent to the relatives at home about "Mary's" or "Jane's" "wonderful progress," how she played, and how Von Swart, the great critic, burst into tears at her sympathetic touch, and was reminded of Tausig by her technique. This is carried in the local editor, and as item of "interesting news of the debut of our talented friend Miss So and So, to Berlin," is inserted between the notice of a church fair and a prophecy as to the potato crop. Meanwhile a susceptible foreign correspondent is carefully worked, and finally bewitched by pills and a local lithography representation of her personal charms freely displayed, she crosses the water, joins some wretched concert company, flutters along, and at the end of the year either marries the tenor of the troupe and is unhappy ever after, or leaves the stage and earns a few honest dollars by teaching.

Nor is it the foreign teacher's fault. He does the best he can, but if the girl's head runs to cheek instead of brains, what is he to do?

To the names of Naver, Schawwenke, Franz, Kullak, Barth, Ebelich, Loeschorn, Doppe, and other deservedly celebrated piano teachers here, must now be added that of Klindworth, the famous editor of Chopin. He teaches at Klindk's Conservatory.

As regards theory, the student can have his choice of the real old extra-dry worn-out pedant—as Kirl, for example—or men of the new school, as Urban. Hellermann, unfortunately, will no longer teach, but he delivers two lectures a week at the High School.

In speaking of the organ teachers of Berlin and there being a doubt as to the pupil perfecting himself here in that branch of musical study, I enter upon debatable ground, and the whole subject cannot with any justice be treated in a paragraph or two. Mr. Frederick Atcher has had articles upon the merits of German organ teachers in *Friend's Music and Drama* of this year, or at least he has made extended allusions to their method of teaching, and the gentleman's opinions are, I firmly believe, well founded and admirably expressed.

The musical enthusiast is often in a quandary as to what to hear and what to miss for the time, so many are the attractions offered, often upon the same night. Theresa Faa, the violinist, has gone, having turned the heads and stolen the hearts of the most case-hardened concert goers. And Wachter, old as he is, sang Mourico and the Posillon to crowded houses, as much a favorite to-day as when first he exchanged the coachman's dress for the gaudy clothing of his stage roles. The fact that a man loses the freshness of his voice only seems to enlure him to the heart of the German people. Witness the case of Niemano, who crowds the Royal Opera House whenever it is announced that he will sing. His voice is at times absolutely painful to hear, but the people remember him as he was, the greatest German tenor, the Ideal Lohengrin and Tannhauser, John of Leyden and Hansel, and though his voice cracks when forced at all, and he frequently wanders from the key, the whole theatre resounds with bravo, Bravo, and he is called before the curtain again and again. To be sure his acting is as superb as of old. Never have I seen such a noble form upon the operatic stage, such magnetism combined with intellectuality, such a realization of the dramatic situation and such ability to make the composer's ideal palpable and real.

Plano recitals are given every week. Soho Menter plays Monday with the assistance of the Philharmonic orchestra. Barth has a recital soon, and Schawwenke is to play this week or next. The first of the Quintette Evenings of Joachim, de Abon, Wirth and Haasemann was the 14th, and the program was made up of Haydn's Quintette G moll, Mozart's Quartette C dur, Beethoven's K moll op. 59. The second is Nov. 2, when one of the numbers is a quartette by Dvorak. These concerts are crowded with enthusiastic and devoted admirers. Applause is unbounded, and the very tuning of Joachim's violin meets with approval and smiles. As much as to say, the great man does it himself when he might have had it done for him; but, no, the artist condescends; the god stoops. Joachim himself is a modest man in looks and in deportment. He is, no doubt, gratified at the justifiable homage due his surpassing skill; but it is doubtful whether he cares for the buzz of admiration which follows every movement, just as from the sweaty circus comes a deep murmur of approval and wonder when the elephant rings the bell for his supper.

Biese's Orchestra gave a half evening last week and brought out for the first time in this city the dead composer's Sinfonietta for two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, two bassoons and two horns. It is in four movements, and is a delightful exhibition of Raff's contrapuntal skill. The symphony chosen was the Lenore. As you may have heard, the old orchestra under Biese, celebrated all over the world, left him this summer because he would not increase their pay during his season in Hossin. Two remained with him; the others are at the old Skating rink under Brenner. Biese, nothing daunted, advertised; over one hundred, I am informed, presented themselves, and out of these he selected the present orchestra, which promises to be fully equal in the old one.

Etolen Gerster gave two concerts the first of last month. She is a great favorite here, and when in Kroll's in former years, she owed much to Rudolf Bloß, who was then leader of the orchestra of that immense garden. The tickets are at a reasonably high price, the best seats being at \$3.75. And Neumann has his Wagner opera company here with Vogl and Klotzmann, the famous soprano.

The Nibelungen is the work to be given, and already a Wagner concert and performance of "Nibelungen" have been crowded. Of course the critics are divided, but here, to be a critic, means something. It is not as it is in certain American towns, where "the job" is let out to a young man who has an aunt who sings or is given to an old fossil who is reported to have sung in 1830 the best part of the Cretaceous, either one of them tilting more for tickets than for truth, constantly speaking of the "rentality of the piece" and "the fashionable audience."

Here Engel, the singing teacher at the High School, and Urban, composer and teacher, write for one of the Berlin papers, the *Vossische Zeitung*. They know what they are writing about; they speak severely when it is necessary, and no one ever doubts the sincerity of such opinions, however he may disagree with them.

But my further remarks upon the "Nibelungen," as here given, would lead to more or less of a discussion of the Berlin opera and the opera as given by companies from abroad—a subject important enough to be treated of in a separate letter.

PETER HALL.

BOSTON AND ELSEWHERE.

WAGNER'S WORKS REVIEWED BY MR. BENJAMIN WOOLF.

The Beauty of a Small and Picked Chorus—Proposed Changes to the State House—Base Ball and Ring.

Boston, April 12.—There seems to be an impression not confined alone to Albany that even in choros singing, numbers necessarily give strength. It was not long ago that the Schubert club was solemnly warned that unless they sang with full ranks, the patronage of the Albany public would be withdrawn in the future. To be sure this warning did not come from one of the subscribers; it was delivered in fact from an outside tripod; but the warning was none the less impressive. The fact that these men who did appear, had attended the rehearsals was not of the slightest consequence; the fact that they sang their music intelligently and to the satisfaction of the greater part of the audience had nothing to do with the question. A count of noses was ordered, and a few voices were found wanting. Therefore, the concert was a failure. There was once a man who denounced Robert Houdin, the magician, openly, and in the midst of his performance because he had only forty-eight candles instead of fifty as he had proposed. Nevertheless the trick was successfully performed.

The fact remains that a large chorus is not necessarily a good one; and it is a historical fact that the great masses and motets of Palestrina and Bach were originally performed with small and select choruses made up of from sixteen to forty voices. Take thirty people who have thoroughly rehearsed the music and the musical effect is much better than if the composition should be given by a hundred voices, good, bad and indifferent. For in a chorus of one hundred (at least in a city of the size of Albany) there will be some to whom nature has not given a golden voice; nor is it easy to induce every one of the one hundred voices to attend all the rehearsals. Last Sunday I heard in Boston a performance which was a substantial proof of these assertions.

A chorus of thirty-three gave Mendelssohn's Hymn of Praise at the Synagogue (formerly Edward Everett Hales church), under the direction of Mr. Lang. Among the tenors were Messrs. Winch, Parker and Ricketson, and among the soprano was Miss Elizabeth Hamlin, who formerly sang at St. Peter's church in Albany. She sang, by the way, the opening soprano solo superbly. The cantata was introduced by an organ-transcription of the symphony, which, played by Mr. Lang, took up about half an hour. And did the audienceidget and talk and look bored? Not a bit of it. They listened to it and enjoyed it, as well they might. Now the effects produced by this small body were surprising, both in the forte and piano passages. The attack was perfect, the volume round and wholesome, the tone never degenerating into a yell, never in delicate passages suffering from faulty intonation. I am convinced that if in Albany fifty picked voices should form an amateur society, better results would follow their performances and with a saving of time and expense, than if Tom, Dick and Harry were called upon to assist. For the weaker vessels only learn by listening to a skilled neighbor, and in the hour of trial, some enthusiastic and ignorant bellower will ruin a chorus by undue precipitation or an earnest desire to be heard. In this Boston chorus referred to there was not one who was not a solo singer of repute; and the chorus was as one voice. Mrs. X. was content to subordinate herself, and Mr. Z. realized that there were other men present. So as a whole that performance was artistic and enjoyed by both amateur and professional.

Just as in the last concert of the Kuebel quartet, where Mr. Giese is a cello virtuoso, the first rank should not monopolize the stage, neither did Mr. Kuebel forget that near him sat a second violin and other parts assigned to them.

The German Opera company in the works of Wagner is, however, the talk of the town, and their two weeks' engagement, which closes this week, has provoked both unqualified gush and heated discussion. The operas are not so well given as in New York; the orchestra is smaller, and the scenery as a whole is shabby. Even the most enthusiastic Wagnerite cannot deny that many of the chief singers do execrable work, singing without method and salty out of tune. But the Boston theatre has been crowded at each performance, and the speculators who bought many tickets, have made money.

These performances brought forth a very able article from Mr. Ben. Woolf, the well-known musician and author of "The Mighty Dollar." It appeared in the last number of the Saturday Evening Gazette. A few extracts may be of interest; indeed, the whole article, a long one, is well worth reading. "There was much enthusiasm and much expression of unqualified pleasure over the music. The sincerity of this, however, is open to something of suspicion, for it is to be doubted if people can really enjoy what they do not understand, or can appreciate upon a single hearing, music which even its most ardent admirers admit must be studied and known before it can be comprehended. It would not be very far from the truth to claim that more people were bored than edified by the famous trilogy and we frankly confess that we were among the bored. Wagner, however, deserves one credit that he has not yet received, his works popularize esthetic taste. People who find their ordinary musical inspiration in the pretty tunes of Italian opera, of a Strauss waltz, or a Gilbert and Sullivan bouffe, suddenly find Wagner's influence and rapidly leave the commonplace behind them. They become inoculated with the microbes of melody and rhythm and the conjugate bacterium of orchestral-vocal-scenic unity-in-diversity, and then are hopelessly lost in a despoiling maze of rordy admiration.

Speaking of the monotony of Wagner's scores, Mr. Woolf puts in forcible language ideas which are comparatively new. "Considering the immense resources he insists upon having at his command, there is a remarkable lack of variety in his orchestral efforts. Feeling the strength of a giant, he almost invariably puts forth his fullest energies, and uses as much force to pluck a flower as he takes to uproot a tree. Of all musical mannerisms he is the most mannered. His scores are unanimously condemned by the horn tone. It has been said that the horn is the only instrument that gives flavor to the orchestra, but Wagner seasons with an overpowering hand, and turns the instrument into brine. There is no discreet sense of proportion shown in his scores. He starts off at fever heat, and is restless until he has produced the stormiest of climaxes, and then nothing is left for him to do but to repeat his effect over and over again; for he has left himself no room to make a stronger climax. Horns, trumpets, trombones and tubas blare away at their noisiest, and the singers scream to make themselves heard above the din. It is all exciting enough, but the source of the excitement is a tone cyclone, and not the beautiful or the just to art. In fact, we are heretical enough to believe that it is coarse, vulgar and brutal."

And of the singers Mr. Woolf is moved to say: "The screaming in 'The Valkyrie' and in 'The Rheingold,' by the men and women in the former and the women in the latter, was almost agonizing."

But there are other subjects discussed besides Wagner. Base ball takes a prominent place, and the prospects of the season are discussed by stock brokers and horse-car

conductors. It is generally admitted that it was a mistake to let Morrill go, and many believe that Kelly has reached the end of his rope. In the games with the Athletics the Boston did not appear as well as hoped by their admirers. Then there is talk of additions to be made to the state house, and Gov. Ames has sent in a message, in which he says "experienced and reliable builders place the cost of construction at \$2,400,000 to \$2,500,000." There is a little suspicion of jobbery in this, and why the Legislature, which now has comfortable quarters, should long for larger buildings is difficult to see. The Springfield Republican, which bitterly opposes the proposed scheme, takes occasion to insert the knife by bluntly remarking, "It was difficult to see why a delegation of our legislators should need to visit Albany to inspect a building which was born in corruption and whose very ceilings crumble because of the dishonesty which they hide." And it adds, "Let it be remembered that the body which legislates for the British empire sits in a chamber no better comparatively than is occupied by our Massachusetts House of Representatives."

But the question of all questions is that of the proposed constitutional amendment which is to be voted on April 23. The lawyers and Unitarian, Episcopalian and Jewish clergymen are nearly unanimous against it helleying in local option, and disbelieving in the efficacy of any east iron prohibition laws. The melancholy examples of Maine and Kansas should, it seems, point a moral that even the blind fanatic would observe. But the prohibitionists are raising heaven and earth to carry their point. Mass meetings are held and there is much sporting and many lies. The horse cars abound with such startling notices, as, "Within three miles of Boston's gilded dome more rum is made than is needed to supply the whole world. Vote 'Yes' April 23." The truth of this statement depends, of course, upon how much rum the whole world needs. There are other horse-car notices equally startling, calling attention of quiet drinkers to their awful doom in the next world; these, of course, are well paid for, and so they please the companies and amuse the passengers.

P. H.

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1790

